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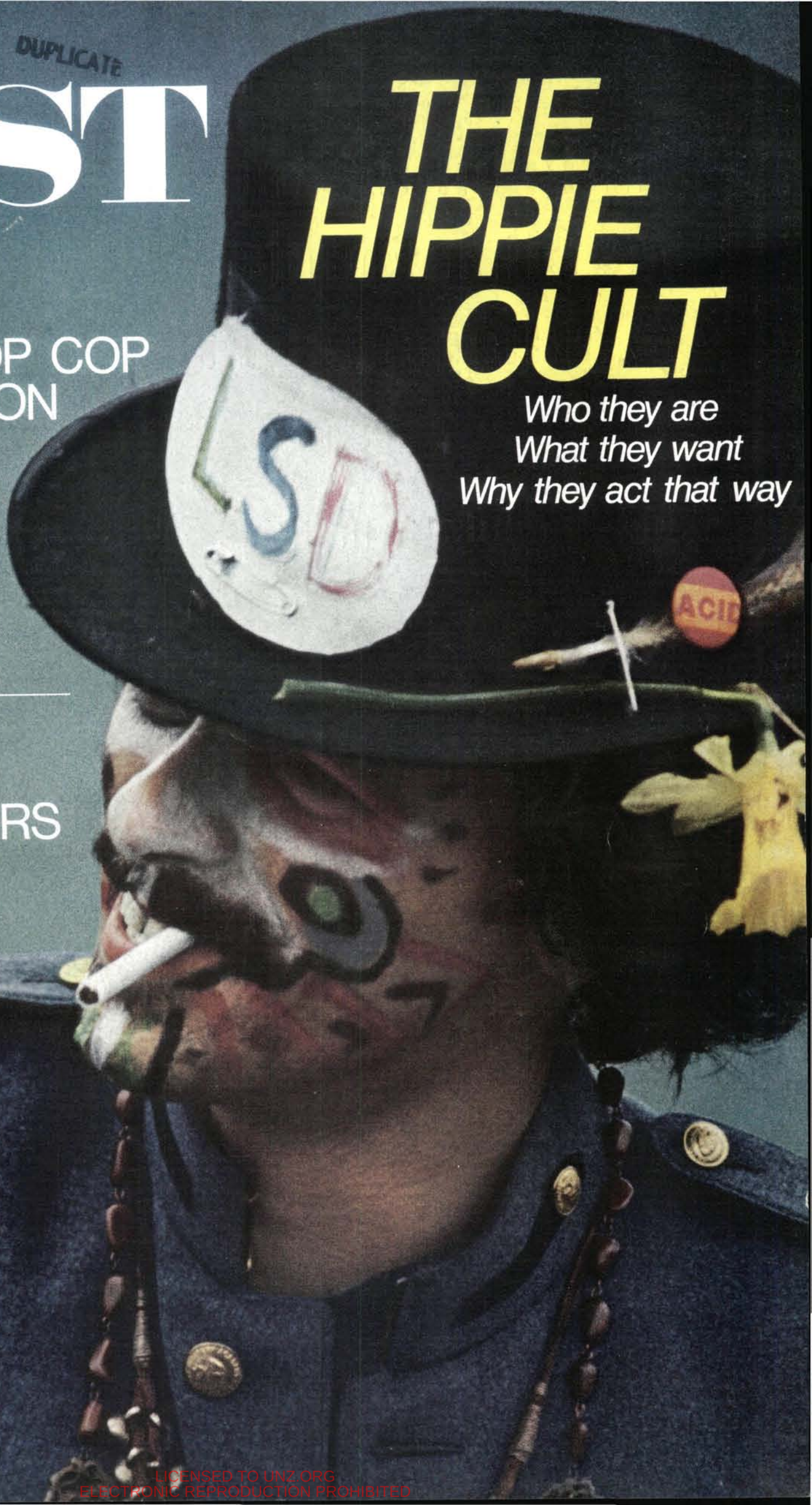
What they want
Why they act that way



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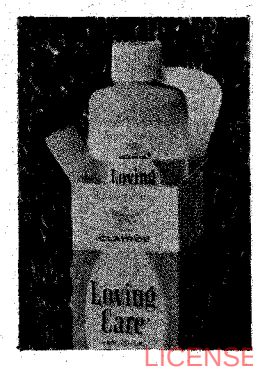

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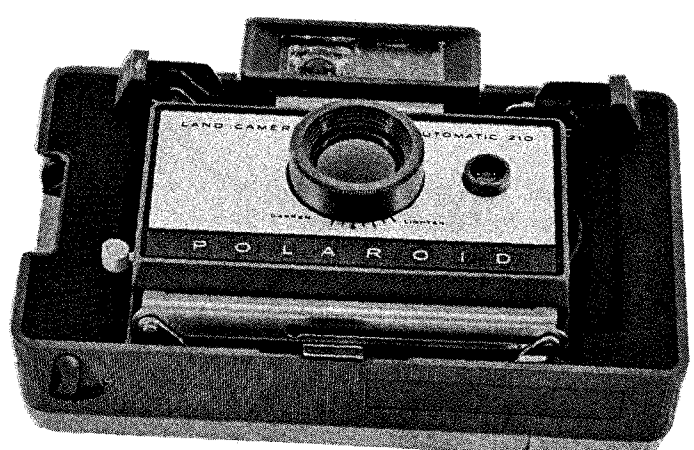

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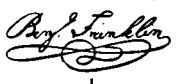

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

Printed in U.S.A.

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From the Editor

I have always had a grudging respect for kudzu. On the face of it, kudzu is a lively vine that the wily Japanese brought to this country 90 years ago—there is still some question as to what their intentions were. The plant produces a profusion of leaves about the size of butter plates, which cattle like to munch on, but kudzu's most interesting characteristic is its rate of growth. It's a "watch-out-here-it-comes-again" sort of plant.

Kudzu will swallow a tree, obliterate an unused road or overtake an indecisive animal. I have seen whole mountains disappear under its spectral mantle in north Georgia. Kudzu has to my mind always been a rural sort of plant, with no pretensions and not particular where it grew. So I was surprised to hear the other day that a good stand of it had been planted in the middle of Manhattan.

I turned into Bill Paley's vest-pocket park just off Fifth Avenue, and there it was, growing right up the wall—unmistakably kudzu. I was glad I'd come. If the tiny patch of instant wilderness a few feet off one of the busiest streets in the world was a curious place for kudzu, it was a fascinating place for me. Mr. Paley's gift to the public, given in memory of his father, is a sudden grove of honey locusts on the lot that used to be the Stork Club. At the end of the 100-foot grotto is a waterfall 20 feet high, which must be the biggest drink ever mixed on that spot. As I watched, incredulous bystanders gaped in through the gate; secretaries in mini-skirts walked intently toward it; an enthralled hippie stood on the edge of the waterfall and bowed to the "water spirit" with pressed hands.

Across from me a middle-aged man carefully studied a musical score; three beards and a brunette were working quietly on the lyrics for a song; old ladies were doing needlepoint; a girl in a very large floppy hat smooched decorously with a young man in shirtsleeves; and a small girl in green bloomers was snatched back from the waterfall with the warning that if she fell in, the pumps would suck her under and recirculate her. As I watched this strange scene under the kudzu, I felt apprehension. I thought of the ghostly wine cellars of the Stork Club below me, and of the spirits of the old habitués of the club—restless, their pleasure dome sodded over by a patch of wilderness. Then the green tendrils of the kudzu climbing up the walls had a very purposeful look. I could see the beginning of a take-over.

There are a few things you can't take your eyes off—kudzu is one. If it makes a satisfactory adjustment and gets a good start in New York City—look out, Paterson, New Jersey.

Bill Emerson

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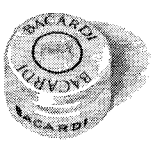

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Letters

Concerning Twiggy

Dear Sirs:

I have read a lot of articles about Twiggy, but none compared to your article, MY NAME IS TWIGGY, by Oriana Fallaci [August 12]. It was good to hear about Twiggy's feelings and views instead of her "beauty secrets" alone. After reading that article, I had much more respect for Twiggy as a person, maybe because of her feelings about war—and spiders.

HOLLY FITZGERALD
Capistrano Beach, Calif.

Sir:

It is not enough that I have to see Twiggy's little face literally everywhere, but now I must put up with her insipid drivel on love and philosophy. Good grief!

ANN POGANY
Lincoln Park, Mich.

Gentlemen:

Many adults in reading this article will think that since Twiggy is somewhat of an idol to some teen-agers, her opinions are the opinions of all teens. I am a teen-ager, and we don't hate school. We know who Stalin. Churchill, Castro, Franco and Mao Tse-tung are. I wish we could have articles showing what our opinions are really like and what we really know. Our generation is not coming to what adults think it is.

MICHAEL ROBBINS
San Diego, Calif.

Editor:

Twiggy does not use words she does not understand to impress people. She is Twiggy. She can criticize her looks, personality and intelligence with perfect impartiality. Twiggy is the symbol of what we teen-agers are striving for—honesty of speech and thought. Long live Twiggy.

ROSE SCORCIA
Toronto, Ontario

Tamper with Grand Canyon?

Dear Sir:

The *Post* has done its readers and all Americans a great service by publishing John Bird's article on the Grand Canyon ['DON'T FLOOD OUR GRAND CANYON,' August 12]. Americans must speak out, and quickly, to save our national parks and monuments, for soon there may be nothing left to preserve.

ROBERT P. RENNER
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

The various reclamation and power interests are concerned with only one interest—theirs. They must not be allowed to turn our country's wilderness into a series of concrete behemoths. The changing of the Grand Canyon would be permanent, a senseless and shameful act.

THOMAS SROKA
Lansing, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Do you think that 53,000 elite clubmen should block plans to serve economically the needs of millions of residents in the Southwest who must depend on the water from the Colorado River to supply the industries which provide them with jobs and to supply the irrigated farms from which so much fresh produce comes reasonably priced to snowbound eastern tables every winter?

VIRGIL JONES
Colorado River Board
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

For future water projects, why not melt all of those ridiculous glaciers in Glacier National Park, or blast apart those bothersome Rocky Mountains to get at the natural springs within them? All that original stuff is getting pretty old and worn out anyway.

MIKE O'ROURKE
Wichita, Kans.

Struggle for Jerusalem

Sirs:

I was enthralled by Sanche de Gramont's account of THE BATTLE FOR JERUSALEM in your August 12 issue. This first-hand report gave me a real—and human—feeling of the dramatic conflict.

JUDITH MASON
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sir:

THE BATTLE FOR JERUSALEM was an exciting word picture in world history. Thank you.

L. GARFUNKEL
New York, N.Y.

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16 things I learned from my wife

...since she started reading The National Observer!

"Barbara is a model housewife. But she's the last person I would expect to brief me about what is going on in the world. So you can imagine my surprise when Barbara began talking about such news as:

1. What Brezhnev's rise to the top means to Russia and to the rest of the world.
2. How sixth graders in Oregon are tutoring first graders.
3. What Cubans mean when they say, "Fidel is about the only bit of gaiety we have left."
4. Why, by 1980, a train may get you there faster than a plane.
5. How "abortion states" may be as popular and controversial as "divorce states" in America.
6. Why we may soon have a "memory pill" – and what it will do.
7. Why the Soviet leadership is furtively trying to rehabilitate Stalin's image.
8. How cigarette smokers are kicking the habit with a new breath-holding technique.
9. Why an all-Negro town in Oklahoma refuses to integrate.
10. How a motorist, arrested for speeding, fought his case against the highway radar check – and won.
11. Why a British psychologist wants to give shock therapy to people who drive too fast.
12. Why doctors are warning women against wearing a certain type of earring.
13. How quiet, little-publicized talks between the United States and Russia are yielding surprising results.
14. How a new invention will enable you to roll your car sideways into a tight parking spot.
15. Why a crew of only 32 men can operate the world's largest ship.
16. How looking a person straight in the eye may be the most valid lie detector test.

"Where did Barbara get all of this information? Certainly not from daytime television or the local paper. No – a short while ago, on a friend's advice, she took out a subscription to The National Observer, the national weekly newspaper. I could see the change in her almost immediately, and when I started reading The National Observer, too, I knew why. It really *explains* the news. Each story is not just a collection of facts, but a fascinating, thorough report that puts all the pieces together.

"Since The National Observer presents national and world news without bias, scare headlines or sensationalism, we are glad to see the children pick it up. Now we're *all* discussing the news in our house."

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You get more news – and you get more out of it. In its full-size newspaper format (printed on our own special crisp, white newsprint) you often get more reading material than in other news weeklies – not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages, too –there's no "letdown." More than 50 excellent pictures and illustrations open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines, but also on such colorful sidelights as the amusing spectacle of an elephant giving his autograph.

Many Enjoyable Special Features

Each week, too, The Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "This Week in Washington," for example, can be read in a matter of minutes, yet it brings you up to date on significant happenings. "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in business and industry.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging puzzle; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." And for both you and your youngsters, there's a weekly news quiz, plus "Current Events Classroom," a column which brings you news background on topics such as the mystery of certain Unidentified Flying Objects for which the U.S. Air Force has no explanation. "A Chat With the Doctor" brings you helpful medical hints. On the lighter side, "Reflections" explores random aspects of life: the "good old days" when a pocket watch was a major status symbol. And the whole family will enjoy the dry humor of "Grass Roots Philosophy" culled from the home-town press: "Brush your teeth regularly with an electric toothbrush and see your electrician twice a year."

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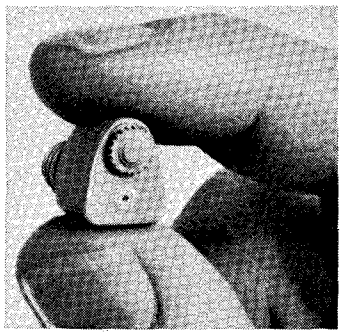

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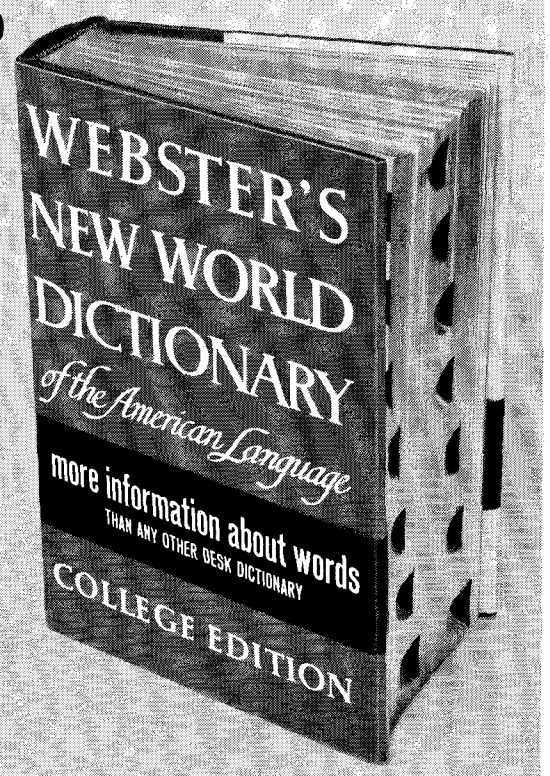

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Letters

Dangers of LSD

Dear Editors:

Extend my heartiest congratulations to Bill Davidson. His article THE HIDDEN EVILS OF LSD [August 12] is the most informative and scientifically objective article concerning LSD and its damaging results that I have read.

DAVID BLANCHETTE
Leominster, Mass.

Gentlemen:

It is far, far beyond my scope of thinking to understand how anyone could even consider risking severe mental disturbance, chromosome damage, or the chance of having deformed offspring for the possible chance of a few hours of euphoria.

SUSAN A. WELLER
Boston, Mass.

Sir:

Although I am not privy to the "acid" experience, my mind was partially blown by your sensationalistic approach to LSD. Obviously the cases in which LSD has supposedly caused genetic damage and deformed children must be researched. However, for the present, these "evils" ought to remain particular cases, not bases for generalities.

ROBERT GAUTIER
Woodside, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

How does the casualty rate for LSD "trips" compare with the rate for automobiles? It might be safer to outlaw automobiles and legalize LSD.

DONALD A. WINDSOR
Norwich, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

In the hands of skilled therapists LSD has proven successful in the treatment of certain mental and emotional illnesses. I have been the subject of a government project studying the use of LSD in neurosis, and LSD for me was a strengthening and enlightening experience. I would suggest that in fairness you print some of the data on people made whole and functional through the use of LSD.

NAME WITHHELD
Sykesville, Md.

Tourist, stay home!

Dear Sir:

As one whose job deals with tourists daily, I join Walter Muir Whitehill in saying TOURIST, STAY HOME! [August 12]. Tourists think that we residents should be pleased to have this "boost" to our economy, when actually we get tired of jammed streets, ridiculous and prying questions, and litter. Thanks, Dr. Whitehill, for speaking out.

SUSAN BIGELOW
Tillamook, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Why shouldn't Dr. Whitehill discourage tourists from visiting Mount Vernon, Monticello, and all the rest of America's historic sites? It will make them less crowded when *he* travels.

ARLENE HALL
Wharton, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Of what value are the places of historic interest if we, the common people, are not encouraged to see them? Are they to be reserved for the serious historians—some exclusive little group of Ph.D.'s who imagine themselves the only Americans capable of appreciating our nation's history?

JENNIFER HENRICKS
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The religious and historical monuments of the world have certainly suffered under the desecration of this seemingly invulnerable species, *Touristus obnoxious*. I personally advocate that all the world's shrines be closed down, to preserve them for a more responsible and interested generation of tourists.

DAVID V. ELLIS
Muncie, Ind.

Gourmet dads

Sirs:

As a left-at-home father who's been eating canned pork and beans all week, I pounced with glee on THE FATHER-BY-HIMSELF COOKBOOK by Richard Lemon [August 12]. The article didn't make my stomach feel any better, but it really boosted my morale.

J. ROBERTS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I would like to suggest an additional recipe for Richard Lemon—a baked peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich.

Take a half-empty jar of peanut butter and heat it in a pan of water until the peanut butter is hot and runny (one or two commercials, depending on the station). Pour the creamed peanut butter onto two slices of bread and top with jelly, then put slices together. The final step is to bake the sandwich in a preheated oven at 350 degrees during one period between commercials. The preheated oven was not mentioned before, because it would have been forgotten till now anyway.

Hopefully this suggestion will come late enough that by the time Mr. Lemon sees it, his wife will be cooking for him again.

M. J. DWYER
Whittier, Calif.

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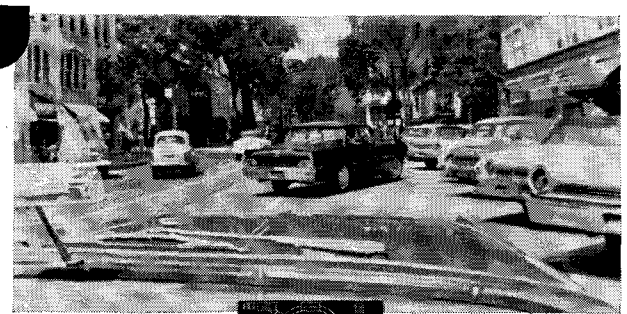

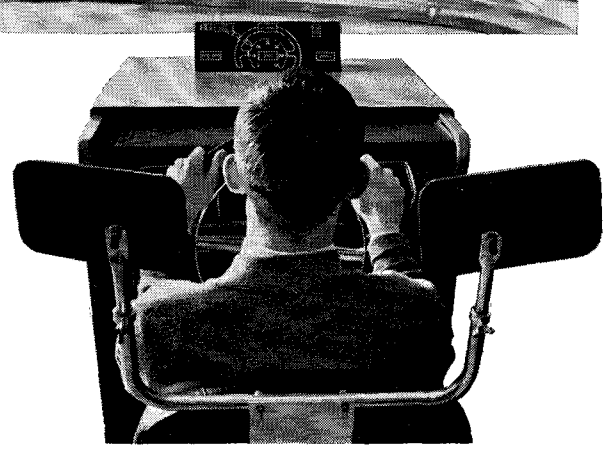

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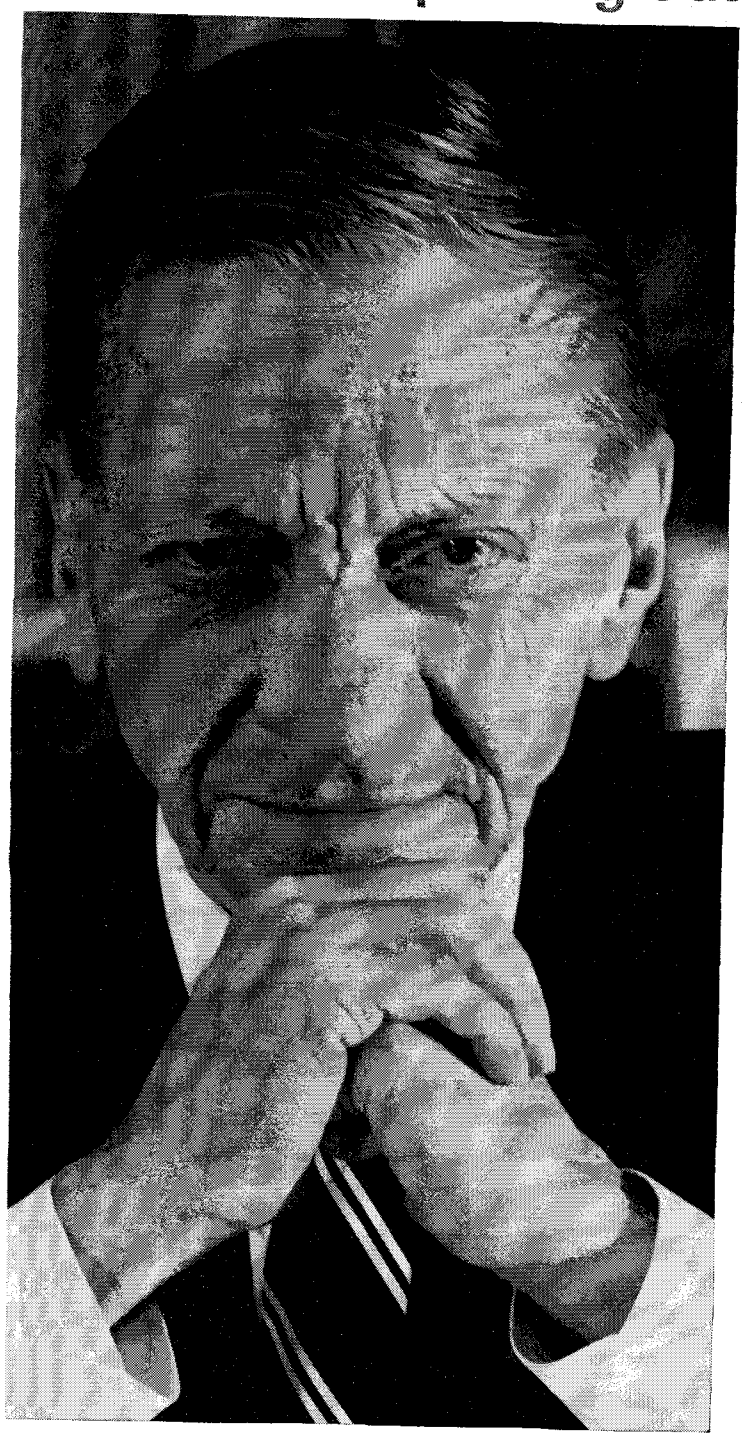

After the riots: Force won't settle anything

By Ray Girardin

The author, after many years as a star newspaper reporter in Detroit, has been Police Commissioner since 1963.

During a summer of rioting a great many people became convinced that police should use more force to suppress the mobs. Quite a few even complained that police unwillingness to open fire was actually a cause of the riots. Any softness in the face of lawlessness, these people argue, permits lawlessness to spread. Unfortunately, these complainers seldom know what they're talking about, because they don't really know what role they expect policemen to perform.

The riots of this hot summer have followed the same pattern everywhere. There is an incident involving policemen—in Detroit, it was a raid on a blind pig, an after-hours drinking spot; then a crowd gathers; looters get to work; and then there is arson and, finally, sniping. Let's say—and this is what happened in Detroit—there are a few policemen and hundreds of looters over many square blocks. When should the policeman start shooting, and at whom? If he kills, the riot may get worse, and if he doesn't, it may also get worse.

Does the public expect a policeman to be a public executioner who can inflict capital punishment for misdemeanors? It is one thing to shoot back at snipers, and it is another thing to shoot down a child who is looting a pair of shoes or even a television set. Property can be restored, but not life.

When I first heard that civil disorder was spreading in Detroit last July, I was at home—it was early in the morning—but of course I immediately went to see for myself. Our policemen have been instructed to meet force with force, and also to temper justice with mercy, but plainly there was the danger that many people could be killed, whether from fire or gunfire. This naturally worried me, just as it was a painful decision for the policeman in combat to fire at a fellow citizen.

Of course, any riot can be crushed. But this would be an invitation to revolution. What we learned during Detroit's rioting was that our police were not equipped for it. We had been prepared for any large masses of demonstrators, but not for arsonists, looters and snipers spread over so much of the city. We have not even provided adequate communications facilities so that policemen can work together. Only a few officers have walkie-talkies. For anti-sniper work we had to *borrow* six armored cars. Society looks at policemen and blames them for the unrest. This is unfair. Society has neither dealt with its problems nor equipped policemen to deal with theirs, and it is time to get police work back into focus. In Detroit, for instance, we have 4,500 officers to deal with a population of 1,640,000, but also more than 700,000 civilians, some of them criminals, moving in and out of the city every day. The role of urban police must be redefined, and, obviously, better training and equipment will be needed.

The horror of a riot is easily visible, but the question of what force police should exert applies to a wide variety of situations. On any summer night in a major city like Detroit, the radio in my car may report, within five minutes, that a woman has been knocked down, a suspicious person is roaming an alley, a candy store has been robbed with one person shot, a baby is about to be born in an automobile and a crowd is gathering in a ghetto. In each case a man called Policeman is supposed to solve the problem, just as he was supposed to deal with the rioters.

The trouble is that most authorities, including the police, are not getting to the people. A policeman can no longer be the bully boy, or even the guardian, of a neighborhood. He should be above reproach, liberal, and even be able to serve as something of a clergyman. (Sometimes, even when a suspect is advised of all his constitutional rights and has a lawyer present, he will beckon to an officer, and insist that he wants to get it off his chest: He shot someone.) In general, the policeman must help the taxpayer rather than merely police him without mercy. Personally, I believe it important that policemen be trained to get out of their cars and talk with citizens rather than crush citizens because they have a problem. But then the policeman can play whatever role the public wants.

In restoring order in Detroit, officers arrested about 7,000, including two policemen seized on murder charges. (One was released for lack of evidence.) Arresting fellow officers can also be part of a policeman's job, for those of us who are empowered to enforce the law enjoy no special immunity. Obviously, I cannot comment on my opinion as to the arrested officers' guilt or innocence. But I can assure you that they should have and do have all the rights provided by the Constitution and guaranteed by recent Supreme Court decisions. And suspected rioters have, and should have, just as many rights. There seems to be concern that no matter how many rioters we arrested—and no matter how many confessed—we could not get convictions under current court policies. Such wailing of protest is emotional. What is needed before a crime is crime prevention, and after a crime what is needed is not bullying but intelligent investigation.

What the Court has ordered, in fact, is that policemen improve their work, which is obviously far from perfect, and also that the cities provide the tools to make this possible. Consider a typical example of the sort of crisis policemen must confront daily. One winter morning a Detroit hotel was robbed, the night clerk was shot and killed, and 10 hours later detectives arrested a suspect. He was told of his rights, and took advantage of them. Perhaps a confession could have been extracted from him—I don't know. What I do know is that in four days the seven detectives we sent on this case had established that (1) the suspect possessed the exact amount of money taken from the hotel; (2) he had a revolver identical to the one used in the killing; (3) a witness had been asked by the suspect to be a partner in the robbery; (4) four witnesses had seen the suspect in or near the hotel on the night of the crime; (5) two witnesses had seen a diagram of the hotel lobby in the suspect's possession; and (6) the night clerk had written a note saying the suspect was in the hotel lobby on the day of the crime. The suspect had a criminal record, although this, of course, was not brought out at the trial. Nor did it need to be, any more than we needed a confession. The jury took 24 minutes to find the defendant guilty. A confession might very well have *hurt* the case, since the defendant would almost surely have repudiated it and testified that he had been the victim of "brutal" policemen.

Much of the protest against alleged "collapse of the law" has come about because of the Supreme Court decision in the case titled *Ernesto A. Miranda v. the State of Arizona*. Ernesto A. Miranda was convicted of rape on the basis of a confession extracted from him when he was without legal representation. The case has become notorious among those who seem to think that criminals are receiving special dispensation—even though Miranda was later retried and convicted. In fact, Miranda got no special treatment at all, only the same breaks which have been available all along to every affluent ganglord and crooked banker and stock manipulator and narcotics operator and successful thief. *They* know that they don't have to talk and they can call a lawyer.

Before *Miranda* and later decisions (and any honest policeman will admit this), we had great latitude for interpretation of the law, as did the

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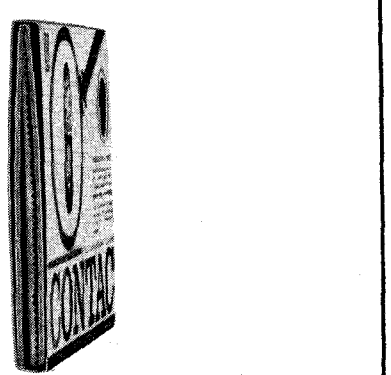

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prosecutors and the courts. We made law by action. Too often our personal sense of what was right and wrong entered into our decisions, and the end sometimes justified the means so that the innocent as well as the guilty were convicted. The Detroit police began preparing for a vast and dramatic overhaul of police work—even before *Miranda*—at the time the decision in the case of Danny Escobedo was handed down. Danny Escobedo was convicted of murder in Illinois, but his attorney was refused the right to speak with his client, and there was testimony that Escobedo stood for four hours in an interrogation room, and the Supreme Court did not understand this to be what is meant by a free and voluntary confession. The message was clear: Policemen had to be more than cops. In Detroit, once the *Escobedo* decision came down, we worked harder to find that reluctant holdup witness who ordinarily declined to get involved. We tried to persuade the witness that it was his duty as a citizen to tell the story—and the art of persuasion is a little-recognized element of a policeman's work. We depended less and less on the accused and more on the evidence we could produce that could not be tainted by the charge of coercion. The Supreme Court was perhaps more perceptive than it realized: Confessions can damage the image of the policeman since they can reinforce the phony idea that policemen are "cops," and a "cop" is a vicious, vindictive creature.

I remember a Detroit case in which a young factory worker was charged with strangling his girl friend. He confessed, but one item was bothersome. No one could find the girl's purse and the defendant was vague about this . . . but it hardly seemed to matter. After all, he had confessed.

Then the police got a telephone call from a woman who operated a rooming house. She told them she was suspicious of one of her male roomers who was behind in his rent, and she had looked through his dresser drawer and found 12 purses belonging to women. One was the dead girl's. It was not difficult then to establish a clear-cut case of murder against the roomer. But what if the roomer had not been so careless? Or the rooming-house owner so curious? The wrongly accused explained that he had confessed because he was afraid the deputies would have beaten him.

Another case involved a man who drove a laundry truck and lived in the half world of the alcoholic. He was arrested one night for urinating on the street in the neighborhood where a year before a 20-year-old girl had been sexually assaulted and murdered while walking home alone from a movie. A detective obtained so convincing a confession that a first-degree murder warrant was issued.

The alcohol-dulled mind of the truck driver did clear during his long abstinence in jail, and he realized that he had not killed this girl or anyone else. It was touch and go during his trial, but the jury found him innocent, and I asked him why he had confessed. He said, as near as I remember his words, "That cop had me convinced I did it. He kept telling me how I did it, and it all happened so long ago I don't remember where I was. Then he told me that if I didn't admit the truth, he would put me on the lie detector and that would show I was a damned liar, and the judge would give me life in prison. The way he talked, I thought the lie-detector machine would do just what he said, he seemed so sure." Naturally, he didn't know that the so-called lie detector, which doesn't detect lies, had no standing in court, and he had had no chance to collect his terrifying thoughts and recall that at the time of the murder he was miles away with witnesses to prove this.

In both these cases, it should be made clear, the policemen were operating properly under the old rules before *Miranda*—before the Supreme Court demanded that society decide what it expects the policeman to do and give him a chance to meet these expectations. Personally, I have doubts that the officers who are expected to cope with snipers in a riot like the one Detroit had in July should also be expected to deal with such problems as traffic and narcotics. Those are problems for specialists in their own fields, and narcotics seem to me to be a problem for the health authorities. The police should be allowed to become specialists, and professionals, in their own field, which is crime detection, and more important, crime prevention.

Crime, of course, includes riots. The harsh facts that must be faced are that any city is eligible for a riot at any time; that the Supreme Court has demanded excellent police work; and no city, with current tax systems, can afford it. Federal aid will be essential. Detroit's base pay of $8,335 to officers may have been ample in the old days—but today a policeman is required to do more than get confessions. Police work now demands brains rather than brawn, and, moreover, the possibilities of using modern science—in weapons, in communications, in record-keeping, in investigation—have hardly been tapped. Given the chance, I am convinced we will be able to solve or prevent most crimes with computers 10 years from now. As of now, we have 9,000 local felons computerized in Detroit, and the computer does much legwork that is normally done by police. As an example, a man robbed eight dry-cleaning stores, and on the eighth holdup the clerk noticed that the thief had a chipped tooth. One computer spat out eight suspects with chipped teeth, each with a percentage rating as to whether this was the person we were looking for. Most of those selected were already in the state prison at Jackson. But it was then a simple matter to find the others, and give the store clerks a chance to identify, and convict, the robber.

I must concede, finally, that such decisions as *Miranda* have hurt police morale. But even this is unnecessary, and can change as the quality of policemen and police work are improved and as policemen forget the many reports that these decisions have interfered with their work. What must be kept in mind is that policemen can still arrest anyone, and they were never allowed to knock people around. All the Supreme Court has been trying to do, despite all the criticisms of its verdicts and despite the riots, is make sure that police work is done with all the skill, care and efficiency that we all deserve.

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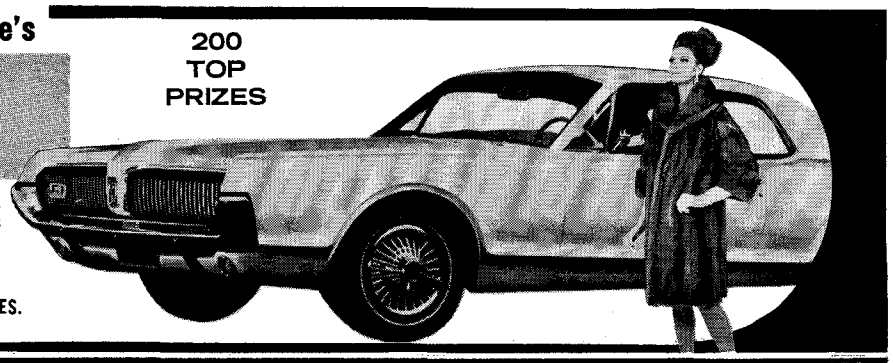

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Why Juanita enjoyed the riot

WASHINGTON:

REPORTER: What were you doing during the riot?

JUANITA (*a cheerful, rather charming 16-year-old Negro girl*): That wasn't no riot. That was a *rebellion.*

REPORTER: OK, what were you doing during the rebellion?

JUANITA (*grinning with delight*): I was out lootin'.

REPORTER: Do you think there's going to be another rebellion?

JUANITA (*with obvious sincerity*): Oh, I hope so.

This little snippet of conversation, which took place between Juanita and this reporter not long after the Los Angeles riot, seems worth recalling now, as a postscript to a long, hot, and tragic summer. For it suggests one overlooked reason why Negroes riot. This is the fact that, for a lot of teen-age Negroes like Juanita, a riot can be a lot of fun.

The notion that a riot can be fun is surprising and horrifying to most middle-class whites. Gov. Richard Hughes of New Jersey and Mayor Jerome Cavanagh of Detroit used precisely the same phrase in describing their respective riots. They both said that they were amazed and appalled by the "carnival atmosphere." Hughes said that it was "like dancing at a funeral," and added that the rioters in Newark behaved "as though it were a holiday."

It *was* a holiday for the kids like Juanita who were "out lootin'"—at least at first, before the blood began to flow. The fact that a riot can be a joyous occasion to the rioters is perfectly well understood by the leaders of the black militant movement.

Floyd McKissick of CORE, for example, agrees with Juanita in the matter of nomenclature. The riots, he said in a recent interview, are not riots at all, but "rebellions or revolts." They spring in part from the need of "black people who have long been suppressed" to "express their individuality." And those who take part in the "rebellions or revolts" feel a "sense of euphoria"—another way of saying the riots can be a lot of fun for the rioters. That "sense of euphoria" is as much a reason for Negro rioting as the economic factors emphasized by white liberal sociologists.

Another black militant whom this reporter interviewed recently—Daniel Watts, editor of the Black Power magazine, *Liberator*—derides what he calls "the professional nigrah experts," who think economic factors (or "bread," meaning money) explain the whole phenomenon.

"What we need is more housing, jobs, schooling, etc.,' is the experts' stock answer to what they perceive to be our problem," Watts wrote recently. "What these dumb hustlers refuse to understand is that many of the freedom fighters came out of the so-called better ghetto housing, better known as 'the projects,' and also off the college campuses, and that they in many instances were not hurting for any lack of bread." If "more housing, jobs, schooling" are not the "answer," then there is no answer. But Watts is surely right in one respect—the problem cannot be solved by "bread" alone.

To see why money is not the whole answer, it is useful to try to see the world through the eyes of a Negro teen-ager like Juanita, for in every riot from Los Angeles to Harlem, from Newark to Detroit, the teen-agers have provided the shock troops.

Juanita's world is a black world. Sociologists have discovered that most young Negroes think that whites are the minority race. Young Negroes even talk a language of their own, which is hardly comprehensible to whites. To this extent, the black militant concept of a "Negro nation," separate and distinct from the white nation in which most of us live, is entirely accurate.

The sense of alienation is increased by the fact that the parents of a teen-ager like Juanita probably are semiliterate Negroes from the South—two out of three Negro adults in the big cities are refugees from the "southern way of life." Partly because of this family background, the ghetto teen-ager is at least two years behind the educational level of the average white of the same age. This, too, separates the teen-agers from the surrounding white world.

The rare white man they see, moreover, often takes the hostile form of a bill collector, a cop, a too-demanding schoolteacher. It is no wonder that many teen-age Negroes have swallowed whole the black-racist doctrine that Whitey (or "Charley," or "Mr. Skins," or "the honkies") is *the* enemy, permanently, inherently, unchangeably evil.

Add the impact of television, which is the Negro teen-ager's main source of entertainment. David Riesman has called the riots a "television revolution," for television provides the ghetto teen-ager with a tantalizing daily vision of an affluent white world and, in the bang-bang-you're-dead shows, a daily indoctrination in violence.

Given such circumstances, it is not really hard to understand why Juanita so obviously enjoyed her riot, or why there was a "carnival atmosphere" in Detroit and Newark. To a Juanita—provided she is not killed or hurt—a riot must be rather like a white middle-class child's Christmas Day, a day of excitement, of shared joy, and of all sorts of wonderful things for free. To the excitement of taking part as a "freedom fighter" in a brave "rebellion" against "Mr. Skins," there is the added pleasure of getting something—and often a lot of things—for nothing. No wonder Juanita hoped so sincerely that there would be "another rebellion."

It is important for white people to try to see the riots through the eyes of a Juanita, for it leads to a couple of conclusions. First, the minds of Juanita and her contemporaries will not be changed by exhortation. And for the short run, they will not be much changed even by the very liberal distribution of "bread."

In the years ahead many sins of omission and commission by the white majority must be expiated, and much money spent. For the immediate future, jobs are the essential—this immensely rich country ought to be able to guarantee a job at a living wage to any adult who wants to work. And to save the next generation of ghetto children, more and better and much more expensive education is absolutely indispensable. But for the short run there is only one way to make sure that next summer and the summer after that will not be repetitions of the ghastly summer now ending. Force must be used immediately and selectively, as soon as trouble starts—not when the stores are already being looted, the ghetto is burning, and the killing of ignorant and essentially innocent young Negroes is about to begin. Juanita and her contemporaries must be persuaded right at the beginning, before the "carnival atmosphere" has time to spread, that this riot will *not* be fun.

Stewart Alsop

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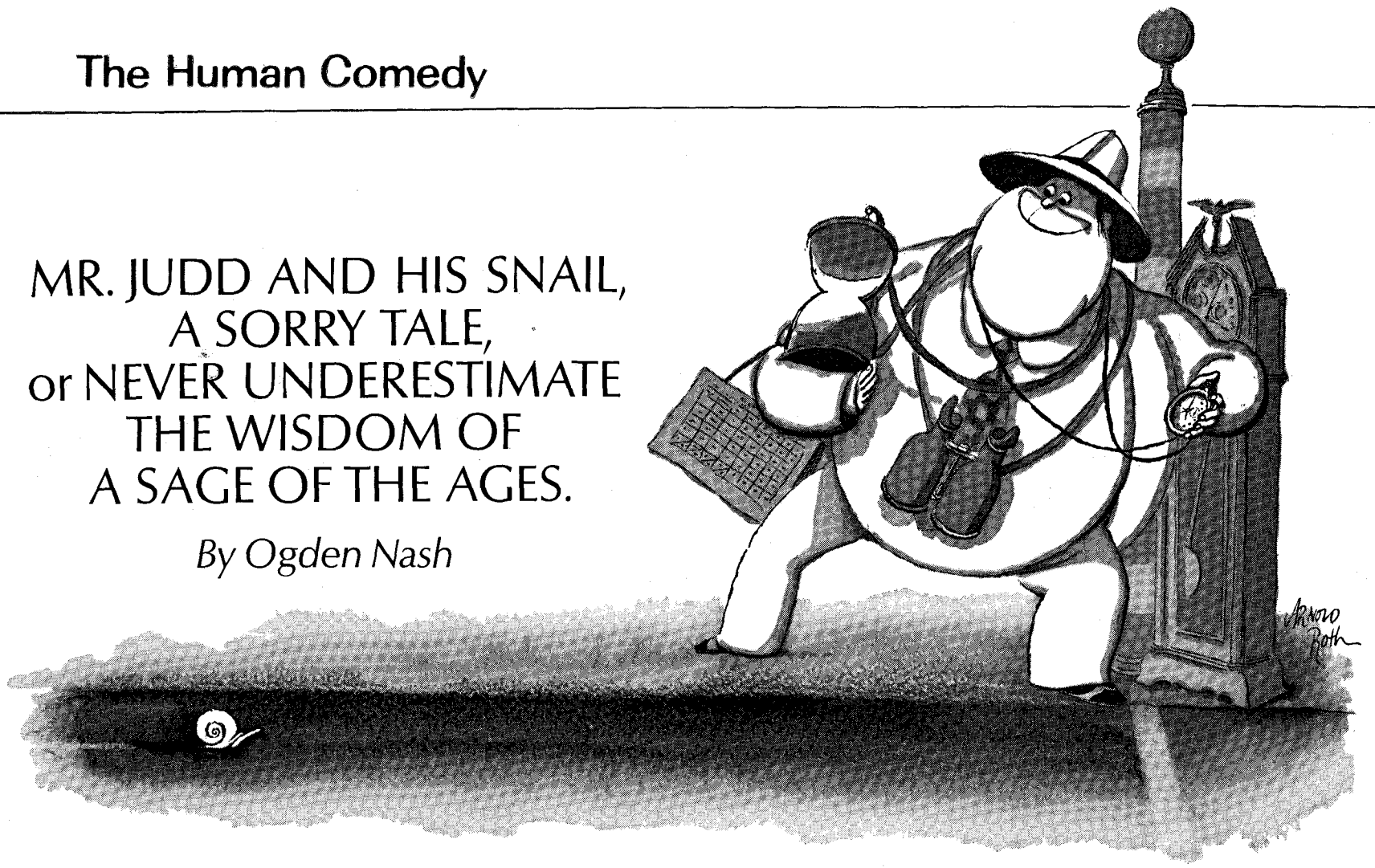
MR. JUDD AND HIS SNAIL, A SORRY TALE, or NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE WISDOM OF A SAGE OF THE AGES.

By Ogden Nash



I offer one small bit of advice that Billy Graham could write a whole column on:

Never ignore any bit of advice offered by King Solomon.

I call your attention to the case of Philander Judd.

His veins were distended with optimism and sporting blood.

His interest in racing was enormous,

But he was by nature non-conformous.

He was not one of those who set their horses or greyhounds whirling around the track to their hearts' content, or à go go,

He said he knew that something fast could go fast, he was interested in how fast could something slow go.

He considered conventional races pallid and stale,

So his entire stable consisted of one thoroughbred gastropod, or snail.

The snail, of course, is a mollusk akin to the whelk and the slug, and, as is known to every gastropodist,

It moves complacently on one ventral muscular foot, to the bewilderment of every biped chiropodist.

Mr. Judd entered his snail in every kind of race but one, for which he refused to name it,

And that one was a claiming race, because he was afraid that somebody, perhaps a Gallic gourmet, might claim it.

His snail was beaten in December by a tortoise, so he dropped it down a couple of classes,

And in January it lost by eight lengths to a jug of molasses.

By now Mr. Judd was deeply indebted to his bookie,

But being an honorable man, he couldn't get out of town or stoop to any other form of welsher's hooky.

At last he thought he saw a way to settle with his creditors;

He found the perfect spot for his snail, a race in which an amoeba and a glacier were the other two competitors.

The amoeba posed a real threat, but from the glacier he did not flinch;

He had clocked it for a full month, during which it had moved only three-quarters of an inch.

Therefore, although he could not be certain to win the race,

He knew he had a sure thing to place.

Yes, that was what he happily reckoned,

And he bet his remaining roll on the snail for second.

Well, the amoeba outdistanced the snail and the snail outdistanced the glacier, and then just at the finish line something out of the ordinary occurred;

The amoeba split apart and finished one–two, and the snail ran third.

Mr. Judd had forgotten what Solomon once told the Queen of Sheba:

Never trust an Egyptian or an amoeba.

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Lucky Strike introduces the Lucky Strike that doesn't taste like a Lucky Strike.

If you like the taste of the old Lucky, stick with it. The Lucky Strike Filter 100 is a whole new kind of cigarette.

Soft in taste. Subtle. With a new tobacco blend.

A filter that's rolled tobacco-and-charcoal inside, white outside.

Try the new soft taste of the new Lucky Strike.

Quite a change.

After all these years, the taste is soft.

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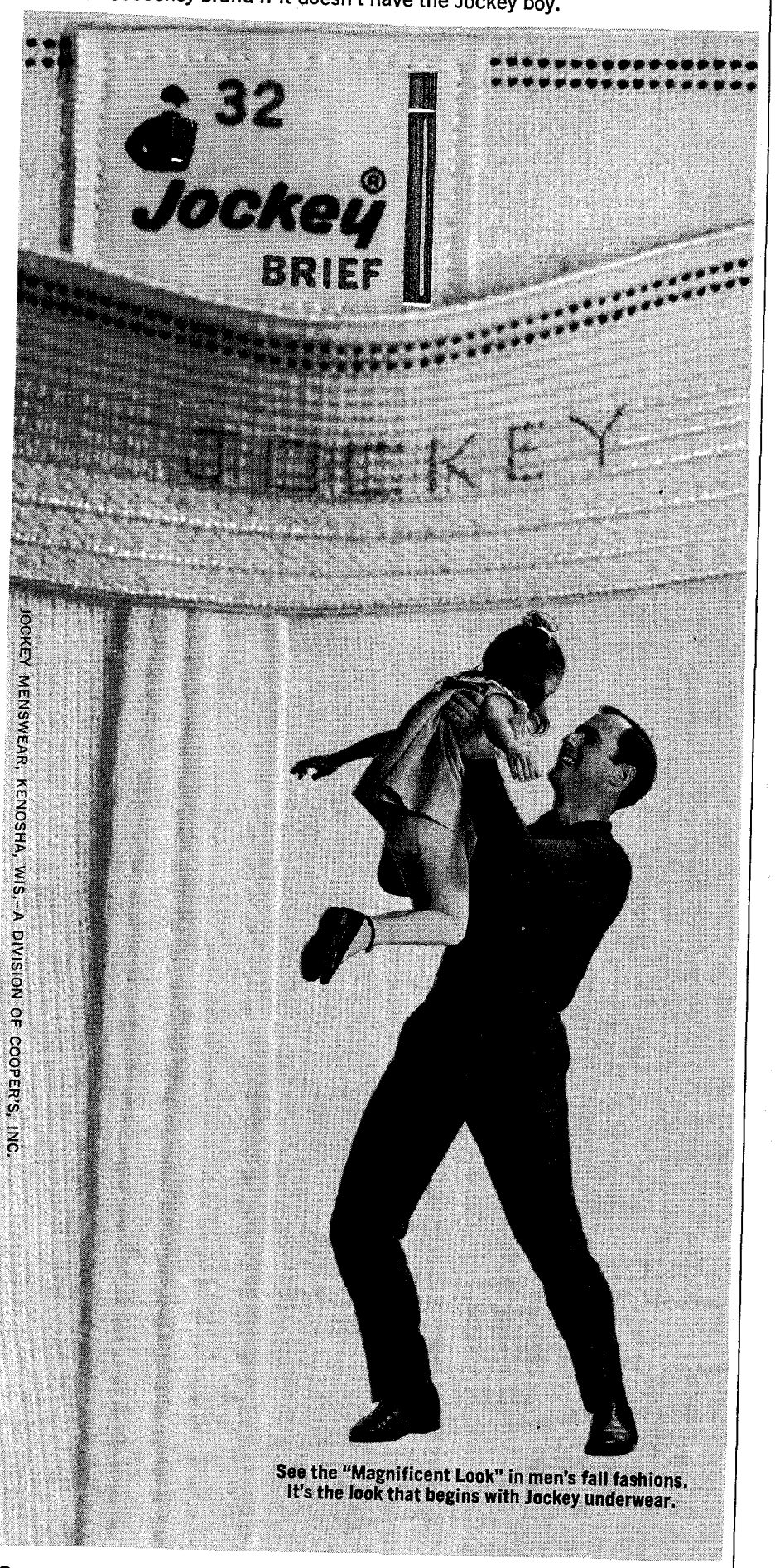
A man needs this special kind of support.

Thousands of ordinary actions can put sudden strain on areas that require male support. Only Jockey brand briefs are meticulously tailored to fit the male figure—to give the comfortable protection every man needs. Jockey Super brief (mesh pouch) $1.50. Jockey Classic brief (solid fabric pouch) $1.25.

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy.



See the "Magnificent Look" in men's fall fashions.
It's the look that begins with Jockey underwear.

Points West

By Joan Didion
and John Gregory Dunne

The Howard Hughes underground

7000 Romaine Street is in that part of Los Angeles familiar to readers of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett: the underside of Hollywood, south of Sunset Boulevard, a middle-class slum of "model studios" and warehouses and two-family bungalows. Because Paramount and Columbia and Desilu and the Samuel Goldwyn studios are nearby, many of the people who live around here have some tenuous connection with the motion-picture industry. They once processed fan photographs, say, or knew Jean Harlow's manicurist. 7000 Romaine looks itself like a faded movie exterior, a pastel building with chipped *art moderne* detailing, the windows now either boarded or paned with chicken-wire glass and, at the entrance, among the dusty oleander, a rubber mat that reads WELCOME.

Actually no one is welcome, for 7000 Romaine belongs to Howard Hughes, and the door is locked. That the Hughes "communications center" should lie here in the dull sunlight of Hammett-Chandler country is one of those circumstances that satisfy one's suspicion that life is indeed a scenario, for the Hughes empire has been in our time the only industrial complex in the world—involving, over the years, machinery manufacture, foreign oil-tool subsidiaries, a brewery, two airlines, immense real-estate holdings, a major motion-picture studio, and an electronics-and-missile operation—run by a man whose *modus operandi* closely resembles that of a character in *The Big Sleep*.

As it happens I live not far from 7000 Romaine, and I make a point of driving past it every now and then, I suppose in the same spirit that Arthurian scholars visit the Cornish coast. I am interested in the folklore of Howard Hughes, in the way people react to him, in the terms they use when they talk about him. Let me give you an example. A few weeks ago I lunched with an old friend at the Beverly Hills Hotel. One of the other guests was a well-married woman in her 30's who had once been a Hughes contract starlet, and another was a costume designer who had worked on a lot of Hughes pictures and still receives a weekly salary from 7000 Romaine, on the understanding that he work for no one else. He has done nothing but cash that weekly check for some years now. They sat there in the sun, the onetime starlet and the sometime costume designer for a man whose public appearances are now somewhat less frequent than those of The Shadow, and they talked about him. They wondered how he was and why he was devoting 1967 to buying up Las Vegas.

"You can't tell me it's like they say, that he bought the Desert Inn just because the high rollers were coming in and they wouldn't let him keep the penthouse," the ex-starlet mused, fingering a diamond as big as the Ritz. "It must be part of some larger mission."

The phrase was exactly right. Anyone who skims the financial press knows that Howard Hughes never has business "transactions," or "negotiations"; he has "missions." His overall mission, as *Fortune* once put it in a series of love letters, has always been "to preserve his power as the proprietor of the

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Our distillery is a conversation piece. But our Bourbon speaks for itself.

From the inside, our distillery looks like a distillery. From the outside, it looks like a castle.

Col. Taylor built it like that back in 1887. And ever since, it's kept us on our toes.

Because when you make Bourbon in a castle, it's got to be some Bourbon.

Old Taylor is just that.

And we want to keep it that way.

So we still draw our limestone water from the same spring the Colonel discovered in 1887.

We still tend our mash every bit as tenderly as he did.

We still use the same costly small grains he insisted upon.

And we must be doing our job well. More people drink Old Taylor than any other premium-priced Bourbon in the country.

Sure, a castle is an extraordinary place to make Bourbon.

But then there's nothing ordinary about our Bourbon.

Old Taylor

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY

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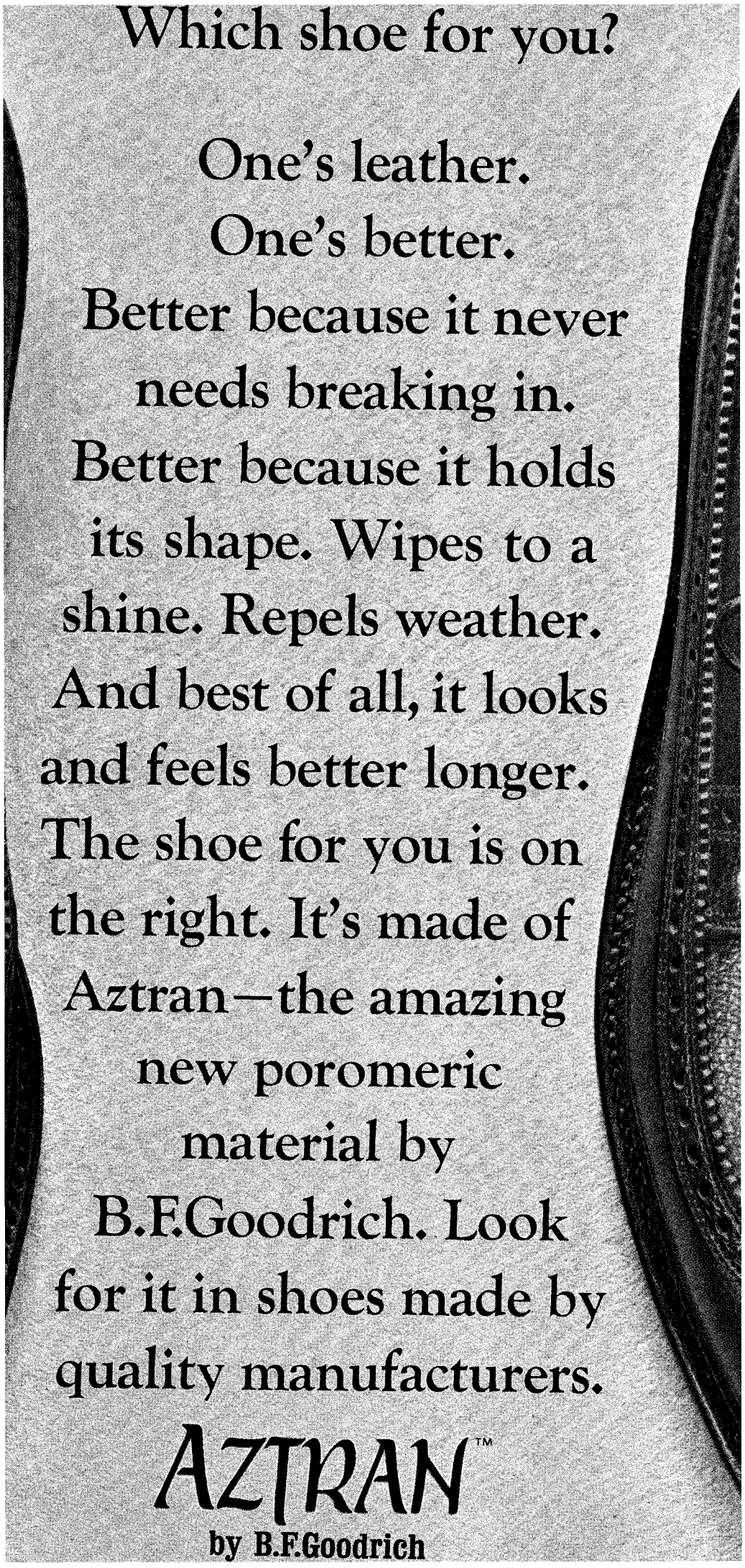
Which shoe for you?
One's leather.
One's better.
Better because it never needs breaking in.
Better because it holds its shape. Wipes to a shine. Repels weather.
And best of all, it looks and feels better longer.
The shoe for you is on the right. It's made of Aztran—the amazing new poromeric material by B.F.Goodrich. Look for it in shoes made by quality manufacturers.
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RELENTLESS

Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
Kills germs
Every drop's a germ-killer.
Hour after hour, Listerine stays on the job—
to keep your breath fresh.
Listerine Antiseptic fights bad breath best—
contains more active ingredients
to freshen your breath and to kill germs
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Try it—
and you'll see how relentless
an oral antiseptic can be!

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Meet our kissin' cousin Kentucky.

Some people may not find the name "Canada Dry Bourbon" folksy enough. (They'd probably prefer something like "Our Kissin' Cousin.") We know how they feel. There's a lot of folklore and nostalgia connected with Bourbon.

But you can't drink nostalgia. So we use science as well as art when we make our Bourbon. Very precisely, very gently, we nurse the ingredients along through every step of the distilling process. What do we get for our troubles? A better tasting Bourbon. Canada Dry Bourbon.

We didn't really remove the nostalgia from Bourbon. We just brought it up-to-date.

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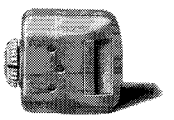
largest pool of industrial wealth still under the absolute control of a single individual." Nor does Hughes have business "associates"; he has only "adversaries." When the adversaries "appear to be" threatening his absolute control, Hughes "might or might not" take action. It is such phrases as "appear to be" and "might or might not," peculiar to business reportage involving Hughes, that suggest the special mood of a Hughes mission. And here is what the action might or might not be: Hughes might warn, at the critical moment, "You're holding a gun to my head." If there is one thing Hughes dislikes, it is a gun to his head (generally this means a request for an appearance, or a discussion of policy), and at least one president of T.W.A., a company that, as Hughes ran it, bore an operational similarity to the government of Honduras, departed on this note.

The stories are endless, and infinitely familiar, traded by the faithful like baseball cards, fondled until they fray around the edges and blur into the apocryphal. There is the one about the barber, Eddie Alexander, who was paid handsomely (not unlike the costume designer with whom I was lunching) to remain on "day and night standby" in case Hughes wanted a haircut. "Just checking, Eddie," Hughes once said when he called Alexander at 2 A.M. "Just checking. Just wanted to see if you were standing by." There was the time Convair wanted to sell Hughes 340 transports and Hughes insisted that, to insure "secrecy," the mission be discussed only between midnight and dawn, by flashlight, in the Palm Springs Municipal Dump. There was the evening when both Hughes and Greg Bautzer, then his lawyer, went incommunicado while, in the conference room of the Chemical Bank in New York, the money men waited to lend T.W.A. $165 million. There they were, the Metropolitan Life, the Equitable, the Irving Trust, the Bank of America, the Bankers Trust, the Mellon National Bank and Trust, the Morgan Guaranty, the First National Bank of Boston, the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles, the California Bank, the National Bank of Commerce of Houston, all waiting, and it was 7 P.M. of the last day the deal could be made, and the bankers were talking by phone not to Hughes, not even to Bautzer, but to Bautzer's wife, the movie star Dana Wynter. "I hope he takes it in pennies," a Wall Street broker said when Hughes, six years later, sold T.W.A. for $546 million, "and drops it on his toes."

Then there are the more recent stories. Howard Hughes is en route to Boston aboard the Super Chief with the Bel Air Patrol riding shotgun. Howard Hughes is in Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. Howard Hughes commandeers the fifth floor of the Boston Ritz. Howard Hughes is or is not buying 37½ percent of Columbia Pictures through the Swiss Banque de Paris. Howard Hughes is ill. Howard Hughes is dead. Howard Hughes is in Las Vegas. Howard Hughes pays $13 million for the Desert Inn. $15 million for the Sands. Gives the State of Nevada $6 million for a medical school. Negotiates for ranches, Alamo Airways, the North Las Vegas Air Terminal, more ranches. By July of 1967 Howard Hughes is the largest single landholder in Clark County, Nev. "Howard likes Las Vegas," an acquaintance of Hughes's once explained, "because he likes to be able to find a restaurant open in case he wants a sandwich."

Why do we like those stories so? Why do we tell them over and over? Why have we made a folk hero of a man who is the antithesis of all our official heroes, a haunted millionaire out of the West, trailing a legend of desperation and power and white sneakers? But then we have always done that. Our favorite people and our favorite stories become so not by any inherent virtue, but because they illustrate something deep in the grain. Shoeless Joe Jackson, Warren Gamaliel Harding, the *Titanic: how the mighty are fallen.* Charles Lindbergh, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Marilyn Monroe: *the beautiful and damned.* Perhaps there has always been that divergence between our official and our unofficial heroes. It is impossible to think of Howard Hughes without perceiving the apparently bottomless gulf between what we say we want and what we do want; between what we officially admire and secretly desire; between, in the largest sense, the people we marry and the people we love. In a nation that increasingly appears to prize social virtues, Hughes remains not merely antisocial but grandly, brilliantly, surpassingly, asocial. He is the last private man, the dream we no longer admit.

Joan Didion



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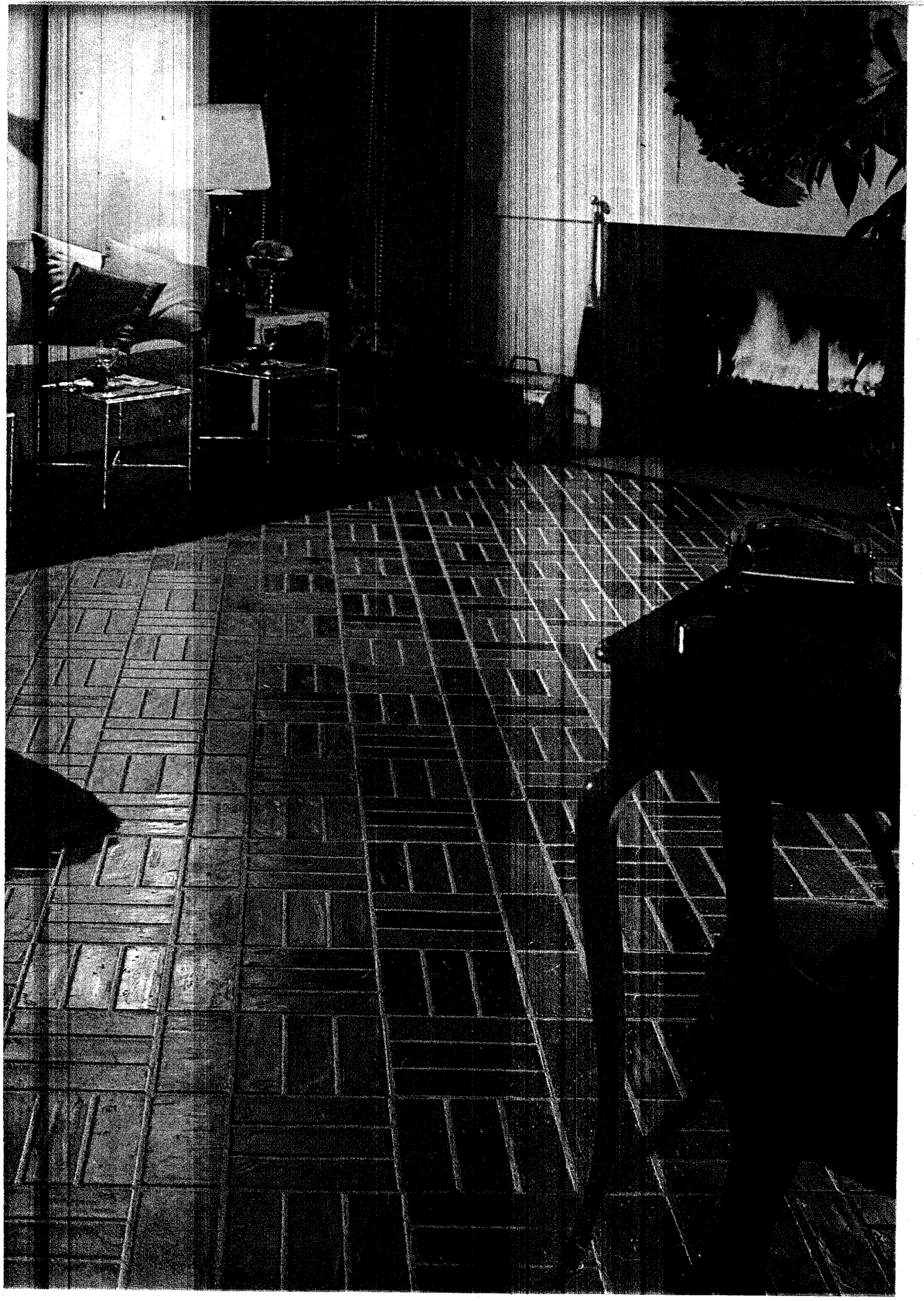

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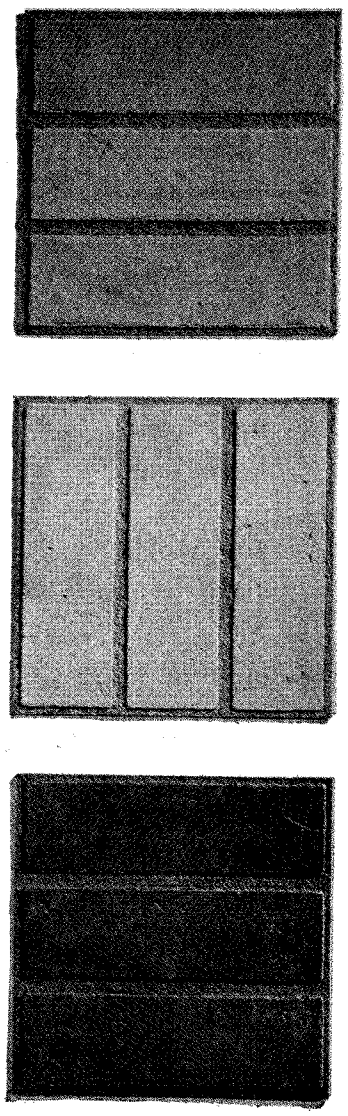

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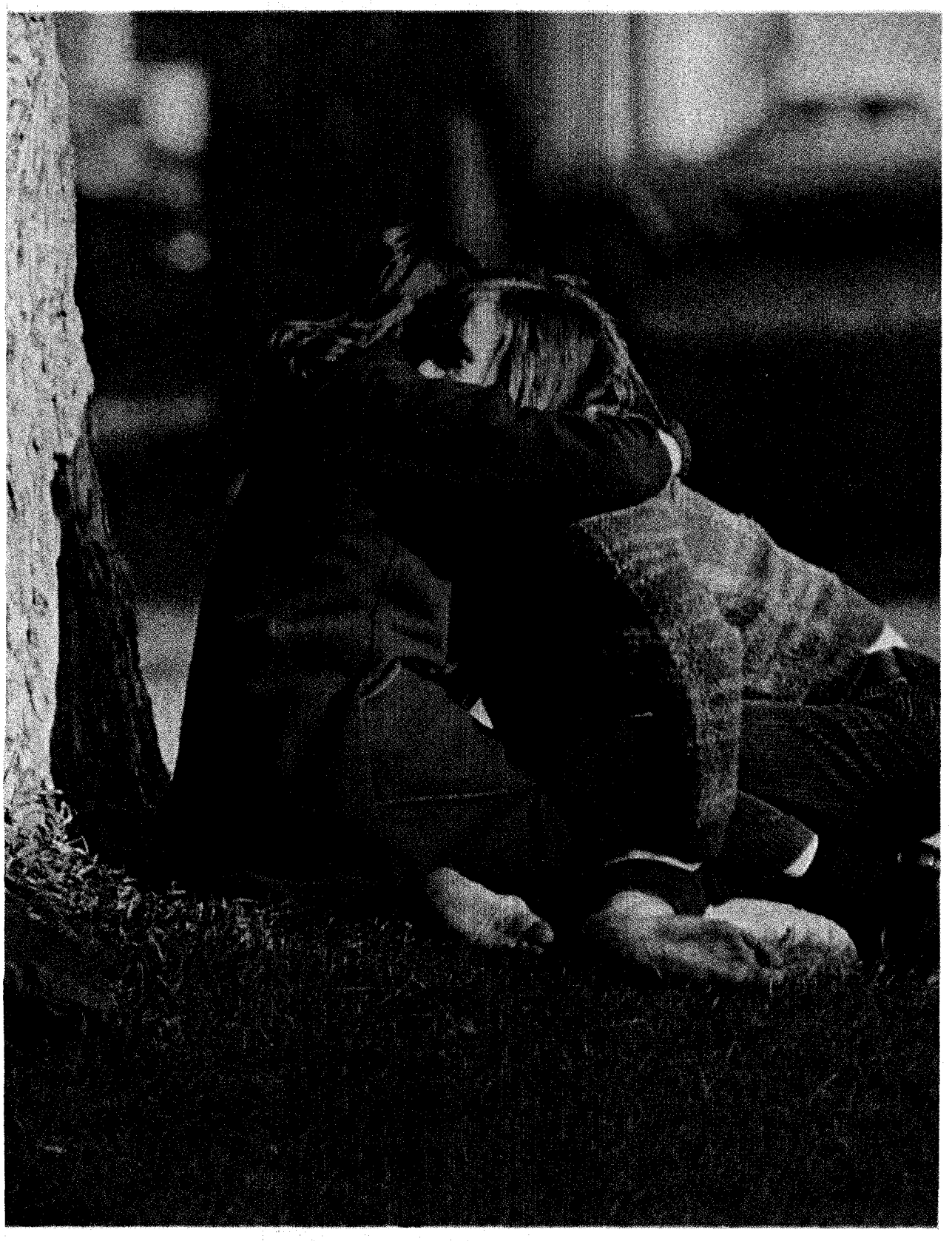
THE HIPPIE GENERATION

By JOAN DIDION

SLOUCHING TOWARDS



Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand . . .
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born? *

W. B. Yeats

The center was not holding. It was a country of bankruptcy notices and public-auction announcements and commonplace reports of casual killings and misplaced children and abandoned homes and vandals who misspelled even the four-letter words they scrawled. It was a country in which families routinely disappeared, trailing bad checks and repossession papers. Adolescents drifted from city to torn city, sloughing off both the past and the future as snakes shed their skins, children who were never taught and would never now learn the games that had held the society together. People were missing. Children were missing. Parents were missing. Those who were left behind filed desultory missing-persons reports, then moved on themselves.

It was not a country in open revolution. It was not a country under enemy siege. It was the United States of America in the year 1967, and the market was steady and the G.N.P. high, and a great many articulate people seemed to have a sense of high social purpose, and it might have been a year of brave hopes and national promise, but it was not, and more and more people had the uneasy apprehension that it was not. All that seemed clear was that at some point we had aborted ourselves and butchered the job, and because nothing else seemed so relevant I decided to go to San Francisco. San Francisco was where the social hemorrhaging was showing up. San Francisco was where the missing children were gathering and calling themselves "hippies." When I first went to San Francisco, I did not even know what I wanted to find out, and so I just stayed around awhile and made a few friends.

A sign on Haight Street, San Francisco:

Last Easter Day
My Christopher Robin wandered away.
He called April 10th
But he hasn't called since
He said he was coming home
But he hasn't shown.

If you see him on Haight
Please tell him not to wait
I need him now
I don't care how
If he needs the bread
I'll send it ahead.

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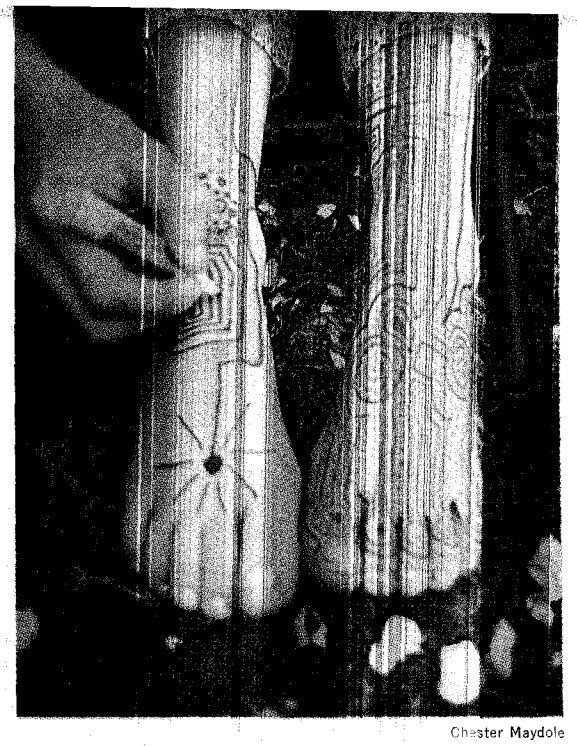
BETHLEHEM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED STRESHINSKY



Chester Maydole

If there's hope
Please write me a note
If he's still there
Tell him how much I care
Where he's at I need to know
For I really love him so!
Deeply,
Marla

I am looking for somebody called Deadeye (all single names in this story are fictitious; full names are real), and I hear he is on the Street this afternoon doing a little business, so I keep an eye out for him and pretend to read the signs in the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street when a kid, 16, 17, comes in and sits on the floor beside me.

"What are you looking for?" he says.

I say nothing much.

"I been out of my mind for three days," he says. He tells me he's been shooting crystal, which I pretty much know because he does not bother to keep his sleeves rolled down over the needle tracks. He came up from Los Angeles some number of weeks ago, he doesn't remember what number, and now he'll take off for New York, if he can find a ride. I show him a sign on the wall offering a ride to Chicago. He wonders where Chicago is. I ask where he comes from. "Here," he says. I mean before here. "San Jose, Chula Vista, I dunno," he says. "My mother's in Chula Vista."

A few days later I see him in Golden Gate Park. I ask if he has found a ride to New York. "I hear New York's a bummer," he says.

Deadeye never showed up that day, and somebody says maybe I can find him at his place. It is three o'clock and Deadeye is in bed. Somebody else is asleep on the living-room couch, and a girl is sleeping on the floor beneath a poster of Allen Ginsberg, and there are a couple of girls in pajamas making instant coffee. One of the girls introduces me to the friend on the couch, who extends one arm but does not get up because he is naked. Deadeye and I have a mutual acquaintance, but he does not mention his name in front of the others. "The man you talked to," he says, or "that man I was referring to earlier." The man is a cop.

The room is overheated and the girl on the floor is sick. Deadeye says she has been sleeping for 24 hours. "Lemme ask you something," he says. "You want some grass?" I say I have to be moving on. "You want it," Deadeye says, "it's yours." Deadeye used to be a Hell's Angel around Los Angeles, but that was a few years ago. "Right now," he says, "I'm trying to set up this groovy religious group—'Teen-age Evangelism.'"

Don and Max want to go out to dinner, but Don is on a macrobiotic diet so we end up in Japantown. Max is telling me how he lives free of all the old middle-class Freudian hang-ups. "I've had this old lady for a couple of months now, maybe she makes something special for my dinner, and I come in three days late and tell her I've been with some other chick, well, maybe she shouts a little but then I say, 'That's me, baby,' and she laughs and says, 'That's you, Max.'" Max says it works both ways. "I mean, if she comes in and tells me she wants to have Don, maybe, I say, 'OK, baby, it's your trip.'"

Max sees his life as a triumph over "don'ts." The don'ts he had done before he was 21 were peyote, alcohol, mescaline and Methedrine. He was on a Meth trip for three years in New York and Tangier before he found acid. He first tried peyote when he was in an Arkansas boys' school and got down to the Gulf and met "an Indian kid who was doing a don't. Then every weekend I could get loose I'd hitchhike 700 miles to Brownsville, Texas, so I could pop peyote. Peyote went for thirty cents a button down in Brownsville on the street." Max dropped in and out of most of the schools and fashionable clinics in the eastern half of America, his standard technique for dealing with boredom being to leave. Example: Max was in a hospital in New York, and "the night nurse was a groovy spade, and in the afternoon for therapy there was a chick from Israel who was interesting, but there was nothing much to do in the morning, so I left."

We drink some more green tea and talk about going up to Malakoff Diggins, a park in Nevada County, because some people are starting a commune there and Max thinks it would be a groove to take acid there. He says maybe we could go next week, or the week after, or anyway sometime before his case comes up. Almost everybody I meet in San Francisco has to go to court at some point in the middle future. I never ask why.

I am still interested in how Max got rid of his middle-class Freudian hang-ups, and I ask if he is now completely free.

"Nah," he says. "I got acid."

Max drops a 250- or 350-microgram tab every six or seven days.

Max and Don share a joint in the car, and we go over to North Beach to find out if Otto, who has a

In Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco's new Bohemia, a hippy confers with a policeman about traffic problems.

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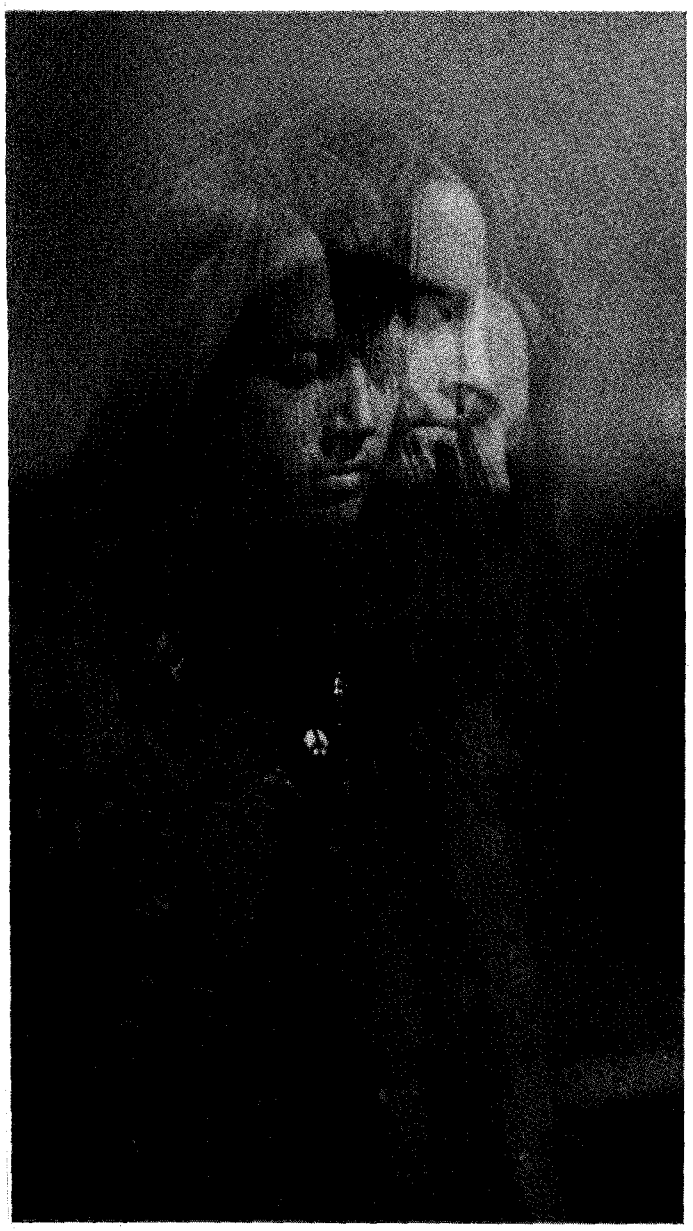
Blinding flashes of light put patron through a simulated drug experience at the Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco.



temporary job there, wants to go to Malakoff Diggins. Otto is trying to sell something to some electronics engineers. The engineers view our arrival with some interest, maybe, I think, because Max is wearing bells and an Indian headband. Max has a low tolerance for straight engineers and their Freudian hang-ups. "Look at 'em," he says. "They're always yelling 'queer,' and then they come prowling into the Haight-Ashbury trying to get a hippie chick."

We do not get around to asking Otto about Malakoff Diggins because he wants to tell me about a 14-year-old he knows who got busted in the Park the other day. She was just walking through the Park, he says, minding her own, carrying her schoolbooks, when the cops took her in and booked her and gave her a pelvic. "*Fourteen years old,*" Otto says. "*A pelvic.*"

"Coming down from acid," he adds, "that could be a real bad trip."

I call Otto the next afternoon to see if he can reach the 14-year-old. It turns out she is tied up with rehearsals for her junior-high-school play, *The Wizard of Oz.* "Yellow-brick-road time," Otto says. Otto was sick all day. He thinks it was some cocaine somebody gave him.

There are always little girls around rock groups—the same little girls who used to hang around saxophone players, girls who live on the celebrity and power and sex a band projects when it plays—and there are three of them out here this afternoon in Sausalito where a rock group, the Grateful Dead, rehearses. They are all pretty and two of them still have baby fat and one of them dances by herself with her eyes closed.

I ask a couple of the girls what they do.

"I just kind of come out here a lot," one of the girls says.

"I just sort of know the Dead," the other says.

The one who just sort of knows the Dead starts cutting up a loaf of French bread on the piano bench. The boys take a break, and one of them talks about playing at the Los Angeles Cheetah, which is in the old Aragon Ballroom. "We were up there drinking beer where Lawrence Welk used to sit," he says.

The little girl who was dancing by herself giggles. "Too much," she says softly. Her eyes are still closed.

Somebody said that if I was going to meet some runaways I better pick up a few hamburgers, cola and French fries on the way, so I did, and we are eating them in the Park together, me, Debbie, who is 15, and Jeff, who is 16. Debbie and Jeff ran away 12 days ago, walked out of school one morning with $100 between them. Because a missing-juvenile is out on Debbie—she was already on probation because her mother had once taken her to the police station and declared her incorrigible—this is only the second time they have been out of a friend's apartment since they got to San Francisco. The first time they went over to the Fairmont Hotel and rode the outside elevator, three times up and three times down. "Wow," Jeff says, and that is all he can think of to say about that.

I ask why they ran away.

"My parents said I had to go to church," Debbie says. "And they wouldn't let me dress the way I wanted. In the seventh grade my skirts were longer than anybody's—it got better in the eighth grade, but still."

"Your mother was kind of a bummer," Jeff says to her.

"They didn't like Jeff. They didn't like my girl friends. I had a C average and my father told me I couldn't date until I raised it, and that bugged me a lot too."

"My mother was just a genuine all-American bitch." Jeff says. "She was really troublesome about hair. Also, she didn't like boots. It was really weird."

"Tell about the chores," Debbie says.

"For example, I had chores. If I didn't finish ironing my shirts for the week, I couldn't go out for the weekend. It was weird. Wow."

Debbie giggles and shakes her head. "This year's gonna be wild."

"We're just gonna let it all happen," Jeff says. "Everything's in the future, you can't pre-plan it, you know. First we get jobs, then a place to live. Then, I dunno."

Jeff finishes off the French fries and gives some thought to what kind of job he could get. "I always kinda dug metal shop, welding, stuff like that." Maybe he could work on cars, I say. "But I'm not too mechanically minded," he says. "Anyway, you can't pre-plan."

"I could get a job baby-sitting," Debbie says. "Or in a dime store."

"You're always talking about getting a job in a dime store," Jeff says.

"That's because I worked in a dime store already," Debbie says.

Debbie is buffing her fingernails with the belt to her suède jacket. She is annoyed because she chipped a nail and because I do not have any polish remover in the car. I promise to get her to a friend's apartment so that she can redo her manicure, but something has been bothering me, and as I fiddle with the ignition, I finally ask it. I ask them to think back to when they were children, to tell me what they had wanted to be when they were grown up, how they had seen the future then.

Jeff throws a cola bottle out the car window. "I can't remember I ever thought about it," he says.

"I remember I wanted to be a veterinarian once," Debbie says. "But now I'm more or less working in the vein of being an artist or a model or a cosmetologist. Or something."

I hear quite a bit about one cop, Officer Arthur Gerrans, whose name has become a synonym for zealotry on the Street. Max is not personally wild about Officer Gerrans because Officer Gerrans took Max in after the Human Be-In last winter, that's the big Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park where 20,000 people got turned on free, or 10,000 did, or some number did, but then Officer Gerrans has busted almost everyone in the District at one time or another. Presumably to forestall a cult of personality, Gerrans was transferred out of the District not long ago, and when I see him it is not at the Park Station but at the Central Station.

We are in an interrogation room, and I am interrogating Gerrans. He is young, blond and wary and I go in slow. I wonder what he thinks the major problems in the Haight area are.

Officer Gerrans thinks it over. "I would say the major problems there," he says finally, "the major problems are narcotics and juveniles. Juveniles and narcotics, those are your major problems."

I write that down.

"Just one moment," Officer Gerrans says, and leaves the room. When he comes back he tells me that I cannot talk to him without permission from Chief Thomas Cahill.

"In the meantime," Officer Gerrans adds, pointing at the notebook in which I have written *major problems, juveniles, narcotics,* "I'll take those notes."

The next day I apply for permission to talk to Officer Gerrans and also to Chief Cahill. A few days later a sergeant returns my call.

"We have finally received clearance from the chief per your request," the sergeant says, "and that is taboo."

I wonder why it is taboo to talk to Officer Gerrans.

Officer Gerrans is involved in court cases coming to trial.

I wonder why it is taboo to talk to Chief Cahill.

The chief has pressing police business.

I wonder if I can talk to anyone at all in the police department.

"No," the sergeant says, "not at the particular moment."

Which was my last official contact with the San Francisco Police Department.

Norris and I are standing around the Panhandle, and Norris is telling me how it is all set up for a friend to take me to Big Sur. I say what I really want to do is spend a few days with Norris and his wife and the rest of the people in their house. Norris says it would be a lot easier if I'd take some acid. I say I'm unstable. Norris says, all right, anyway, *grass,* and he squeezes my hand.

One day Norris asks how old I am. I tell him I am 32. It takes a few minutes, but he rises to it. "Don't worry," he says at last. "There's old hippies too."

It is a pretty nice evening, nothing much is

A hippie affluent enough to afford his own strobe lights exults in the brilliance at his Haight-Ashbury pad.

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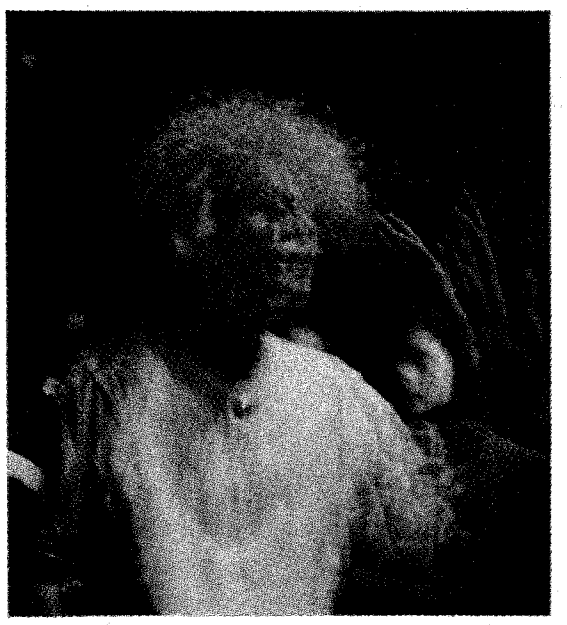


happening and Max brings his old lady, Sharon, over to the Warehouse. The Warehouse, which is where Don and a floating number of other people live, is not actually a warehouse but the garage of a condemned hotel. The Warehouse was conceived as total theater, a continual happening, and I always feel good there. Somebody is usually doing something interesting, like working on a light show, and there are a lot of interesting things around, like an old touring car which is used as a bed and a vast American flag fluttering up in the shadows and an overstuffed chair suspended like a swing from the rafters.

One reason I particularly like the Warehouse is that a child named Michael is staying there now. Michael's mother, Sue Ann, is a sweet, wan girl who is always in the kitchen cooking seaweed or baking macrobiotic bread while Michael amuses himself with joss sticks or an old tambourine or an old rocking horse. The first time I ever saw Michael was on that rocking horse, a very blond and pale and dirty child on a rocking horse with no paint. A blue theatrical spotlight was the only light in the Warehouse that afternoon, and there was Michael in it, crooning softly to the wooden horse. Michael is three years old. He is a bright child but does not yet talk.

On this night Michael is trying to light his joss sticks and there are the usual number of people floating through and they all drift in and sit on the bed and pass joints. Sharon is very excited when she arrives. "Don," she cries breathlessly, "we got some STP today." At this time STP, a hallucinogenic drug, is a pretty big deal; remember, nobody yet knew what it was and it was relatively, although just relatively, hard to come by. Sharon is blond and scrubbed and probably 17, but Max is a little vague about that since his court case comes up in a month or so, and he doesn't need statutory rape on top of it. Sharon's parents were living apart when she last saw them. She does not miss school or anything much about her past, except her younger brother. "I want to turn him on," she confided one day. "He's fourteen now, that's the perfect age. I know where he goes to high school and someday I'll just go get him."

Time passes and I lose the thread and when I pick it up again Max seems to be talking about what a beautiful thing it is the way that Sharon washes dishes.

"It *is* beautiful," she says. "*Every*thing is. You watch that blue detergent blob run on the plate, watch the grease cut—well, it can be a real trip."

A multiple exposure portrays the movement of a dancer impelled toward hippie oblivion by the rock rhythm.

Pretty soon now, maybe next month, maybe later, Max and Sharon plan to leave for Africa and India, where they can live off the land. "I got this little trust fund, see," Max says, "which is useful in that it tells cops and border patrols I'm OK, but living off the land is the thing. You can get your high and get your dope in the city, OK, but we gotta get out somewhere and live organically."

"Roots and things," Sharon says, lighting a joss stick for Michael. Michael's mother is still in the kitchen cooking seaweed. "You can eat them."

Maybe eleven o'clock, we move from the Warehouse to the place where Max and Sharon live with a couple named Tom and Barbara. Sharon is pleased to get home ("I hope you got some hash joints fixed in the kitchen," she says to Barbara by way of greeting), and everybody is pleased to show off the apartment, which has a lot of flowers and candles and paisleys. Max and Sharon and Tom and Barbara get pretty high on hash, and everyone dances a little and we do some liquid projections and set up a strobe and take turns getting a high on that. Quite late, somebody called Steve comes in with a pretty, dark girl. They have been to a meeting of people who practice a western yoga, but they do not seem to want to talk about that. They lie on the floor awhile, and then Steve stands up.

"Max," he says, "I want to say one thing."

"It's your trip." Max is edgy.

"I found love on acid. But I lost it. And now I'm finding it again. With nothing but grass."

Max mutters that heaven and hell are both in one's karma.

"That's what bugs me about psychedelic art," Steve says.

"What about psychedelic art?" Max says. "I haven't seen much psychedelic art."

Max is lying on a bed with Sharon, and Steve leans down. "Groove, baby," he says. "You're a groove."

Steve sits down then and tells me about one summer when he was at a school of design in Rhode Island and took 30 trips, the last ones all bad. I ask why they were bad. "I could tell you it was my neuroses," he says, "but forget it."

A few days later I drop by to see Steve in his apartment. He paces nervously around the room he uses as a studio and shows me some paintings. We do not seem to be getting to the point.

"Maybe you noticed something going on at Max's," he says abruptly.

It seems that the girl he brought, the dark, pretty one, had once been Max's girl. She had followed him to Tangier and now to San Francisco. But Max has Sharon. "So the girl is kind of staying around here," Steve says.

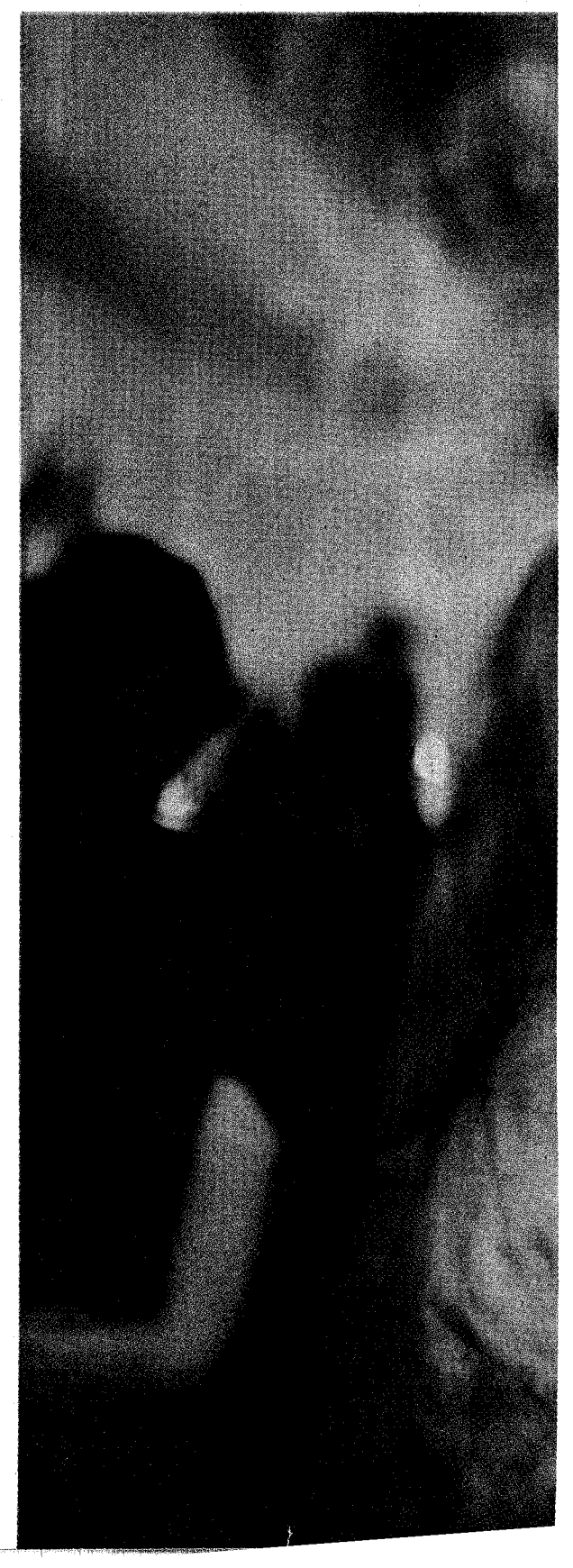
Steve is troubled by a lot of things. He is 23, was raised in Virginia and has the idea that California is the beginning of the end. "I feel it's insane," he says, and his voice drops. "This chick tells me there's no meaning to life, but it doesn't matter, we'll just flow right out. There've been times I felt like packing up and taking off for the East Coast again. At least there I had a target. At least there you expect that it's going to happen." He lights a cigarette for me and his hands shake. "Here you know it's not going to."

"What is supposed to happen?" I ask.

"I don't know. Something. Anything."

Arthur Lisch is on the telephone in his kitchen, trying to sell VISTA a program for the District. "We've already *got* an emergency," he is saying into the telephone, meanwhile trying to disentangle his daughter, age one and a half, from the cord. "We don't get help here, nobody can guarantee what's going to happen. We've got people sleeping in the streets here. We've got people starving to death." He pauses. "All right," he says then, and his voice rises. "So they're doing it by choice. So what?"

By the time he hangs up he has limned what strikes me as a pretty Dickensian picture of life on the edge of Golden Gate Park, but then this is my first exposure to Arthur Lisch's "riot-on-the-Street-unless" pitch. Arthur Lisch is a kind of leader of the Diggers, who, in the official District mythology, are supposed to be a group of anonymous good guys with no thought in their



Drunk on color and noise and dressed in period costumes, a hippie couple drifts lazily through sweet psychedelia.

* Yeats Poem © 1924 The Macmillan Company. Renewed 1952 Bertha Georgie Yeats.
"Krishna Song" © 1967 by International Society for Krishna Consciousness.
"No Milk Today" © 1966-67 Man-Ken Music Ltd.

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collective head but to lend a helping hand. The official District mythology also has it that the Diggers have no "leaders," but nonetheless Arthur Lisch is one. Arthur Lisch is also a paid worker for the American Friends' Service Committee, and he lives with his wife, Jane, and their two small children in a railroad flat, which on this particular day lacks organization. For one thing, the telephone keeps ringing. Arthur promises to attend a hearing at city hall. Arthur promises to "send Edward, he's OK." Arthur promises to get a good group, maybe the Loading Zone, to play free for a Jewish benefit. For a second thing, the baby is crying, and she does not stop until Jane appears with a jar of Gerber's Chicken Noodle Dinner. Another confusing element is somebody named Bob, who just sits in the living room and looks at his toes. First he looks at the toes on one foot, then at the toes on the other. I make several attempts to include Bob before I realize he is on a bad trip. Moreover, there are two people hacking up what looks like a side of beef on the kitchen floor, the idea being that when it gets hacked up, Jane Lisch can cook it for the daily Digger feed in the park.

To earn some "bread," a mother and child join fellow hippies as extras in the forthcoming movie, PETULIA.

Arthur Lisch does not seem to notice any of this. He just keeps talking about cybernated societies and the guaranteed annual wage and riot on the Street, unless.

I call the Lisches a day or so later and ask for Arthur. Jane Lisch says he's next door taking a shower because somebody is coming down from a bad trip in *(continued on page 88)*

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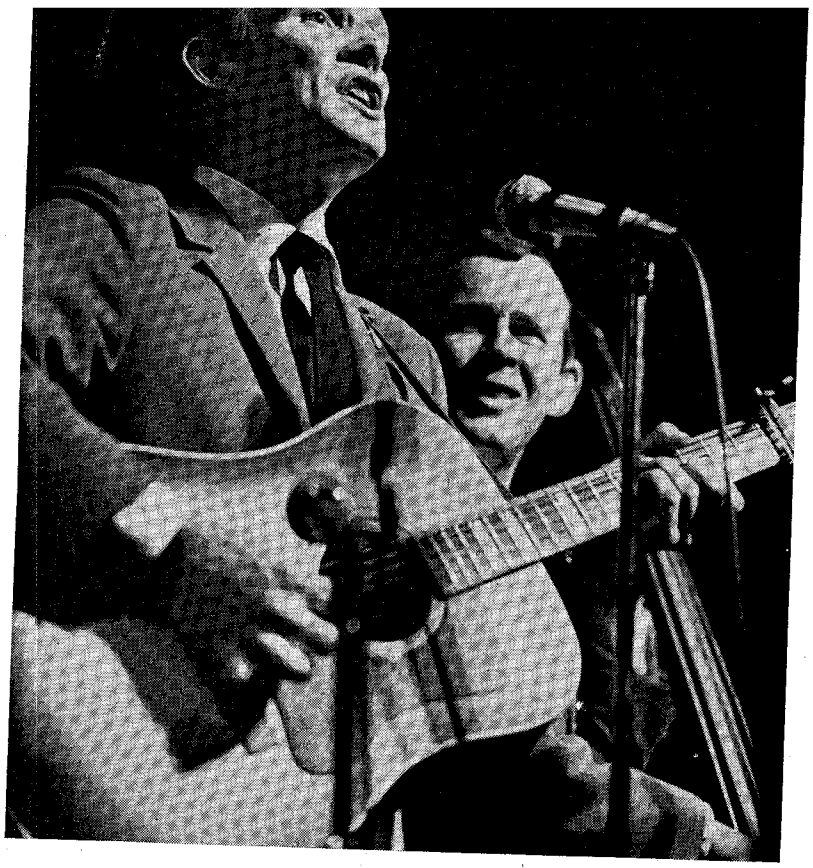

THE BROTHERS SMOTHERS, TOM AND DICK

'The best way to lick the Establishment is to join it. Then you've got to stand up for what you really want!' —the battle cry of television's most successful comedy team.

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By George Fox

"Bob Hope doesn't care. Red Skelton doesn't care. Danny Kaye doesn't care. They all did once, but now it's too much trouble. *We* care. And as long as we do, we can't go wrong."

Tom Smothers is a thin, muscular, 30-year-old comedian with suspicious blue eyes, protruding ears, and a face that manages to look both worn and childlike, like that of a wooden doll that has been left outside in rough weather too long. When he is angry, a flush appears on his prematurely bald temples—and he was angry now.

He sat on a couch in a dressing room above Stage 33 in Television City, CBS's sprawling Hollywood studio. His large hands rested on his knees, the knuckles flexing nervously every few seconds. "That's what you've got to look out for in this business," he went on. "Not caring. They *want* you not to care. They work on you all the time, trying to make you not care."

Dick Smothers, the 28-year-old half of the Smothers Brothers comedy-singing team, was mixing a drink. "Care about what?" he asked.

"You know," Tom said. "They want to change you into just another entertainer telling the same jokes everybody tells. Jokes without *statements*."

"Oh, yeah," Dick said to me in a patient, he's-shooting-off-his-mouth-again voice. "That's important, all right."

The exchange was remarkably similar to the routines that have made the team famous—Tom, the comedian, giving way to excitement and suppressed rage; Dick, the straight man, remaining coolly reasonable and slightly appalled.

Thrown into the 9-to-10-P.M. Sunday slot last February, the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* succeeded in dislodging NBC's *Bonanza* from its long-held position as the nation's most popular TV program, and the prospect of this season's struggle to remain on top apparently doesn't frighten Dick Smothers in the least. In contrast to Tom's pale, strained features, his face is pink and blandly healthy. His appearance, combined with a vaguely pedantic manner, suggests a graduate student at a midwestern university, the kind who spends as much time playing bridge as studying.

"*Bonanza* is a tired show," he told me. "A middle-aged show. The eighteen-year-old son was long past eighteen when he got the part, and that was eight years ago. And the other one—the big fat one. He looks older than the father, but he's always falling for girls who just want to take advantage of him. Then the father and the kid brother have to figure some way to get rid of the girl without hurting his feelings. Who believes stuff like that any more? It's a middle-aged show, and all CBS ever put in against it, before us, was middle-aged competition—Garry Moore, Judy Garland. Perry Mason. No kid ever bucked his parents to turn *them* on. But they do for us. We have a *young* show."

"A young show without faking," Tom added. "We won't book a rock group that doesn't sing live. No mouthing words they've put on tape. It's got to be absolutely *real*."

The Smothers Brothers are obviously at war, and with something a lot bigger than *Bonanza*'s Cartwright family. The enemy is that familiar old bugaboo "the Establishment"—that world of powerful, frozen-minded, aging cynics out to destroy the creative young. Tom, especially, considers himself a guerrilla fighter against that world, which is personified, at the moment, by the management of the Columbia Broadcasting System. "The best way to lick the Establishment," he says, "is to join it. Then you've got to stand up for what you really want. Right from the beginning, I told the CBS brass we wanted a show that would make comments on the lousy stuff that's going on. You know, Vietnam and all. We wanted to do regular editorials telling people what we thought. 'No,' they told us. 'Stick to entertainment.' To them, we're a couple of goofy guys in red blazers who play the guitar and bass and mess up folk songs."

Despite the CBS brass, the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* is easily the most irreverent show on television. Besides subtly criticizing U.S. involvement in Vietnam, the brothers have touched on such taboo (for "popular" TV) subjects as narcotics, homosexuality, and race prejudice. They've burlesqued American heroes from George Washington to Lindbergh, portraying the latter as a deranged mechanic who made it from New York to Paris by taking periodic sniffs from a tube of model-airplane glue.

Their barbs are often aimed merely for the sheer delight of seeing how much they can slip past the CBS censorship board, but there is sometimes method in their madness. They will insert something blatantly offensive in a script, knowing that the censors will come close to swooning when they read it; then, grudgingly, the brothers will submit as a substitute the material they really want. Take this dialogue, banned from their Easter show:

DICK: Tommy, today is Easter Sunday. Do you know what Easter is actually all about?

TOM: Sure. It's the day Jesus Christ rose from his tomb ——

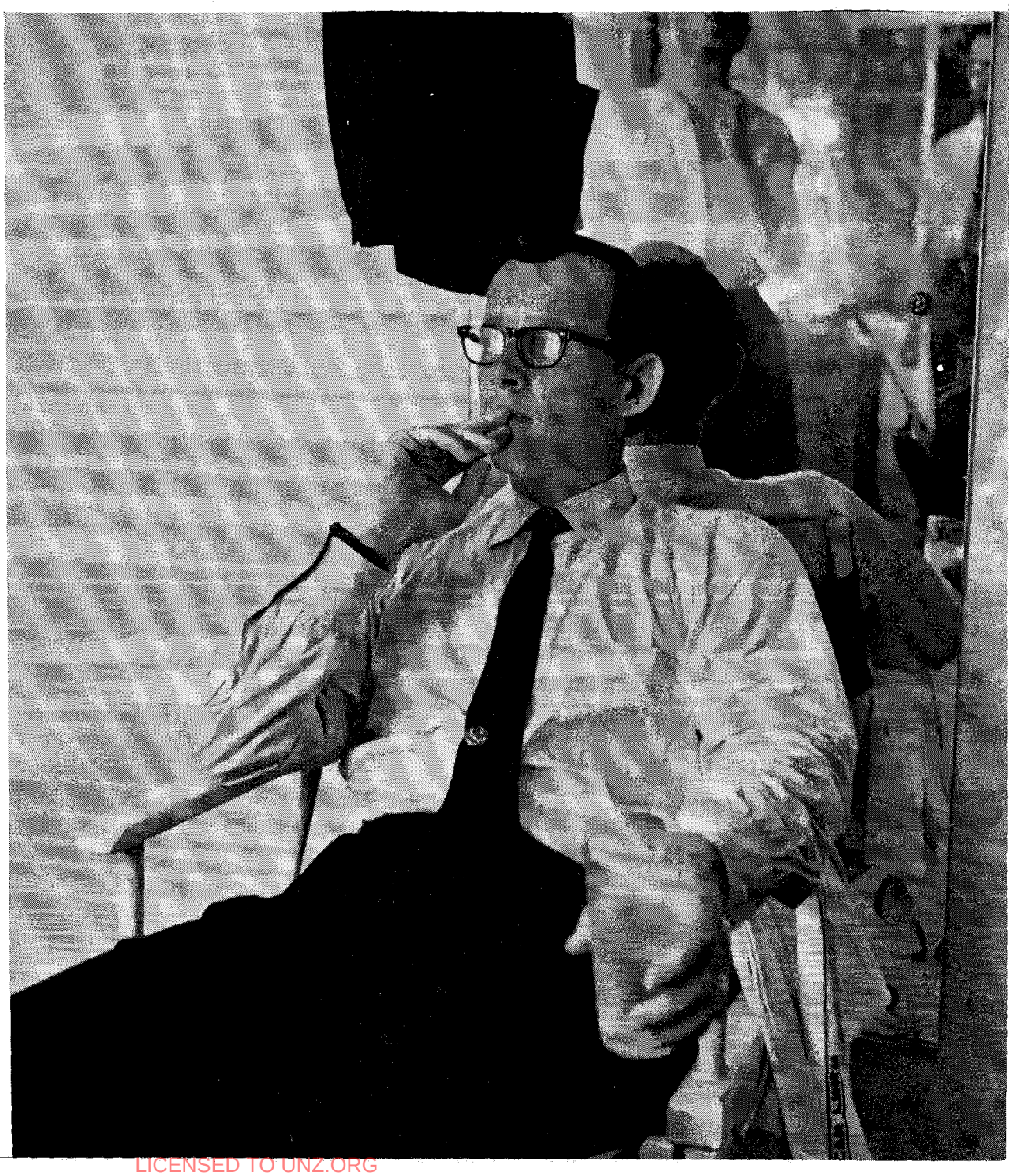
DICK: That's right. I'm proud of you. I honestly didn't think you knew.

TOM:—and if he sees his shadow, he has to go back in again for six weeks.

After hours of feigned protest, the brothers agreed to cut this blasphemy. Instead, Dick appeared alone and announced, "We have a special guest with us tonight. The person most in our hearts at Eastertime. Someone who loves little children, and who said, 'Seek and ye shall find.' Here he is."

Then Tom came on stage wearing an Easter Bunny suit.

"We were trying to comment on the fact that most people never think about the religious significance of holidays like Easter," Dick recalls. "I guess we were right. We got only one protest about the Bunny bit—from the commander of a Salvation Army post. But a couple of weeks before, when we did a completely double-talk editorial about the mail-order-weapon controversy, more than ten thousand gun nuts wrote in to complain."



Pre-performance tension grips Tommy Smothers (left); Dick Smothers (right) relaxes, a calming influence on his older brother—in real life, as well as on the stage.

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In Las Vegas hotel suite, Dick and Linda Smothers' with Steven and Susan, observe the joyful antics of Dick Jr.

Initially, neither brother seems a combative type. When I first met them, in their Television City rehearsal hall, Dick was studying the blueprints of an addition to the Woodland Hills house he'd bought a few months before. "It's got a real yard and a pool," he said. "The place we had in Beverly Hills was nice, but there wasn't room for the kids to play. Tommy lives there now."

Tom stood munching an avocado sandwich with the bread crusts trimmed off. He wore a sweater that looked as though it had been knitted from green steel wool, and despite the air conditioning his forehead was damp with perspiration.

"Have you seen my lunch pail?" he asked, pointing to a child's brightly painted lunch box on the table. It bore the flaming legend BATTLE KIT, and was illustrated with bloody World War II combat scenes. "My maid bought it at the five-and-ten. I really wanted a Roy Rogers or a Lassie, but this is what she brought back. She used to be my wife's maid. Divorced her when I did. I carry a lunch pail because I'm supposed to eat all the time. Ulcers. If I seem kind of dopey, it's the pills. They put me to sleep." He yawned and popped a white tablet into his mouth. Dick, noticing, took a similar tablet. "I don't have an ulcer yet," he said, "but my stomach is very nervous, and I don't want to take any chances."

The casual atmosphere of the rehearsal hall evaporated with the appearance of the week's guests: Martin Landau and Barbara Bain, husband-and-wife co-stars of CBS's *Mission: Impossible*. Rehearsal of a sketch burlesquing Rasputin began, and Tom Smothers took immediate command, almost ignoring the show's director. It was soon apparent that Tom hated the sketch, which was loaded with obvious gags. "I don't like jokes that are *just* jokes," he explained later. "Dick and I are attitude comedians. We work out of our own personalities. But the brass always tries to make you go for the big, safe laughs, even if they don't fit what you are. That can ruin a comedian."

Dick submitted cheerfully to his brother's orders. This is the way Tommy wants it, his manner hinted, and this is the way it's going to be. ("Dick still looks up to Tommy as the big brother, the leader," a close friend of theirs told me. "I don't think he really gives a damn about the political stuff Tommy sneaks into the scripts. He just wants to get the show on tape and head home to his family." Tom has put the same view more vividly: "If he didn't have me and my friends to give him good advice, my brother would be a right-wing Fascist!")

Tom injects himself into every phase of the show—writing, set design, music, costumes, even camera direction. A small, closed-circuit TV receiver in his dressing room made it possible for him to monitor everything in the studio area. His zealousness ("Even when I'm resting, I can see if someone's making a mistake. If he is, I'm right down there!") stirs resentment, but Tom sees his total immersion in the show as self-defense.

"Once we let other people decide what was right for us," he told me grimly, referring to a disastrous situation-comedy flop the brothers starred in during the 1965–66 season. "What they did to us! Those rotten jokes. And they had me mugging all the time. We thought the guys running the show knew more than we did. That's when I got the ulcer and my marriage started breaking up. But we were luckier than most performers who bomb out in this business. We got a second chance. No performer gets a third. With writers and directors and producers, it's different. I know guys who've written or produced four or five flop series in a row, and every time they kill a show, somebody hires them for more money to kill another one. But a performer is really in trouble. If we fall on our faces this time, it's going to be *my* fault."

The brothers are totally loyal to each other (Dick's wife, Linda, has been quoted as saying: "If Tommy hadn't liked me, I don't think Dick would have married me"), and their closeness seems almost paradoxical in view of their dissimilar personalities and tastes. Dick, who has three children—Susan, 6; Dick Jr., 3; and Steven, 18 months—tries hard to give the impression that his home life is no different from that of any young, married American male. A gadget bug, he collects antique cars, cameras, motorcycles—anything that puffs, roars, clatters, hums or clicks.

Tom, a brooding loner with little interest in anything but his work and Tom Jr., his two-year-old son, stopped seeing much of his brother socially several years ago. "Our wives didn't get along," he admits. Even now, after the divorce, his few companions are mainly young writers and actors, as committed to a career as he is. Gossip columns have linked him with various girls, but he is clearly a man who is—temporarily, at least—avoiding any deep emotional involvement.

This summer a magazine noted that Tom's current girl friend smoked cigars, and I was with the brothers when they received an advance copy of the article. Tom's jaw dropped as he read the item. "My gosh," he said, "does she *really*?" "Sure," Dick replied. "Haven't you noticed?" Tom, looking baffled, shook his head.

The brothers' background accounts, perhaps, for the depth of their dependence on each other. Their father was Maj. Thomas B. Smothers Jr., a West Point-educated career officer. The family was living in the Philippines when the Japanese invaded, and the boys and their mother, Ruth, got out on the last civilian evacuation ship. Major Smothers, along with thousands of other American soldiers, stayed to fight. Captured on Bataan, he died aboard a P.O.W. ship en route to Japan.

In the United States the family settled in Ruth Smothers' hometown of Redondo Beach, Calif., a nondescript middle-class community south of Los Angeles. Getting the brothers to talk about their childhood is virtually useless. Interviewers are hit with a string of we-were-typical-American-kids yarns or regaled with gloriously garbled facts. (Their mother has remarried anywhere from two to five times, depending upon the newspaper or magazine you happen to pick up.) In any event, the going was often tough. Ruth Smothers went to work in an aircraft plant; the boys did a stretch in a West Coast military school. A photograph from those childhood days shows Tom standing with a protective hand on his younger brother's shoulder. Despite the ill-fitting military hats and Sam Browne belts, the pose and facial expressions are touchingly similar to those in their most recent publicity shots.

The Smothers Brothers started their act in the late '50's, while they were students at San Jose State College, and then quit college to take a full-time crack at show business. In their CBS dressing room one afternoon, Dick told me about those early years.

"We were really free then," he said. "We could do just about anything we wanted. We started out at places like the Kerosene Club in San Jose and the Ice House in Pasadena. You know, college-student joints with peanut shells on the floor. They usually pay five bucks a night and free beers. Our first big engagement was the Purple Onion in San Francisco. The headliner that week was supposed to be a flamenco dancer, but he twisted his ankle or something at the last minute, and the owner had to come up with a quick substitute. We were it, and we caught on. Played the place for thirty-six

Backstage at the Troubadour, after the show, Tom listens intently to his brother's comments on their work that night.

Photographs by Don Ornitz

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weeks. After that we got booked into a club in Denver for five hundred a week. Man, that was a lot of money to us then!"

By 1961 the brothers were getting $10,000 a week in nightclubs and $5,000 a night for college dates. "It was a crazy life," Dick said. "We were giving concerts in four or five college towns a week, some of them hundreds of miles apart. We stayed on the move for years and got so tired we were half out of our heads, but my wife tried to keep up, even having kids. My first boy was four weeks old before I saw him. Tommy's wife couldn't take it, and I guess you can't really blame her. Finally, it wasn't fun any more. The crack-up came in 1964, when we were playing Basin Street East in New York. Tommy got a funny look in his eyes and told me he was going to throw the act, be so lousy on purpose that nobody'd ever hire us again." A faintly wicked grin appeared on Dick's lips. "He really tried it, too—messed up every line to hell and gone—but I turned every 'mistake' into a big laugh. I guess it was the first time he realized that when I want to, I can control the performance. Right after that we decided to settle down."

Suddenly the door burst open, and Tom charged in. He had just finished lunch with Perry Lafferty, a top CBS executive, and he was outraged. Gesturing toward the closed-circuit TV that was monitoring the guest-star rehearsal on the stage below—Dick had ignored it as we talked—Tom shouted, "They're taking away our monitor, Dick! Can you imagine? 'You're interfering too much,' Lafferty told me. 'You have to remember that producers and directors have egos too.' Then he said I had to get rid of the monitor. Boy! You know what I told him? I told him, 'Mr. Lafferty, Dick and I are the only ones who really know what should go into this show. We know what young people want. When was the last time *you* went anyplace where young people were hunting for entertainment?' That's what I told him!"

"Tommy," Dick said gently, "it isn't that important. Really."

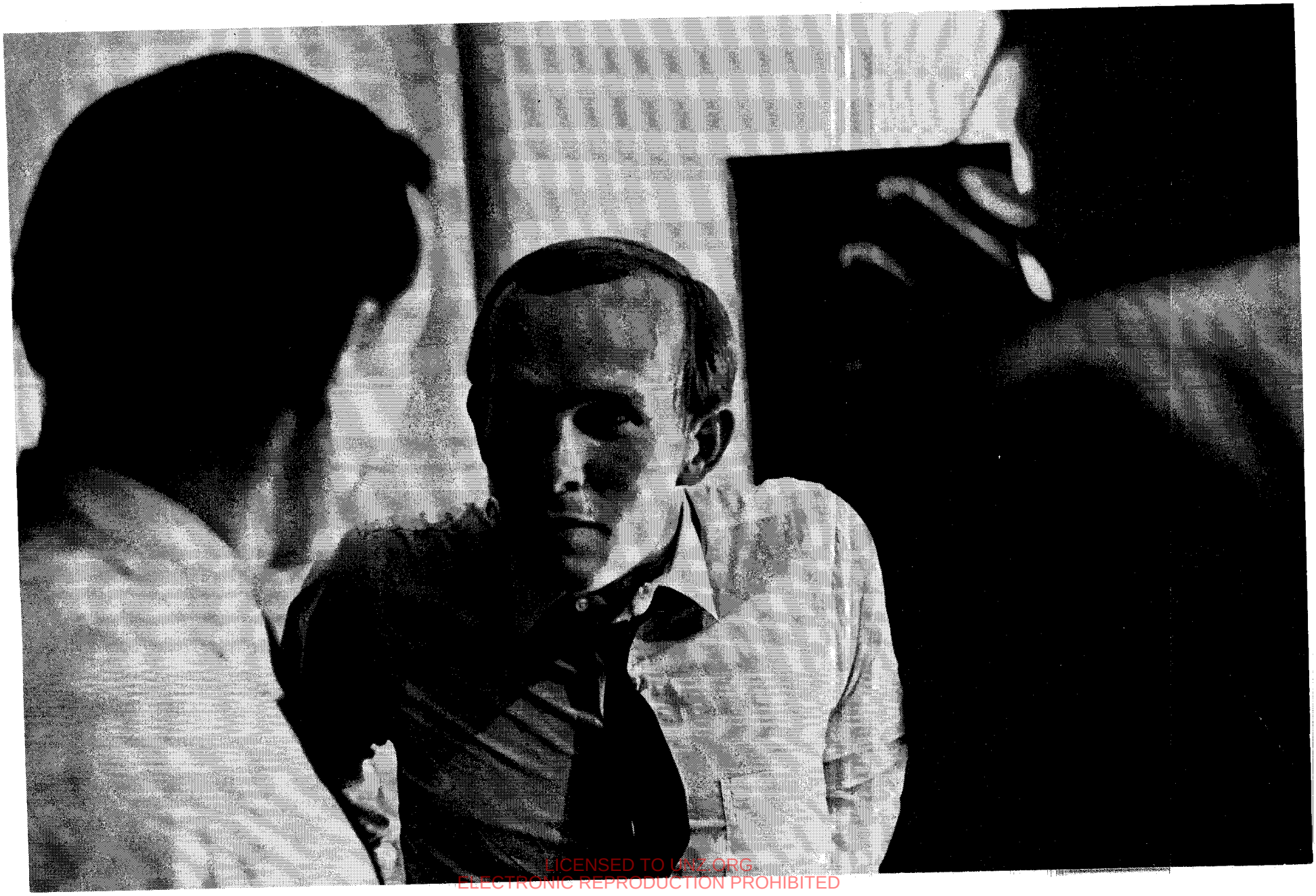
Tom went to the TV monitor and switched it off, his anger suddenly gone, replaced by resignation. His eyes moved to a yellow poster on the wall. In curlicued psychedelic lettering, it read: WAR IS NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN AND OTHER LIVING THINGS. "That was our Easter card," he told me. "They wouldn't let us use it on the show. Too controversial. Boy!"

He collapsed into a chair, raised one hand to his mouth, and caught himself barely in time. "A hypnotist cured me of biting my fingernails," he said. "Actually, I went to him to stop smoking. He threw in the fingernails for the same price."

Rehearsals were already behind schedule because of Tom's long absence for lunch, and an assistant director appeared to ask the boys to please hurry downstairs. As the assistant departed, Dick said, "Let's go down when we're good and ready, Tommy. To hell with 'em."

When I left the dressing room an hour later, the Smothers Brothers—though actors, directors, technicians and musicians milled aimlessly about the studio below—were exchanging anecdotes about their kids. □

Dick checks last-minute notes taped to his bass fiddle before a recent show at the Troubadour in Beverly Hills.



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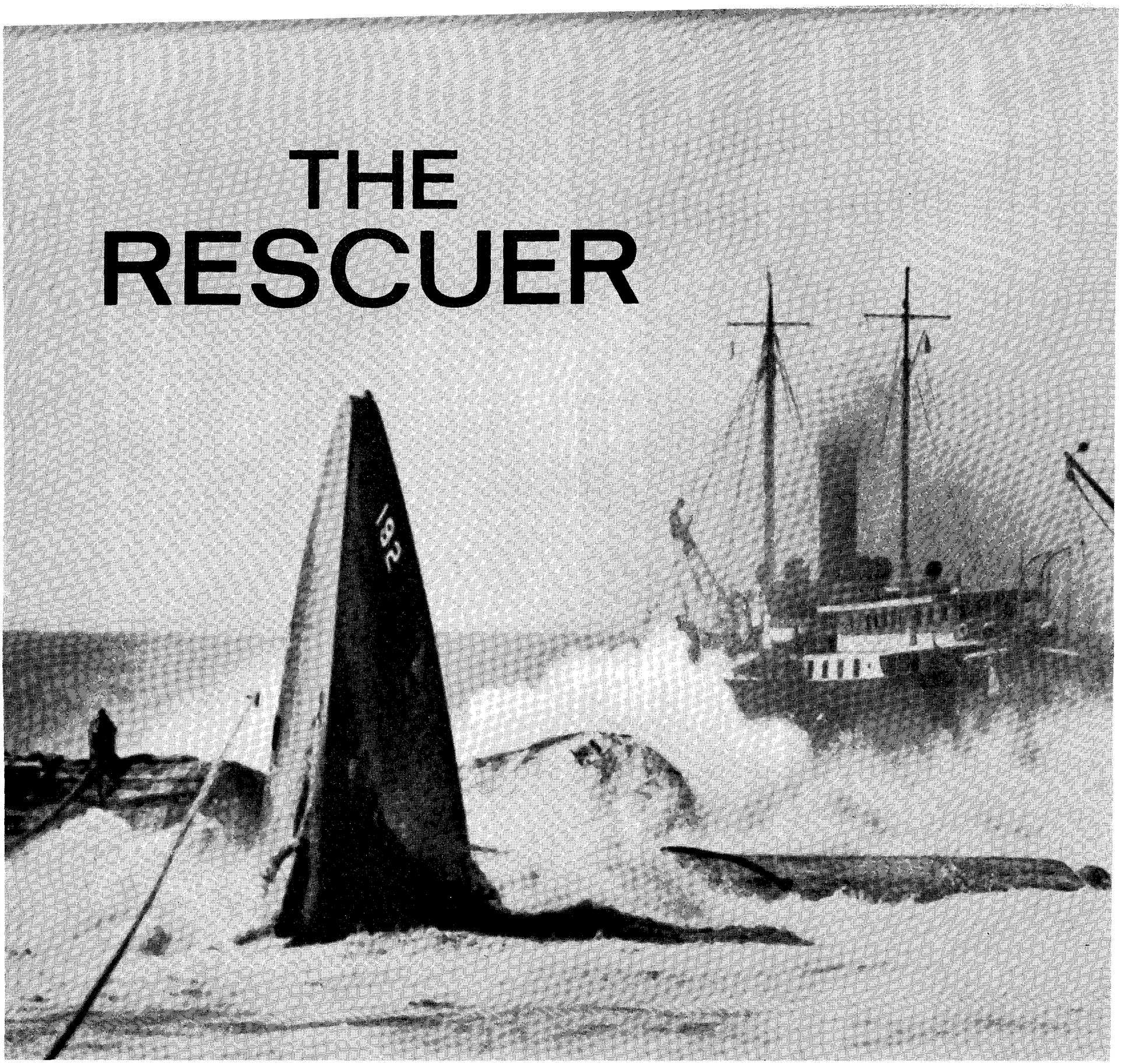
THE RESCUER



By PETER MAAS

Trapped in a flooded sub at a terrible depth,
the 33 men were doomed.
Then the Navy turned to Swede Momsen, the man it had
once ignored, to try the controversial
device that might save them.
An advance look at a coming best seller.

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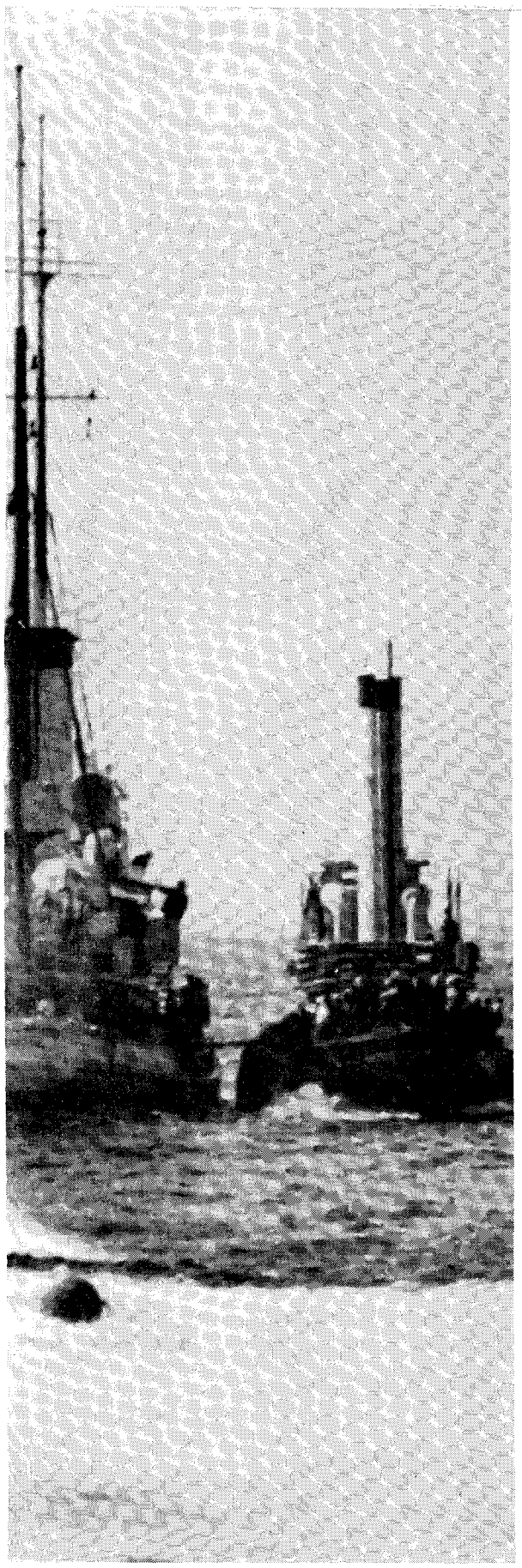

At half past seven on the morning of May 23, 1939, the submarine *Squalus* slipped seaward from a cove at the mouth of the Piscataqua River, a twisting tidal millrace that divides Maine and New Hampshire as it spills into the North Atlantic. The *Squalus* had been out on maneuvers the day before, and her skipper, Lt. Oliver Naquin, had moored her downstream overnight instead of returning to his home base at the Portsmouth Navy Yard farther up the river. Knowing this, Naquin's pretty brunette wife, Frances, had decided to give their two children a special treat. In the late afternoon she drove them down from Portsmouth to the cove where the *Squalus* stretched low in the water behind an ocean breakwater. But by the time they arrived it had started raining, and in the gloomy twilight nobody came on deck to answer their shouts and waves. Mrs. Naquin often thought of this during the terrible hours that lay ahead.

After clearing the Piscataqua River, the *Squalus* churned into the North Atlantic. She was the Navy's newest fleet-type submarine, 310 feet long, 1,450 tons. Her name was Latin; it meant "shark." She had been built at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, launched there the previous September and commissioned in March. She carried a complement of 5 officers and 51 crewmen.

On May 15 the new sub had begun full-scale sea trials. One test required her to travel at top surface speed—some 16 knots—and then make an emergency battle descent that would drop her to periscope depth—50 feet—within 60 seconds. It was to work on this dive that the *Squalus* now headed into the Atlantic. A few days earlier she had missed her target time by less than five seconds. Lieutenant Naquin hoped she would do better this trip. The *Squalus* was Naquin's second command. He had come out of Annapolis in 1925 and, at 35, had six years in submarine service behind him. He was a precise, somewhat humorless man with a hawk-like nose and frosty blue eyes.

Now, as Naquin stood on the bridge, he saw the early morning sun fade behind a bank of gray clouds. The wind freshened and began to kick up a nasty chop that shot plumes of white foam over the bow. Off to his right, a couple of lobster boats were already beating their way back to port. It would be a good day, Naquin thought, not to be on the surface.

Also on board that morning was Harold Preble, a naval architect who was one of three civilian technicians riding the *Squalus* to assist in her shakedown tests. Preble's job was to see to it that she performed well mechanically during her test runs. For almost 22 years he had been doing this sort of thing in every submarine out of Portsmouth, and he considered the *Squalus* to be the finest submarine he had ever been in. He rated her even better than the *Sculpin*, her sister ship, which she had followed down the ways.

The point Naquin had selected for the *Squalus*'s dive lay 15 miles southeast of the Piscataqua's mouth in an extremely deep stretch of water off the tip of the Isles of Shoals, a string of rocks running parallel to the mainland. Naquin wanted room to move around in; he would have a lot of it. The bottom of thick blue mud was some 240 feet down.

Shortly after eight o'clock the *Squalus* veered to the southeast. From the bridge atop the conning tower Naquin could see a line of breakers off to his left pounding against the Shoals. As the *Squalus* bucked ahead on all four diesel engines, the swells cascaded over the teak grating of her deck and streamed down her rounded black steel hull.

At 8:13 A.M. Naquin had a message radioed to Portsmouth giving the precise location of the dive. At 8:30, up on the wind-blown bridge, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Robertson took a navigational fix and informed Naquin that they had less than a mile and a half to go on the surface before the *Squalus* reached her point of dive. Naquin ordered his ship readied for submerging.

Naquin's preliminary dive command was received in the control room by his executive officer, Lt. Walter Doyle Jr. Doyle, a tight-lipped black Irishman, was to be in charge of the dive this morning. Ten men waited in the control room to begin the multiple operations that would take the *Squalus* down. Doyle himself stood dead center in its forepart. From there, by swiveling his head slightly, he could see every essential diving control and indicator. At his side was Yeoman 2/c Charles Kuney, earphones in place, to receive and relay messages throughout the ship. Harold Preble, the civilian expert, was also there to observe the dive, holding in each hand a double-action stopwatch.

Doyle tested the No. 1 periscope, saw that the ballast-tank and air-pressure men were in position and checked out the bow and stern planes—the big fins protruding outside the hull that worked in the sea like an airplane's wing flaps. In front of him was the control board "Christmas tree." The board consisted of red and green lights; each light represented a specific opening in the hull or superstructure of the *Squalus*. Green meant that it was closed and watertight, red showed that it was still open.

On the board at that moment only eight lights glowed red among all the green. Four marked the exhaust valves for each of the diesel engines. One was for the flapper valve through which the radio antenna rose. Another was for the conning-tower hatch that led to the bridge.

The last two red lights were for a pair of big apertures high up in the conning tower just below the bridge deck. They were called the main or "high" inductions, and they would remain open until the *Squalus* began her final glide down. Both were covered by a perforated steel plate and, like the other valves on board, they opened and closed essentially like faucets. From one of them—18 inches across—ran the central ventilation system that circulated fresh air through the ship when she rode the surface. The second—a yawning outlet nearly twice as big—funneled air directly back to the diesel engines. This same valve had failed to work properly following the first submergence at Portsmouth, but the whole valve assembly had been taken apart and put together again, and it had worked perfectly since.

The control room grew hushed; just an edge of tension crept in. "Inform the captain," Doyle said, "that the ship is rigged for diving." Yeoman Kuney relayed the message by phone to Naquin up on the bridge. It was not quite 8:40 A.M.

From the bridge Naquin ordered, "All ahead, emergency." He wanted every bit of momentum the *Squalus* could muster for the dive, and she strained forward, past 16 knots. Next Naquin ordered his final dive message transmitted. In his cubicle at the rear of the control room Radioman 2/c Charles Powell notified Portsmouth that the *Squalus* was now going down. Portsmouth immediately acknowledged. Powell signed off and started to take in his antenna.

Then, still on the bridge, Naquin ordered, "Stand by to dive." He took a last confident look around; the *Squalus* was all by herself except for the two lobstermen now far astern. He slipped through the conning-tower hatch, the last to do so, and pulled it shut with the help of Quartermaster 1/c Francis Murphy. Together they locked it. Just as they did, Naquin heard the big klaxon honk the first diving alarm. Immediately he started his stopwatch and ducked down the narrow steel ladder toward the control room below.

There Doyle had directed the operators of the bow and stern planes to put them at hard dive. And at his command the main ballast tanks girdling her hull were flooded. They would drag the *Squalus* beneath the surface. Still another big tank, called "bow buoyancy," was all the way forward. It would pull her nose down.

The sea entered each of these tanks through a valve set in its lower side. On the upper side of each there was also a vent which allowed air pockets to escape so the tanks could be completely filled. When the *Squalus* was surfacing, the process was reversed.

In quick succession Doyle ordered the valves and vents opened on the bow buoyancy tank and on main ballast tanks 1 and 2. Then he had the valves on tanks 3 and 4 also opened; this would partially flood them. He held back opening their vents until he was absolutely certain that the *Squalus* was watertight.

The control board would tell him that. His eyes never left it. He now saw the light for the conning-tower hatch wink from red to green after Naquin and Murphy closed it. So did the one for the radio antenna. Then those for the diesel-engine exhausts went green. In the control room there was a startling silence when the diesels cut off; it made everybody's breathing sound very loud.

On the control board only two lights still glowed red—those for the two main inductions set beneath

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the bridge deck. Both closed simultaneously from the same hydraulic lever in the control room. Machinist's Mate 2/c Alfred Prien now pulled the lever, and the last two red lights on the board turned green.

Doyle shut his eyes for one count and then looked at his board again; it was all green. The *Squalus* was secure. To make doubly sure, Carol Pierce, Machinist's Mate 2/c, bled some air from one of the high-pressure cylinders used to blast water out of the ballast tanks. If pressure built up inside the hull, it meant it was airtight and therefore watertight. From his perch behind Doyle, Pierce announced, "Pressure in the boat, sir."

Eyes still on the board, Doyle raised his right hand and extended two fingers. At the signal Chief Torpedoman Roy Campbell, the ranking enlisted man on board, pressed a button that set the big klaxon off the second time. Doyle then ordered the vents on main ballast tanks 3 and 4 opened.

Now on battery power, the *Squalus* slid down into the ocean. Outside, the Atlantic boiled over her elongated hull, reached for her 3-inch deck gun and surged up around the base of her conning tower. Then, suddenly, she was gone.

In the control room, after sounding the second alarm, Chief Campbell glanced at the board and saw it was green. Yeoman Kuney saw it was green. Kuney always liked to bet with himself whether he would ever get word of a valve closing over the battle phone before it registered on the board. The board always won. Alfred Prien, who had pulled the lever to close the main inductions, saw that the board was green. So did Harold Preble. The tension eased.

Just as the klaxon went off the second time Lieutenant Naquin reached the bottom rung of the ladder in the control room on his way down from the conning tower. He, too, saw that there were no red lights on the board. Naquin stepped past Preble and joined Doyle at the diving-control station. He kept his eyes on the depth-gauge indicator in front of him.

When it registered 28 feet, the *Squalus* hesitated. This always happened during a dive. It signified the end of her initial thrust from the surface. Now, against the mounting pressure of the sea from below, it took a few seconds for her battery power to assert itself. Then she plunged on down again. At 30 feet Preble said to Naquin, "You're going to make it."

"This," Naquin replied, his satisfaction now evident in his voice, "is going to be a beauty."

The depth indicator moved faster . . . 35 feet . . . 40 . . . 45. At 50 feet, their time-target depth, both Naquin and Preble called out, "Mark!" They stopped their watches simultaneously and compared the results. The dive had taken precisely one minute and two seconds. "Extra good," said Preble. Naquin smiled. He stepped back to his No. 1 periscope, gripped its handles and bent slightly forward to take a look through the rubber-cupped eyepiece.

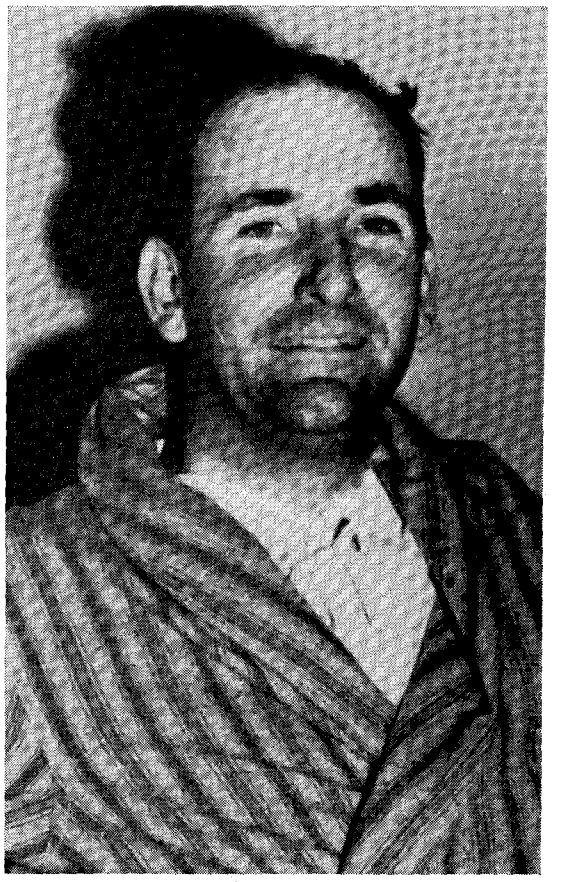
As he did, a strange fluttering assailed his ears.

An instant later Yeoman Kuney's eyes went wide with disbelief, not at what he saw but what he heard. For the first time something had come over his battle phone that didn't show up on the control board. Kuney blurted out the words, "Sir! The engine rooms—they're flooding!"

Everybody in the control room froze, hypnotized by the control board. It was still unaccountably green. There was a moment of complete stupefaction on all their faces, the stupefaction of men who are absolutely sure that what was happening could not possibly occur. Yet it was.

Somehow the big 31-inch main air-induction valve leading back to the diesels had failed to close or, if it did close, had opened again. With terrible force, tons of sea water were gushing into the engine rooms. The fluttering sensation Naquin had felt an instant before was the rush of air being shoved violently forward by the ocean as it burst in on the after sections of the *Squalus*.

Naquin was the first to recover. "Blow all main ballast!" he shouted. The words were barely out of his mouth before Doyle echoed them, adding, "Blow bow buoyancy!" The mesmerized control-room crew came to and scrambled into action. Alfred Prien had already closed off the air-escape vents in the ballast tanks. Without being told, the two crewmen operating the bow and stern dive planes immediately put them at hard rise. After that all they could do was to hang on helplessly. Prien, having closed the ballast-tank air vents, now could not stop looking down dumbly at the lever that should have shut both main inductions. He clenched it, knuckles white, and tried to yank it further toward him. But it wouldn't budge; it was down as far as it could go. Yeoman Kuney stood transfixed, his hands clapped over his telephone receivers, pressing them tighter to his ears. The last thing he heard from the after compartments was an awful and unforgettable scream, "Take her up! Take her up!"



Lt. Oliver Naquin, skipper of the SQUALUS, shortly after his rescue. He was the last man to leave the submarine.

The *Squalus* shuddered.

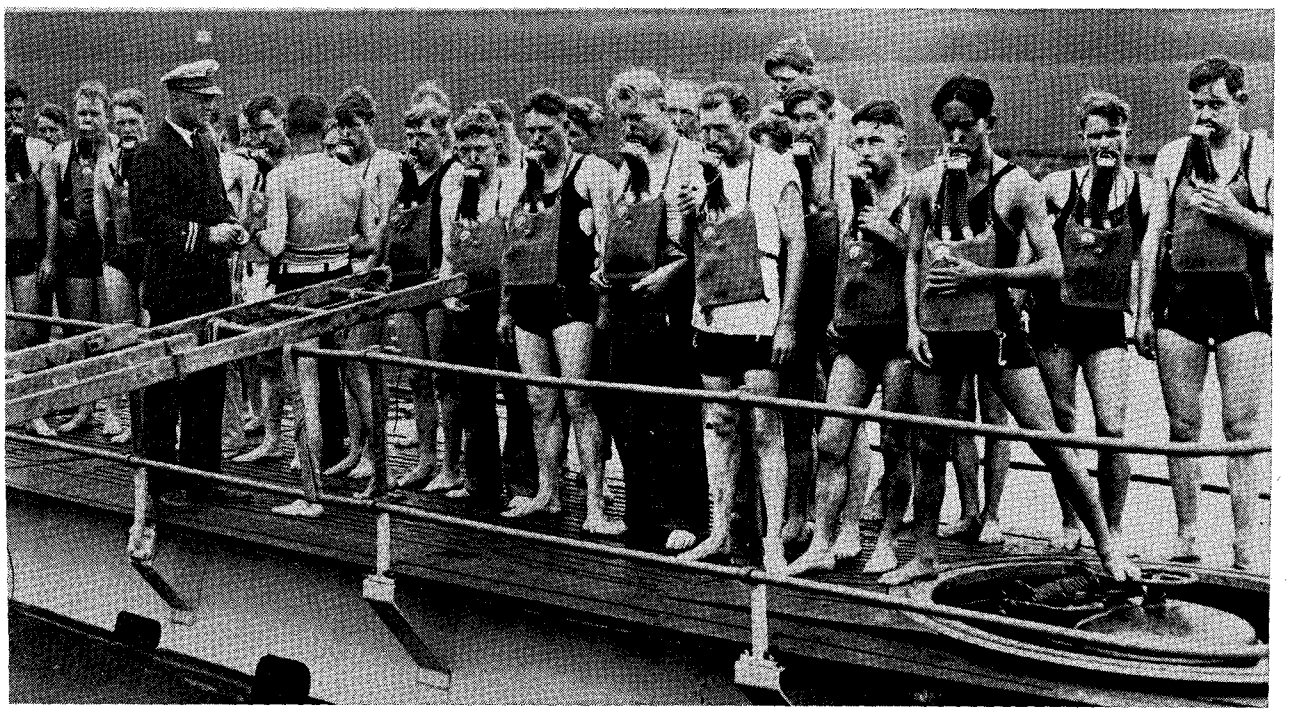
At 80 feet, for a desperate instant, she hung suspended between ocean floor and surface. Then she responded to the blowing of her ballast tanks. Her bow tilted sharply upward. She even climbed a little, her nose perhaps just breaking through the waves above. But the growing weight in her tail was too much. Inexorably she began to slide stern first into the depths.

The *Squalus* pitched so suddenly that only by clinging to his No. 1 periscope did Naquin remain on his feet. By now the sea had found its way into the maze of pipes that ran the length of the *Squalus*. In the control room jets of water sprayed from half a dozen different places. The men worked frantically to shut them off, grabbing hold of whatever they could to stay upright. The overhead lights flickered, flared for an instant, and went out. The emergency lights came on. They, too, began to flicker.

Up front in the forward torpedo room, when the bow rose abruptly, Torpedoman 3/c Leonard de Medeiros wondered why they were surfacing so soon. The harrowing answer came over the battle phone. Lt. (j.g.) John Nichols immediately ordered de Medeiros to close the watertight door between the forward torpedo room and the forward battery. A second later the dummy torpedo set up for the reload started to roll free. With the *Squalus* tilting crazily, it would crush anyone in its path. Nichols and two crewmen wrestled it back in place. Nichols finally threaded its nose ring with Manila line, and together the three men managed to lash the torpedo down. Now, bracing themselves against the downward slide of the *Squalus*, all the men in the forward torpedo room could do in the eerie silence was wait.

At the first word of trouble Chief Lawrence Gainor had secured the watertight door between the forward battery and the control room. Then, as the overhead lights flickered, he took another look at his voltmeters. They were discharging at a furious rate. Somewhere along the line there was a bad short circuit. Gainor grabbed a flashlight and pulled himself forward against the upward slant of the *Squalus* to the battery hatch. When

Swede Momsen (in uniform) training sailors to use the breathing device he invented to let men escape sunken subs.



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he peered down, he was greeted by a fearful sight. The batteries had shorted. Solid bands of blue-white fire were leaping from battery to battery in eight-inch arcs. Jumping through the blackness, they threw grotesque shadows on the sides of the well. The heat was so intense that steam now poured out of the battery cells and the rubber-compound insulation had begun to melt. As the *Squalus* continued her sickening drop, Gainor realized that she was only seconds away from a gigantic explosion that would rip her apart even before she reached the bottom—unless he did something. He climbed down the ladder to where the big batteries completely filled the space beneath the deck. Alone, squinting against the fiery bands of electricity leaping around him, he crouched over them on a narrow walk and groped for the master disconnect switches. Finally he found the starboard switch and yanked it clear. Next he bent to his left for the port switch. A terrifying arc sputtered over it and flashed in his face; one brush against it would kill him. With a last, desperate effort, he jerked the switch. The fierce arcs disappeared as swiftly as they had begun. In the forward compartments all the lights went out. His heart pounding, Gainor quietly made his way back up the ladder.

In the galley William Isaacs, the cook, waited impatiently for the *Squalus* to level off so he could switch his oven on again. Fireman 2/c Roland Blanchard stopped his potato peeling and started closing a valve in the hull ventilation line running through the galley. This was one of his regular dive assignments and, as had happened on previous plunges, he ran into trouble trying to turn the stiff, new handwheel.

At the first unexpected whoosh of air Isaacs looked inquiringly into the passageway outside the galley. A solid stream of water hit him in the face. He ducked away and glanced aft toward the forward engine room. The door to it was shut but not bolted; more water was spurting through from the other side. Isaacs moved quickly to secure the door. Then he straightened up to look through the eyeport. The sight was awesome. A great cataract was thundering out of the air-induction outlet above the diesels. It had already buried them. Now the sea was foaming over the center catwalk. Isaacs stood there stunned.

In the galley Blanchard gave up trying to turn the handwheel and came into the passageway. When the *Squalus* tipped up, all the water in the after battery came racing down the deck toward him. Blanchard waded forward, fighting the current, arms flailing wildly to keep his balance. He had gotten about a third of the way through the compartment when he slipped. His head went under and he felt himself being carried back again. At the last second his hand clutched a steel stanchion. He hung on and then with savage frenzy he pulled himself up. Kicking off from the stanchion, he lunged desperately for the nearest tier of bunks. He made it and dragged himself from one tier to the next. The water wasn't as deep here, but it kept pouring down from the pipes overhead and the footing was miserable. Up ahead he saw the door to the control room begin to close. He yelled out. Electrician's Mate 3/c Lloyd Maness was at the door. He heard Blanchard. The door hesitated and then eased open.

For Isaacs, meanwhile, time was fast running out. But, his face pressed against the eyeport, he seemed unable to tear himself away from the frightful sight inside the forward engine room. He could not see anyone, just the thundering ocean. Then at last he became aware of the icy water lapping around his waist. Before he could move, it had almost reached his armpits. He frantically propelled himself away from the door, actually swimming, and barged into one of the mess tables hidden by the rising tide. Isaacs went under, but he had a hand around a leg of the table bolted to the deck and he came up spewing salt water from his mouth. He kept going, and Maness, holding the door open an instant longer, saw him. Isaacs floundered into the rear of the control room and fell to his knees, gasping for breath.

Now Maness could delay no more. He peered into the darkness of the after battery. Nobody else was coming. Even if there were someone, he would not be able to wait. His task was tremendous. The door swung in from the after battery. It was oval and fitted into a steel frame that curved around the rest of the passageway. Normally, when the *Squalus* was on an even keel, it moved easily on its hinges, but now the ship sagged by her stern at nearly a 50-degree angle. Maness had to lift it toward him almost as if it were a trapdoor. A trapdoor of solid steel except for its eyeport, weighing several hundred pounds.

And he had to do it alone; there wasn't enough room in the passageway for anyone to help him. Maness bent forward and pulled, the sea already spilling over the lip of the doorway. He strained harder. Beads of sweat popped out on his face. The door began to swing up steadily, inch by inch. Then it stopped, neither moving up nor falling back, three-quarters of the way closed. Maness gritted his teeth and heaved once more. This time the door shut. Somewhere on the other side, he knew, was Sherman Shirley. Maness was to have been Shirley's best man at his wedding, which had been planned for the following Sunday.

Moments later, in a swirl of trailing bubbles, the *Squalus* touched delicately on the bottom, first her stern, then her bow. Inside the men hardly felt it. She settled evenly on her keel, still slanting up at an angle of about 11 degrees. Her emergency lights were out and she had no heat. She lay helpless in 243 feet of water. The temperature outside her hull was a degree above freezing.

In the control room Chief Roy Campbell held a flashlight up to the eyeport of the door Maness had closed; an evil film of oily water rode against it on the other side. It was not quite 8:45 A.M. Less than five minutes had slipped by since the *Squalus* started her dive. Up on the surface it was as if she had never existed at all.

When all of her lights went out, just as the *Squalus* settled on the bottom, the sudden, utter blackness left each man profoundly alone. And in that desolate instant the enormity of what had happened to them hit home at last. But there was no panic. In a matter of seconds the discipline of their service asserted itself. Beams from a half-dozen flashlights swept eerily through the control room, and at a command from Lieutenant Naquin three of the big hand lanterns the *Squalus* carried on board were fished from their storage racks. They cast a ghostly glow.

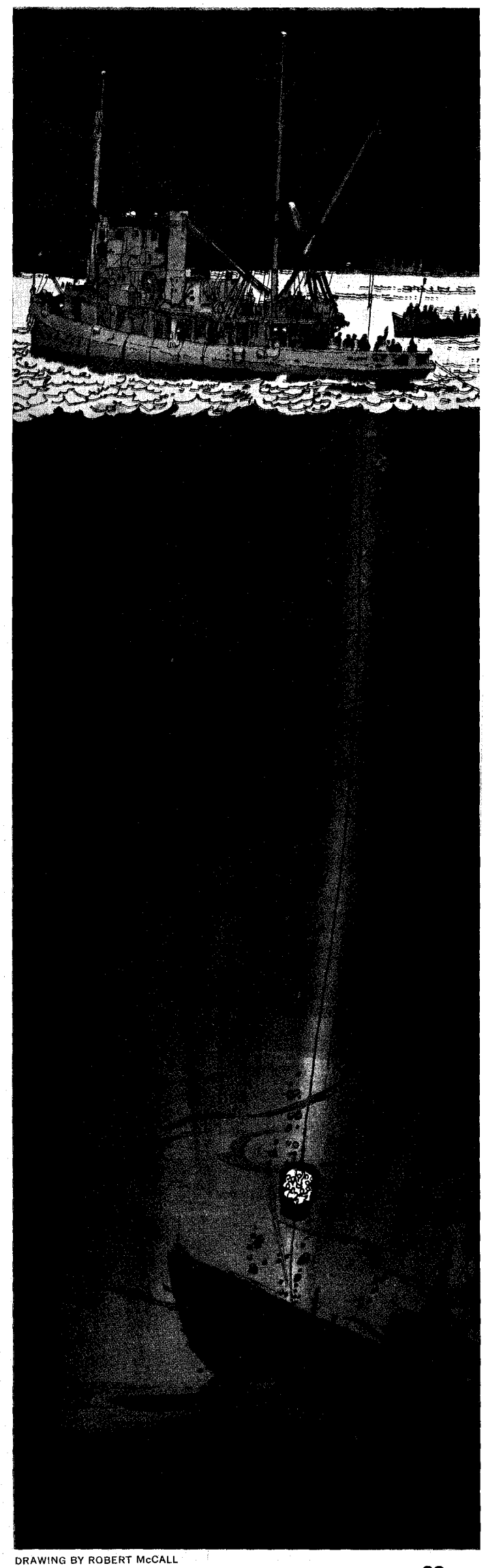
The light, dim as it was, at least linked the men together again. For a moment they stared uncertainly at one another, and then every eye instinctively fastened on the drawn face of Yeoman Kuney, still manning the battle phone, the last terrible scream from one of the after compartments still ringing in his ears. Naquin quickly asked him, "Any word aft?" Kuney could barely whisper. "No, sir," he said.

Naquin quickly took the phone himself. First he tried the forward engine room, then the after engine room, then the after torpedo room. He got no answer. Naquin refused to give up hope. After all, the circuits might be dead. But when he tried the forward battery and the forward torpedo room, each promptly replied. From the forward torpedo room Lieutenant Nichols added a brave note. "We're OK," Nichols said.

So that was it. Of the seven compartments that divided the *Squalus*, the three forward ones seemed secure for the time being at least; the four after compartments appeared to be flooded. Of the 59 men on board that morning, only 33 could now be accounted for.

Naquin thought immediately of the brace of

Encased in Momsen's revolutionary diving bell, SQUALUS *crewmen start the slow ascent to the salvage vessel* FALCON.



DRAWING BY ROBERT McCALL

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lobster boats that he had viewed so nonchalantly from the bridge on the way out; now they were his only means of sending word of the disaster back to the Portsmouth Navy Yard. He immediately ordered the firing of a red smoke rocket, the submariner's disaster signal. But it was all in vain. For lobstermen in those waters, the comings and goings of submarines were commonplace. Nobody on board either of the two boats had spared the *Squalus* a backward glance and, heading home now against the rising whitecaps, none of them ever gave her a second thought.

In the control room, as soon as the rocket had been fired, Naquin reached Nichols over the battle phone. "John," he said, "release your marker buoy." The bright yellow buoy, some three feet across, nestled flush on the main deck directly above the forward torpedo room. A connecting cable, with a telephone line inside, held it in place on the surface. Although the buoy was standard underseas rescue equipment, it was being used for the first time with the lives of men depending upon it. The terse message painted boldly on its topside told the whole story: SUBMARINE SUNK HERE. TELEPHONE INSIDE.

The *Squalus* was due to surface at 9:40 A.M. Until then no one at the Portsmouth Navy Yard could possibly have any reason to miss them. It would be at least an hour before a major alarm was sounded.

Food was for the moment no concern. Besides what had been plucked from the pantry, there was an emergency supply locker in the control room. Each compartment had a 10-gallon container of fresh water as well.

Air, however, was something else again. It was their most precious—and limited—commodity. To use up as little of it as possible, Naquin forbade any talk unless absolutely necessary and all movement except in the performance of an assigned task. In the control room the men spread oilskin raincoats on the sodden deck and arranged themselves side by side under blankets; some of them had already started to shiver in the cold.

A few minutes later Naquin left on his first inspection tour. He picked his way through the outstretched figures at his feet and, after the door to the forward battery had been swung open, stepped inside the deserted compartment. Guided by his flashlight, he walked forward and looked down just long enough to see the black water lapping corrosively at the batteries. The first trace of chlorine gas, formed by the reaction of the water and the batteries, was beginning to appear. Next he went into his own tiny stateroom, its unique privacy on the *Squalus* a privileged symbol of his command. Standing there, Oliver Naquin never felt more alone.

He reached impulsively into a drawer, took out a small framed photograph of his wife, Frances, and their two children—a girl, nine, and a boy, four—and shoved it into his jacket pocket. As he was about to go, he noticed that his desk chair had tumbled over in one corner. He put it carefully back in place before heading into the forward torpedo room.

There he drew Lieutenant Nichols aside. While Naquin could only guess at the cause of their plight, he was reasonably sure that the big induction valve had failed to close. So he said to Nichols, "Buzz me as soon as anyone makes contact. Tell them I think the high induction is open. Also that the after battery and both engine rooms are flooded. Say we're not certain about the after torpedo room." As Naquin turned to leave, he stopped and added, "John, there's one more thing. You're doing just fine."

Young Nichols, only three years out of submarine school, was deeply touched. All he could manage in reply was, "Thank you, sir."

By the time Naquin returned to the control room, the *Squalus* had completed her first hour on the bottom. To husband what limited light they had, he ordered two of the three hand lanterns switched off. Then he sat down with the others. Like them, all he could do now was wait. But he remained confident that once he failed to report surfacing on schedule, the whole elaborate rescue system that had been devised since the *S-51* and *S-4* disasters would see them safely out. He had no way of knowing that a sheet of paper being routinely bucked through the Portsmouth chain of command had the diving point of the *Squalus* not only incorrectly recorded but placed almost exactly opposite the actual course she had been following underwater.

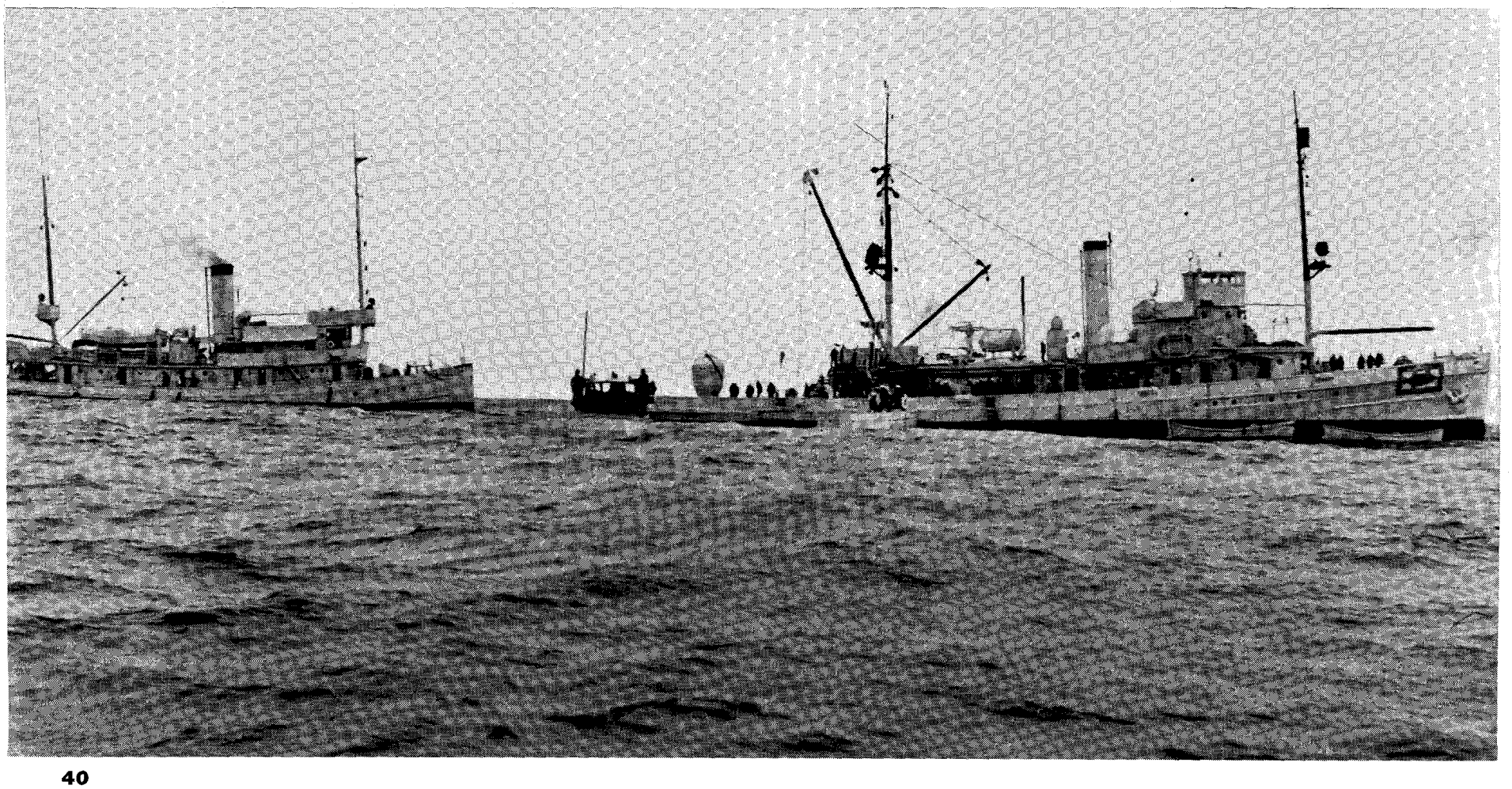
At 10:07 A.M. the *Squalus* sent another smoke rocket aloft. Naquin knew this was pushing things—Portsmouth could hardly be expected to react that quickly—but the thought that some sort of ship might be in the neighborhood was irresistible. At 10:24 still another rocket was fired. There was no answer.

Naquin overheard someone discussing the fate of the men who had been caught in the after compartments. Nothing could lower morale faster, and he broke in with a sharp edge to his voice. "There will be no more of that!" he snapped.

But not mentioning them was one thing; to stop thinking about them was quite another. And for Lloyd Maness, it was hardest of all. In case anything went wrong, his job was to close the watertight door between the control room and the after battery no matter who was on the other side. It had been drilled into him repeatedly, and his response to the sudden flooding of the engine rooms was automatic. But nobody ever told Maness how he was supposed to feel afterward.

Even though he had held the door open long enough for six men to scramble to safety, he could think only about those who had not made it. The same question kept coming back to him. How many of them had been stumbling forward in the darkness, frantically calling to him to hold the door open just a few more seconds, their voices lost in the roar of the surging water? Then he thought of something else. Because of the rotation of the crew during these trial runs he would have been back there himself for the afternoon dive. As he sat hunched over on the control-room deck he chewed savagely on a clenched fist; it took him a long time (*continued on page 42*)

Rushed to the scene of the tragedy, the diving bell sits on the stern of the FALCON *(right) as it is readied for descent.*



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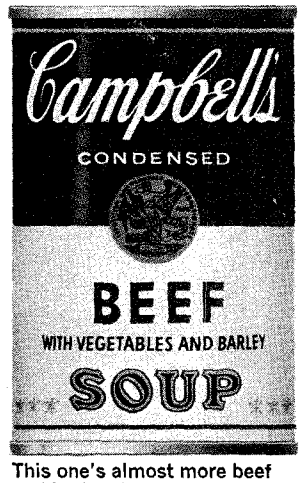
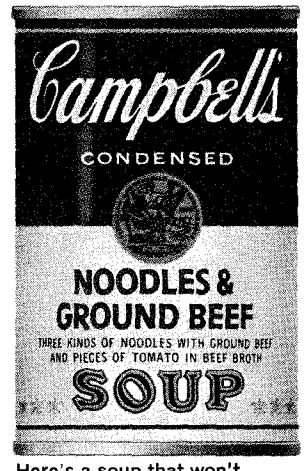
There's so much spaghettini and so many vegetables, it's hard to figure out how they squeeze in the broth. This one is all the soup a man could ask for!

There are lots of potatoes, lots of butter and lots of rich country cream in this man-sized soup. It's a lot of soup for any hungry meat and potatoes man.

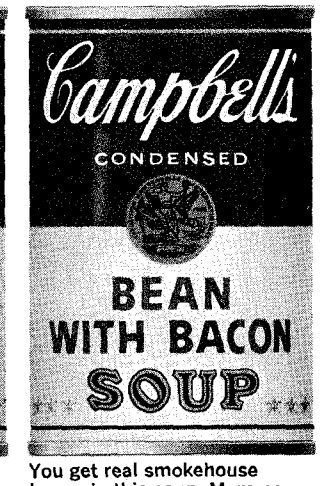


This one's almost more beef and barley than soup. Good solid eating through and through. It's thick enough, solid enough to start any man-sized meal.



Here's a soup that won't quit until it reaches the bottom of your appetite! It's thick with 3 kinds of good-tasting noodles, but just 1 kind of beef—good, tender beef!

This soup's packed solid with split green peas and chunky pieces of country ham in a thick ham and green-pea stock. It's got what it takes to handle a hungry man.



You get real smokehouse bacon in this soup. More pea beans than you'd care to count. And a stock so thick you'll wonder where the beans leave off and the stock begins!

M'm! M'm! Good!

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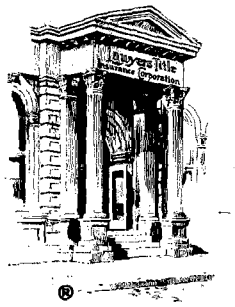

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to realize that the funny taste in his mouth was blood.

As time dragged on, the trapped crewmen continued to remain remarkably disciplined despite the colossal disaster that had befallen them; now, however, there was a new note of resignation about it. To divert them, as much as to nourish them, Naquin directed both compartments to chow down. Almost everybody ignored the canned beans on hand in favor of tins of peaches and pineapple. The fruit, especially the pineapple, somehow made them feel warmer.

At 12:40 P.M. the sixth rocket was fired. Exactly four hours had passed since the *Squalus* had dipped beneath the surface. In the control room one of the men asked Naquin, "Sir, when will we be rescued?"

At the Portsmouth Navy Yard that morning Rear Adm. Cyrus Cole nodded briskly to a Marine Corps orderly and entered his office just after 8:30. The commandant was a peppery little man with an imposing head and a piercing gaze that made him seem larger than he actually was. A relatively routine day lay ahead. The *Squalus* was out on her trial runs, and the *Sculpin* was to depart later in the morning on a two-month shakedown cruise to South America. The only thing out of the ordinary was a party of political V.I.P.'s scheduled to show up at noon. The V.I.P. visit had forced Cole's manager at the yard, Capt. Halford Greenlee, to cancel his plans to drive down to the overnight anchorage of the *Squalus* and sail with her today. Greenlee had been especially looking forward to the trip; the engineering officer of the submarine, Ensign Joseph Patterson, was his son-in-law.

When the *Squalus* failed to report surfacing promptly at 9:40 that morning, nobody at Portsmouth gave it much thought. It would not be the first time a submarine had been tardy on that score, and Cole continued to work his way through the morning mail stacked on his desk. But when the minutes stretched into an hour, Cole called in his aide, Lt. Cmdr. John Curley. "Why haven't we heard from the *Squalus* yet?" he demanded. Curley replied, "I don't know, sir. I was just about to call it to your attention. I'm getting a little concerned." "So am I," Cole said. "It's probably an oversight of some sort, but check on it right away."

Before Curley could leave Cole's office, the duty officer in the Portsmouth radio room rang up with a report that he had been trying for 20 minutes without success to establish contact with the *Squalus*. Cole directed Curley to telephone the Boston Navy Yard to see if it could contact the missing submarine. This proved equally fruitless. Then Curley reported that the Coast Guard lookout station on the offshore Isles of Shoals was unable to spot any sign of the *Squalus* either. Cole could no longer doubt that something was seriously wrong.

It was now nearly 11 o'clock. On the bridge of the *Sculpin*, Lt. Cmdr. Warren Wilkin surveyed last-minute preparations for her 11:30 departure from Portsmouth. Suddenly Wilkin was astonished to see Admiral Cole striding toward the *Sculpin*'s berth, and he barely had time to scramble down to the main deck before Cole came on board. Skipping the amenities, Cole told him, "I want you to shove off immediately. The *Squalus* may be in trouble. We're not sure. Here's her diving point. I want you to pass over it and let me know what you find without delay."

In Portsmouth all Cole could do after that was to sit tight until he received some word from the *Sculpin*. Then just before noon, having cleared the mouth of the Piscataqua, the *Sculpin* relayed her first ominous report: "Have not sighted the *Squalus*. Am calling her with sound gear and proceeding to her diving point."

Cole's response was swift. "Inform the *Sculpin*," he ordered, "to remain searching in the area until some trace of the *Squalus* is found." To the officers around him, he added, "Gentlemen, I'm afraid we're in for a very bad time."

About that time Lieutenant Naquin's wife, Frances, left their rented house and started driving toward the Portsmouth Navy Yard, unaware that the *Squalus* was long overdue. On the way Mrs. Naquin had one stop to make. She had promised to pick up Ensign Patterson's wife, Betty. The wives of the *Squalus* officers were throwing a luncheon for the *Sculpin* wives. Afterward they would all play bridge together.

When Mrs. Naquin turned into the block where the Pattersons lived, she found Betty standing at the curb with her brother Bob Greenlee. "Dad wants me over at his place right away," Betty explained. "Bob won't tell me why." After she had got into her brother's car, Bob Greenlee came around to Mrs. Naquin and said, "You better come too."

Out in the North Atlantic, misguided by the error in the reported diving position of the *Squalus*, the *Sculpin* circled vainly. The sea had a cold metallic cast, like pewter, and gray clouds now completely covered the sky. A half-dozen lookouts on the *Sculpin*'s bridge anxiously scanned the surface; below deck her underwater sound gear continued to ping out the call letters of the *Squalus*.

The *Sculpin* might have hunted on endlessly had it not been for a young officer on her bridge, Lt. (j.g.) Ned Denby. Pausing for an instant to wipe the spray out of his eyes, Denby happened to glance the wrong way at precisely the right moment. Every muscle in his body stiffened. He thought he saw a smudge astern just above the horizon. He blinked once and took another look.

The smudge was still there.

Denby shouted out his discovery, and Lt. Cmdr. Wilkin caught a glimpse of the smudge in his binoculars seconds before it disappeared. Wilkin immediately radioed a terse message back to Portsmouth: "Believe sighted smoke bomb." The *Sculpin* swung around and began backtracking at full speed.

Ten minutes after Ned Denby had made his sighting, the men trapped inside the *Squalus* first heard the sound of the *Sculpin*'s propellers drawing near. Lieutenant Naquin sent another rocket up, and it exploded high in the air some 300 yards in front of the *Sculpin*. Then her lookouts spied the marker buoy. As the *Sculpin* eased alongside, the buoy was gingerly hauled on deck. Warren Wilkin reached inside for the

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phone. "Hello, *Squalus*," he said, "this is *Sculpin*. What's your trouble?"

In the forward torpedo room of the *Squalus*, 243 feet down, young John Nichols struggled to keep calm. Quickly and concisely he reported the condition of the submarine. Then Wilkin heard Nichols say, "Hold the phone. I'll put the captain on."

There was a pause of about 30 seconds before Oliver Naquin said with quiet elation, "Hello, Wilkie." But just as Wilkin started to answer, the *Sculpin* suddenly rose high on an ocean swell, and the line went dead. Snarled on the deck rigging of the *Squalus*, the marker-buoy cable had parted. Once more the trapped crew was alone.

Shortly before one o'clock the phone rang in an office at the Washington Navy Yard. Cmdr. Charles Bowers (Swede) Momsen picked up the phone. Cmdr. Charles Lockwood of the Navy Department was on the line.

"Swede," Lockwood said, "there's hell to pay. The *Squalus* is down off Portsmouth."

"How deep?" Momsen asked him instantly.

"We don't know," Lockwood said. "But deep, I'm afraid. Somewhere between two hundred and four hundred feet. She went down near the Isles of Shoals. We're getting a plane ready now. There's room for you and three others. If I have anything more, I'll get right back to you."

With infinite care Momsen put the phone down. It had finally happened. For more than 14 years he had risked his life and career to be ready to meet the challenge of this day.

Swede Momsen was 43. He had picked up the nickname at Annapolis, although his ancestry was North German and Danish. He was just six feet tall; he had a thatch of light brown hair, a square jaw and a soft-spoken manner. Beneath his composed exterior he was, in fact, an extraordinary combination of visionary, scientist and man of action. By the time he retired many would say he was the greatest submariner the Navy ever had.

Swede Momsen was two years out of Annapolis when he boarded his first submarine in 1921. She was a cramped capsule half the size of the *Squalus*. His berth was a collapsible cot alongside a torpedo. The smell inside the hull, a combination of oil fumes, sweat and dirty socks, was something you never really got used to. There were also no toilets. When traveling submerged, you were obliged to use a bucket half filled with diesel oil.

How to get out of a submarine—in case something went wrong—was a question nobody wanted to dwell on in these days. When Momsen was in sub school, the problem was pointedly ducked. Sometimes in the dead of night you couldn't help thinking about the tons of water that enveloped you only a few inches away. From there it was no trick to picture yourself hopelessly trapped on the ocean floor. But it was considered bad form to talk about it. Whenever a new catastrophe struck, you simply took the tack that it wouldn't happen to you. Or you got philosophical. After all, ran the argument, you could be knocked off just as easily crossing a street.

In the summer of 1925 Lieutenant Momsen reported to the big submarine base at New London and took command of the *S-1*. On September 25, the base duty officer roused him at home a little after 3 A.M. to tell him that the *S-51*, out on a night practice run, had been rammed and probably sunk by the *City of Rome* east of Block Island. Momsen blinked wide awake. The *S-51* was in his division and packed with close personal friends. He told the duty officer that he'd be right down.

At sunrise Momsen reached the site of the collision spot in his *S-1* and found an oil slick. And eddying air bubbles. Momsen circled the glistening stain, probing for pieces of wreckage. Or bodies. There were none. He tried reaching the *S-51* with his underwater oscillator; it sent sound signals fanning through the sea. Over and over again he pinged out her call letters. There was no response. A savage sense of futility swept over him. One of his crewmen, staring down at the air bubbles, finally cried, "Oh my God, oh my God."

Momsen had known the victims so well. Especially a young lieutenant like himself named Haselden: James Dudley Haselden. They were classmates at Annapolis. They attended submarine school together. They even took their first training cruise together. And before the salvaging of the *S-51* was over, he would also know just how Haselden died, his fingers pathetically torn; in his final moments before blacking out he had tried to pry open an escape hatch, a hatch held shut by more than fifteen tons of ocean pressure.

In the nights that followed, the faces

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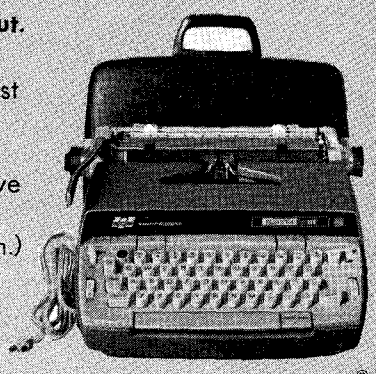

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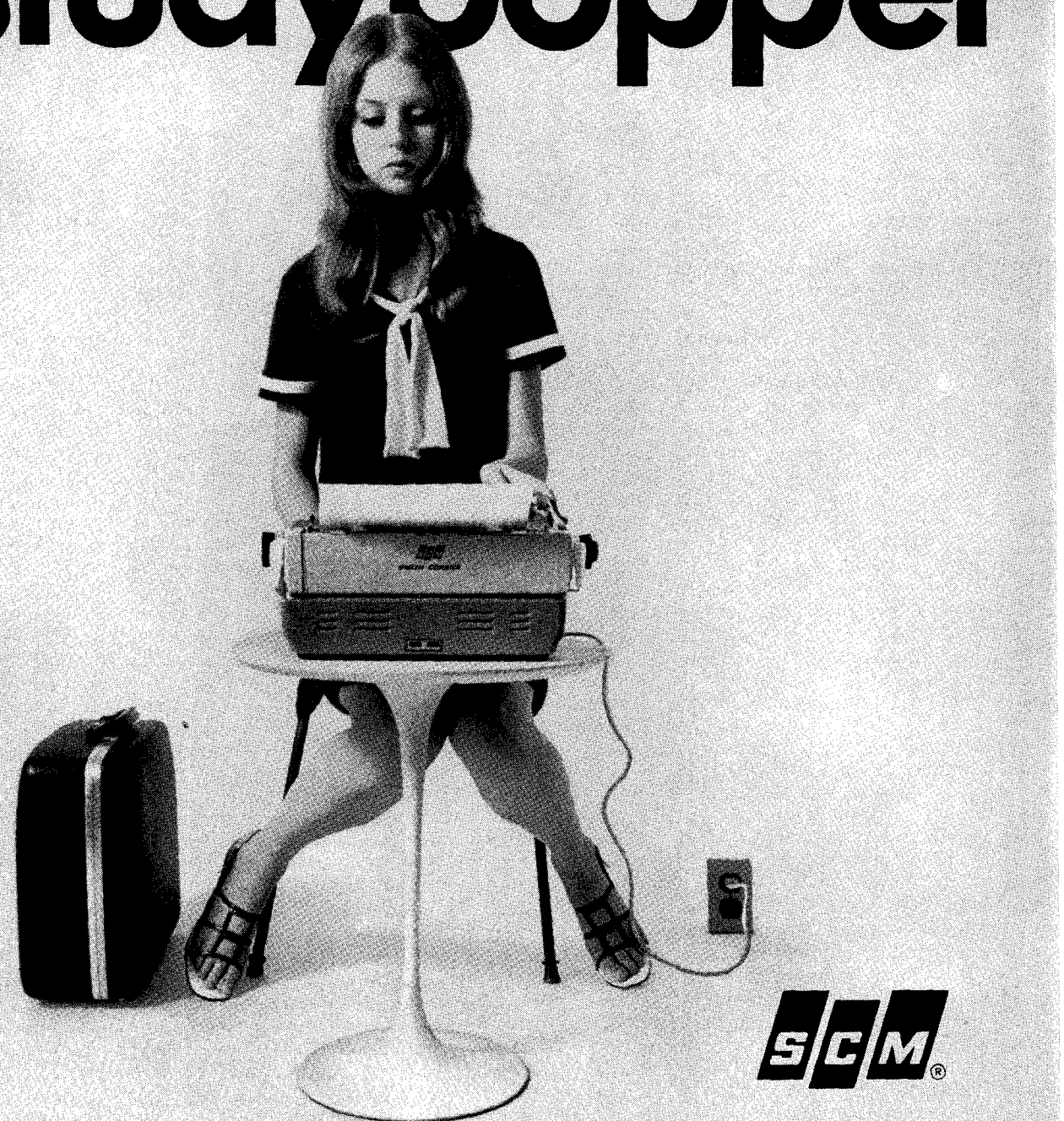

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Twice Swede Momsen was nearly killed, but he proved that his diving bell would work.

of his friends swam through his dreams. By day a mounting anger drove him. Somehow there had to be a way to save men like Haselden and the others. Or at least give them a fighting chance for survival. For weeks he wrestled with the problem, discarding idea after idea. At last the glimmer of a workable plan began to form in his mind.

The concept was simple. It consisted of a large steel rescue chamber, shaped like a bell, capable of being lowered from the surface along guidelines that were attached to ringbolts on the deck of the submarine. Once the bell was in place and the hatch opened, rescuers would be able to get into the hull compartments, or the trapped men could climb out on their own.

Momsen took his plans to the base commander at New London, Capt. Ernest J. King. King, who would become the Navy's World War II chief, was immediately intrigued. "Swede," he said, "I think you've got a hell of an idea." Captain King promptly forwarded the plan to the Navy Bureau of Construction and Repair for appraisal, along with an endorsement couched in more official language: "The subject device is the most practicable one for the rescue of entrapped submarine crews available. . . ."

Nothing happened. At first this didn't bother Momsen; he had no reason to expect an early response. Analysis, after all, took time. But as the weeks turned to months and the months lengthened into almost a year, his disappointment deepened. Then, completely by chance, he found out what had happened. He was due for a tour of service ashore, and transfer orders arrived in New London assigning him to the Bureau of Construction and Repair in Washington. His post was in the submarine section. His first day he was busy getting through the formalities. In the late afternoon, however, he had a chance to riffle through a pile of papers his predecessor had left behind—"awaiting action." There, in the bottom of the basket, waiting for over a year now, was his proposed diving-bell design, King's endorsement, the whole works, just the way it had been sent down from New London.

The next morning, as diplomatically as possible, he started pleading his case through the bureau. The response was frigid. Who the hell was this new lieutenant? Only two days on the job—word went over the grapevine—and already he was trying to ram through some screwball idea to get people out of submarines. It was his own idea, to boot. You'd think he was the first person who ever thought about it. Why, the bureau had been fooling around with the problem for years.

Momsen persisted nonetheless. But it was no use. The entire plan was dumped back on his desk with an anonymous scrawl: "Impractical from the standpoint of seamanship." The matter, he was informed, was closed. As just another Navy lieutenant, Momsen had nowhere else to go. He could, of course, chuck his career. By now, however, he had two children as well as a wife to support and no visible skill other than as a submarine skipper. A friend from his Annapolis days urged him to take it easy and bide his time. Maybe something would turn up.

It did. Within weeks of his being rejected, the *S-4* went to the bottom with 40 men aboard. In Washington, Momsen sat helplessly reading the dispatches as her crew slowly asphyxiated. One of the last messages tapped out by the doomed men was a frantic request: "Please hurry."

The headlines touched off a national uproar. Thousands of letters poured into the Navy Department. Get rid of submarines, some insisted. Others, with suggestions enclosed, demanded that a way be found to save such men. Many of the letters—pressing for an investigation, pointing darkly to past neglect—had been forwarded by Congress. Ironically, Momsen had the task of answering all the mail.

As the indignant letters came across his desk for reply, he began to reconsider another idea he had toyed with briefly during the long wait in New London. It offered a completely fresh approach to the problem, and it had one enormous advantage over the bell: No official sanction was needed. So, except for the help of a handful of friends, he tackled it on his own—the designing, the building, the testing of a submarine escape device.

Momsen's basic equipment consisted of a nose clip, a bag that the wearer breathed into, soda lime to absorb the carbon dioxide, and a supply of pure oxygen. The result was to become celebrated as the Momsen lung. Momsen was his own guinea pig. For one of his most spectacular tests, he was lowered 110 feet to the bottom of a deep hole in the muddy Potomac River off Morgantown, Md. As he prepared to ascend a line, his fingers brushed against a rock; impulsively he stuck it into the top of his tank suit. When he was a boy, the way to prove you could dive to the bottom of the local swimming hole was to come up with a fistful of pebbles. Momsen used both his hands and his feet on the line to control his speed, fighting the urge to go faster. Finally the color of the river changed to a deep chocolate that gradually grew lighter until all at once he found himself staring up into the brilliant blue sky he had left some 10 minutes before. He held up the rock he had brought with him just long enough for everyone to have a good look and then tossed it nonchalantly over his head back into the Potomac. It was a moment nobody there would ever forget. The 110 feet Swede Momsen had risen was precisely the depth at which the *S-4* had been lost.

The Navy found out what had happened off Morgantown exactly like everyone else—by reading the papers. Midway through the testing, someone on the riverbank who looked like a high-school kid started waving and shouting so persistently that Momsen finally sent a dory over to him. He turned out to be a cub reporter for the Washington *Star* named A. W. Gilliam. He wanted to know what was going on. After being allowed to experience the sensations of an ascent from 20 feet, Gilliam raced back to his office with his scoop. The next day, when Momsen's diving boat returned to Washington, a notable collection of brass, including some with rather red faces, was on hand to greet her; among those present was the Chief of Naval Operations himself, Adm. Charles Hughes, who spoke for them all when he demanded of Momsen, "Young man, what the hell have you been up to?"

The news made headlines across the nation, and the Navy quickly approved more tests. Momsen conducted several in Chesapeake Bay in 155 feet of water—deeper by four fathoms than the *S-51* had been on the morning he found the oil slick where she had finally come to her tragic rest.

Then Momsen learned that the old *S-4*, which had been salvaged after she had become a coffin for 40 men, was going to be sold for scrap. He successfully badgered his superiors to turn the submarine over to him as a test ship for rescue techniques. What he planned was to allow himself to be purposely trapped inside her.

The resurrected hulk of the *S-4* once again went to the bottom on February 6, 1929, off Key West, Fla. A small flotilla of attending craft hovered on the surface. Momsen and Edward Kalinoski, a skinny chief torpedoman from Jersey City who had participated in the first ascents in the Potomac, rode in the *S-4*'s control room with her caretaker crew. But once they touched down at 40 feet the two men went into the engine room and shut themselves in. Kalinoski unlocked the hatch overhead, and a moment later Momsen opened the flood valves. The water flowed in as they watched, it crept past their knees and began licking at their waists. "Mr. Momsen," said Kalinoski, "I hope to Christ you know what you're doing."

There was an enormous crash as the hatch flew open and the sea started pouring in. Great bubbles of air fought their way through the hatch. The water level shot up at a fearsome rate until it rose over the edge of the steel skirt that Momsen had constructed to extend down into the compartment. Once that happened, no more air escaped and thus no more water came in. The level was just below the chins of the two men. So far the experiment had gone precisely as Momsen thought it would.

Kalinoski took the ascending line, tied one end of it to a cleat on the skirt and sent the other end floating to the surface on a wooden buoy. Then he and Momsen inflated their lungs. Momsen was the first to leave. He ducked into the water, went up through the skirt out of the hatch and waited for Kalinoski to appear. They both made it easily. Only 14 months before, eight men had perished without a chance in the same engine room.

After other successful tests—one from 207 feet—"well done" wires poured in to Momsen from the White House on down. More important for Momsen was an announcement from the Secretary of the Navy that contracts had been let for 7,000 lungs. Henceforth every new submarine would be equipped with escape hatches and locks; they were also to be installed as rapidly as possible in the 75 submarines already in service.

Despite his preoccupation with the lung, Momsen had never abandoned his original concept of a diving bell. Shortly after the lung's first spectacular demonstration in the Potomac, Momsen was summoned to explain its workings before a special presidential board on submarine safety, belatedly set up following the loss of the *S-4*. Momsen finished his briefing and promptly launched into a pitch for the bell as well. When a startled member of the civilian-dominated board demanded to know why the proposal had not previously been submitted to the Navy, there was an awkward pause before Momsen replied, "It was."

Given a green light at once, Momsen continued to test the lung while simultaneously starting with the bell. One of the problems was how to get the bell rapidly and precisely in place over a submarine hatch. His solution now was to have a diver sent down to attach two cables to the hatch. The cables in turn led up to reels inside the bell, so that when the bell was lowered into the water with just enough ballast to keep it lightly afloat, it would wind itself directly down to the hatch.

The finished product looked like a huge inverted tumbler, five feet in diameter and seven feet high. The strange contraption was sent by rail to Florida and placed on the *Falcon*, Momsen's workship. With the *S-4* in tow, it was taken out to a shoal area about 75 feet deep in the Gulf of Mexico. Once the submarine was on the bottom, a *Falcon* diver attached guide cables to the hatch collar. Then Momsen and Chief Torpedoman Charles Hagner, an *S-4* crewman, entered the bell. Landing with a thud, the two men were able to stand in about a foot of water on the deck, their bodies still inside the bell, and maneuver into position over the hatch. Now came the critical moment. Theoretically, when the air pressure inside the bell was reduced, the sea itself ought to press them firmly against the hatch collar. If something went wrong with the seal, if some flaw in concept or engineering had occurred, they would be dead in a matter of seconds. As a precaution, Momsen had Hagner turn down four bolts he had devised to help hold the bell fast to the collar. Next he spun a wheel valve to let the air out of the bell, watching the water level with, as he later put it, "lively interest." The seal was complete.

Momsen slowly opened the hatch on the *S-4*. He had warned her commander, Lt. Norman Ives, to expect some water, and about 20 gallons ran into the hatch trunk. Then he looked down to find Ives staring back up at him. Despite all the work he had done with the lung, he was suddenly overcome by an emotion that left him speechless. Finally he pulled himself together and uttered the words never before heard beneath the surface: "Request permission to come aboard."

Ives selected two members of the *S-4*'s crew to be "rescued." The hatch was closed, and the restraining bolts removed. Air pressure was admitted until it matched that of the sea outside, and with the seal broken the bell started up. *(continued on page 61)*

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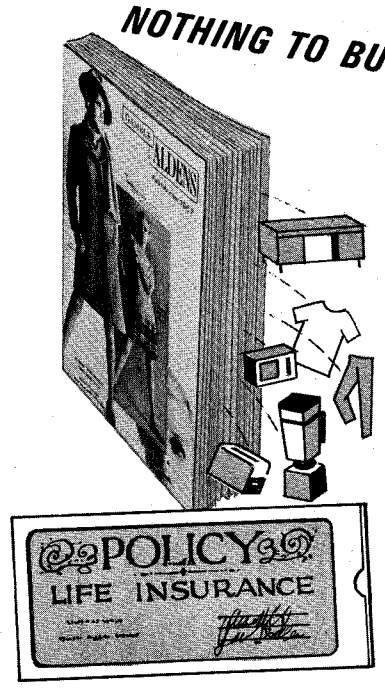

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HALF A MILLION DOLLARS IN FREE PRIZES

Aldens $499,500 Santa Sweepstakes is a 30,738 prize spectacular. There's nothing to buy. Flip the pages and you'll come to your personal Lucky Number. Return it to Aldens and you've entered.

11 PAGES OF SPECTACULAR VALUES

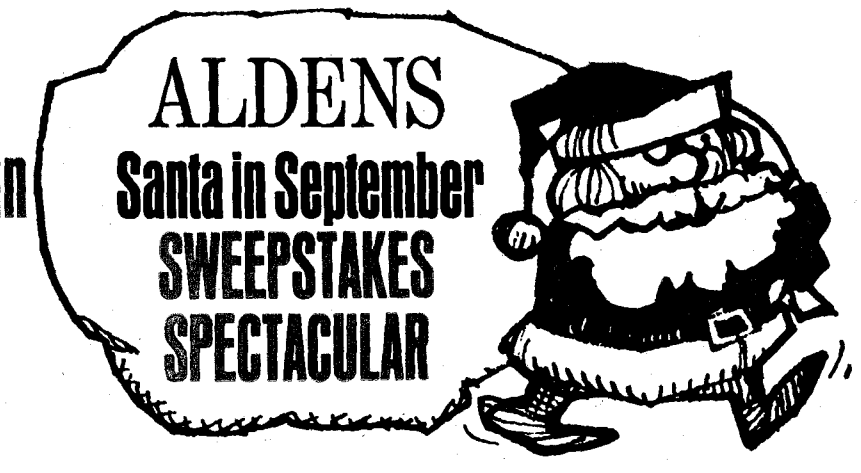
Aldens Santa-In-September Sweepstakes Spectacular starts on the next page . . . includes everything that's new for Christmas from America's greatest manufacturers . . . and all priced so rock-bottom low you're not going to believe your eyes.

The next 11 pages are an Aldens "Super Sale." The page after that is your combination Sweepstakes Entry and Order Blank. With the stroke of a pen *any or all of these Spectacular Values can be yours.*

ORDER NOW! 30 DAY HOME TRIAL

Enclose payment in full if you wish. If you'd like an Aldens Credit Account we'll open one for you and you can order on the most astounding credit terms you've ever seen. Either way, you can have your order on 30 day home trial. You have to be satisfied or you get your money back. See details at the end of this special Aldens section. Now, go to it. Turn the page and you're on a shopping spree.

Now - Get ready to scoop up the savings in



ORDER NOW BY MAIL
OR . . .
JET PHONE SYSTEM

BE SURE TO SAVE THIS SECTION FOR LAST MINUTE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

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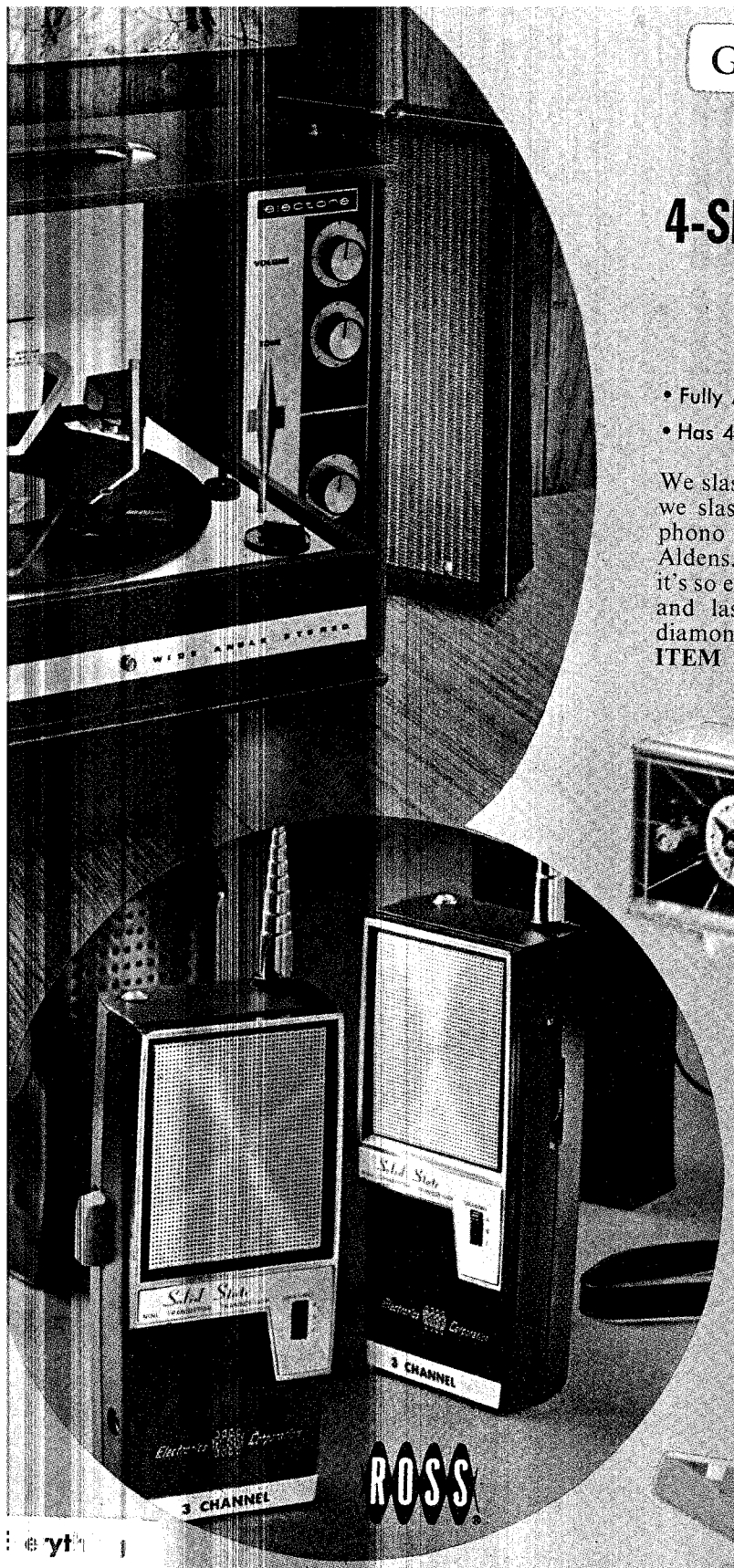
GAMBLE **ALDENS**

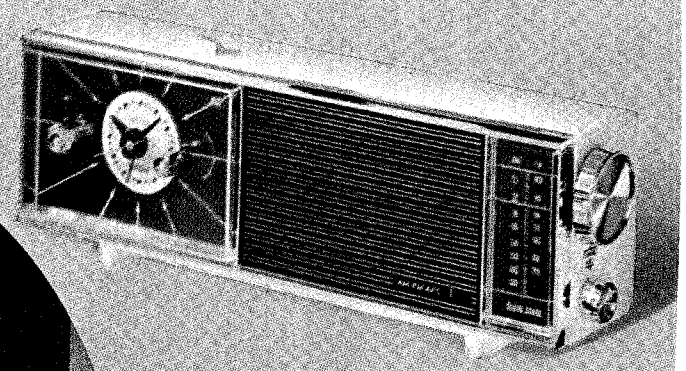


4-SPEAKER STEREO PHONO

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **$55**

- Fully Automatic with Admiral Record Changer
- Has 4 Speeds so You Can Play All Size Records

We slashed this price to rock bottom . . . and then we slashed it some more! That's why this stereo phono with the $95 features costs you only $55 at Aldens. You'll have to hear it to believe it . . . and it's so easy to operate with newest Admiral changer and last record shut-off. Flip cartridge with 1 diamond, 1 sapphire needle. Pilot light, spindle.
ITEM #1—*Shipped Free*.....**55.00**



TELECHRON CLOCK FM-AM TRANSISTOR RADIO

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **$25**

High quality, low price . . . don't miss it! Instant-play solid state 10-transistor radio for AM and drift-free FM. Telechron clock with snooze alarm, sleep switch, lighted dial, luminous hands, sweep second hand. A shapely, 3 1/16x4 1/4x12 1/8 in.
ITEM #2—*Shipped Free*.....**25.00**

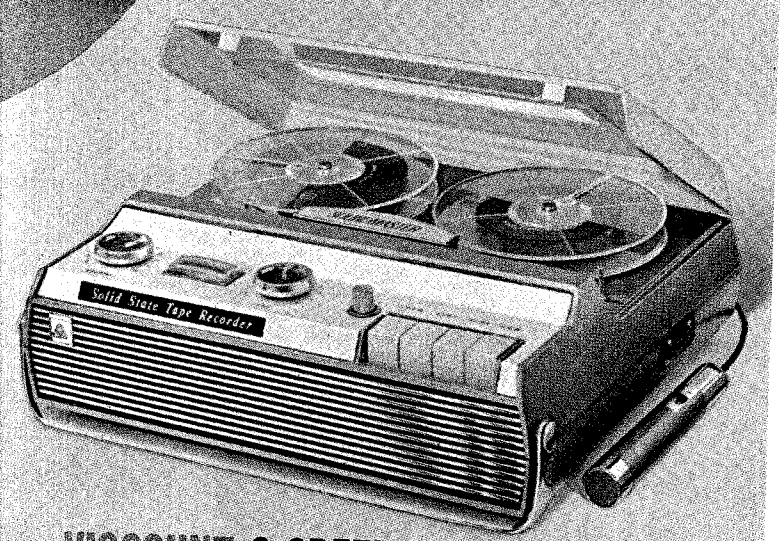
e yt
Or
PED

IWATT "BEEP" CALL BUTTON HANNEL WALKIE TALKIE

CUSTOMER W PRICE **2 for 29.90**

oors or Outdoors on Batteries or Electrically
Walkie Talkie You Can Use Without a License

nnels, clear reception and distance are what kie talkie. That's just what you get! 3 channel nd range up to 2 miles depending on terrain. utton . . . call or be called. 9 transistors. with batteries (included). Crystals for 1 ed (Channel 11). Order extra crystals below.
pped Free, No Postage to Pay **2** for **29.90**
ach Additional Channel (for both units). 1 through 23 on your order.
pped Free.....Per Channel. **9.00**



VISCOUNT 2-SPEED TAPE RECORDER

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **49.90**

When we say we save you money . . . we mean just that! Here's a fully portable tape recorder fully transistorized for instant play. Operates anywhere on AC with adapter or on batteries—both included. 1 7/8 and 3 3/4 ips speeds. Capstan drive for music. Also mike, earphone, 5 in. reel of tape.
ITEM #6—*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay*.....**49.90**

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ORDER NOW BY MAIL

OR...

JET PHONE SYSTEM

4-BAND PORTABLE RADIO

FM, AM, AIRCRAFT, POLICE $49

No doubt about it...you'll know the value when you check features and price! 4 bands of the greatest listening fun anywhere. Plays indoors or out on AC with converter or on batteries—both included. 12 transistors. Pushbutton night light and long distance switch. 10¼x7x3¾ in.
ITEM #7—*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay*.....**49.00**

realtone

ROSS AC OR BATTERY PHONO

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **19.90**

Look at the price . . . we don't have to say much more! Plays 33⅓ and 45 rpm records on AC or on batteries (Included). Go—everywhere 10½x11¼x3-in. size.

ITEM #8—*Shipped Free*...**19.90**

LAFAYETTE

COLO

23-CHANNEL TRANSCEIVER

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **139.90**

Unbelievable! 23 CB and 2 H.E.L.P. channels—crystals for all included. 12V DC, 117V AC. Mike, 12x8½x5 in. bracket mount included.
ITEM #9—*Shipped Free* (Also 10, 11)....**139.90**
ITEM #10—Mobile antenna-cable.....**9.50**
ITEM #11—Base antenna-cable.....**18.40**

18-IN. PORTABLE TV AND STAND

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **$99**

Where else could you find a bargain like this . . . even the stand's included! You get outstanding reception in prime and fringe areas. All channels, too. New slim-line styling. 18 in. black/white picture measured diagonally. Guaranteed!
ITEM #12—*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay* **99.00**

ALL CHANNEL CO

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **$2**

Why settle for black-and-white w
up to a color portable at a pric
passed performance on all chan
measured diagonally. No risk
ITEM #13—TV with Stand. *Sh*
ITEM #98—TV only. *Shipped*

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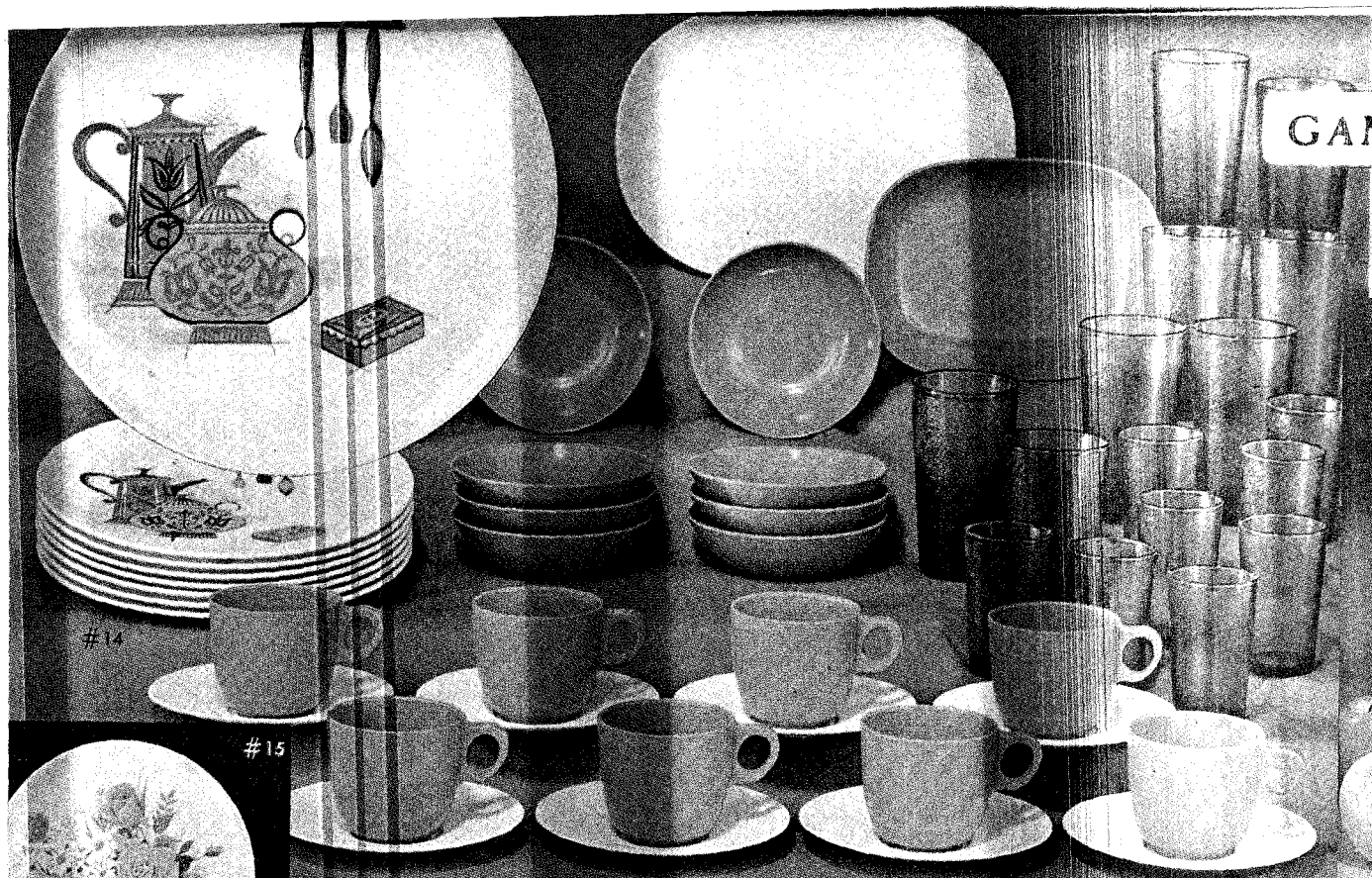
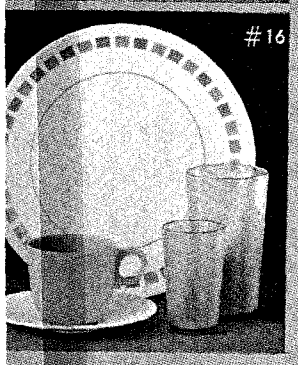
GAMBLE **ALDENS**





50-PC. MELAMINE DINNERWARE by TEXAS-WARE

DINNERWARE FIT FOR A QUEEN AT A NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **14.70** Service for 8

Wow, what a buy . . . it's terrific! It's a big 50-pc. set of famous Texas-Ware Melamine that's molded to U.S. Government specifications. And the patterns . . . you can see how beautiful they are! Colors are bright and fresh and stay that way because this Melamine is 3-meal-a-day tough, dishwasher safe, too. Guaranteed a full 2 years against chipping, staining or cracking.

Here's what you get: 8 dinner plates, 8 cups, 8 saucers, 8 cereal/soup bowls, 8 tumblers, 12½ oz., 8 juice glasses, 5 oz., 1 vegetable bowl, 1 platter. So choose your favorite pattern, order now and save big dollars at Aldens!

ITEM #14—Early American Pattern
ITEM #15—Ginger Rose Pattern
ITEM #16—Cube Pattern
Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay . **14.70**

MERIT 7-SPEED BLENDER

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **19.90**

Stirs, whips, purees, grates, chops, blends and liquefies . . . all that for only $19.90 at Aldens. Amazing! And it's a big 52-oz. family size with 7 instant pushbutton speeds plus a heavy-duty ¼ hp. motor for power to spare!

ITEM #17—*Shipped Free*. **19.90**

ALL FAMOUS NAMES . . . ALL FAMOUS QUALITY . . . ALL AT ALDENS NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES

4-8 Cup Perc 9.90

The name's G.E. . . . the value is fantastic! Deluxe designed in gleaming chromed copper. Brew selector for coffee as you like it. *Shipped Free.*

ITEM #18. . . . . **9.90**

Electric Knife 12.70

Famous Hole-in-the-Handle electric at a price that won't leave a hole in your budget! Shaped for easy handling, safety switch. *Shipped Free.*

ITEM #19. . . . . **12.70**

3-Speed Mixer 8.90

G. E. for quality, Aldens for savings . . . you can't beat that combination! 3-speed portable powerhouse weighs just 3 lbs. *Shipped Free.*

ITEM #20. . . . . **8.90**

Spray Steam Iron 12.80

It's another G.E. . . . and look at this price! Spray, steam, dry iron with water window and easy temperature setting guide. *Shipped Free.*

ITEM #21. . . . . **12.80**

NATIONAL SILVER 64-PIECE STAINLESS

Service for 8
NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **17.70**

Prices going up? Not here! Extra heavy, solid, beautiful stainless steel. You get: 8 each forks, knives, soup spoons, salad forks, iced drink spoons, 16 teaspoons, butter knife, sugar shell, meat fork, ladle, jelly server, 3 serving spoons.

ITEM #22—Fleur
ITEM #23—Allegro
ITEM #24—Norma
Your Choice { *Shipped Free* **17.70**

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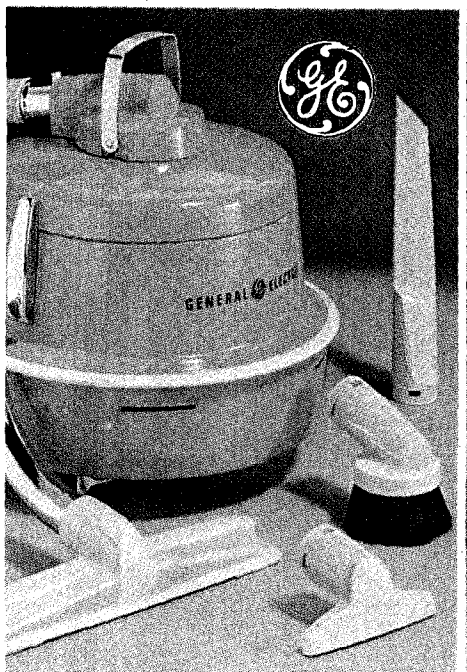
ORDER NOW BY MAIL
OR . . .
JET PHONE SYSTEM

Everything You Order Is SHIPPED FREE!



1-HP POWER VAC

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **29.90**

We have it! We price it low; We ship it free; We guarantee it! G.E. powerhouse . . . swivel top. Floor-rug brush, crevice tool, upholstery nozzle, dust brush, bag. *Shipped Free.*

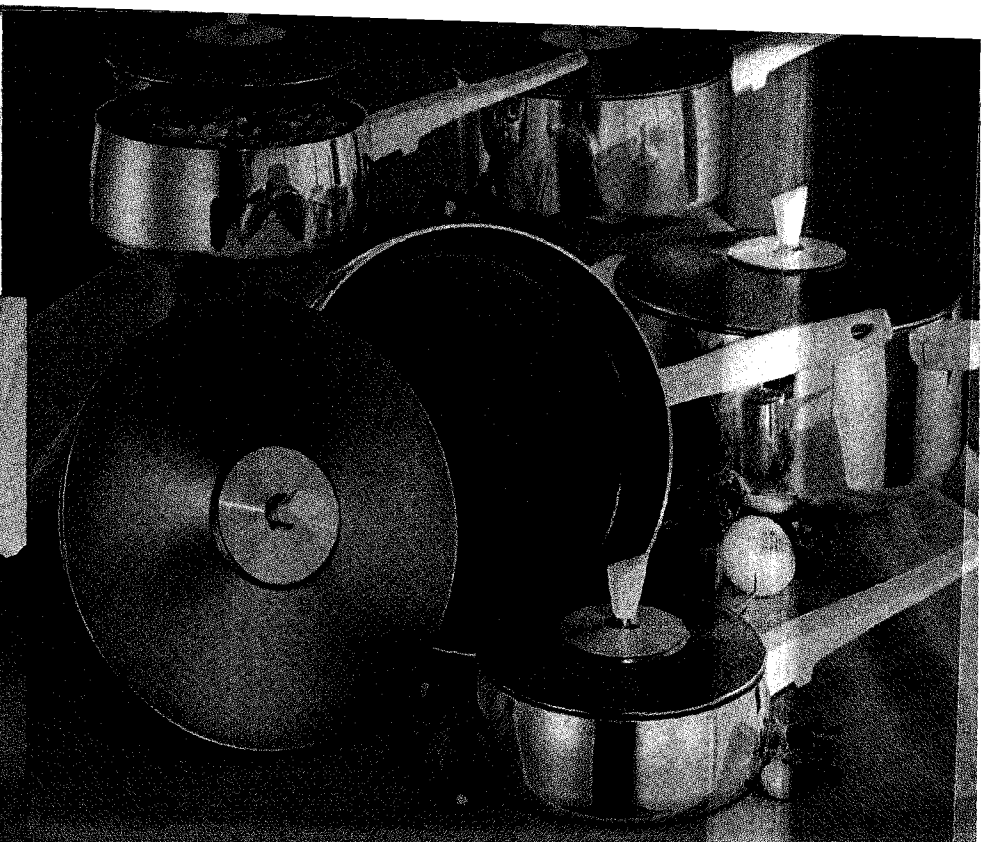
ITEM #25.....**29.90**

FLOOR CONDITIONER

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **22.50**

It's a complete floor conditioner at a completely wonderful little price! Scrubs, waxes, polishes floors and cleans rugs with the greatest of ease. Comes complete with even the rug shampoo!

ITEM #26—*Shipped Free* . . . **22.50**



SUPER HARD DUPONT

TEFLON 10-PC. REGAL COOKWARE

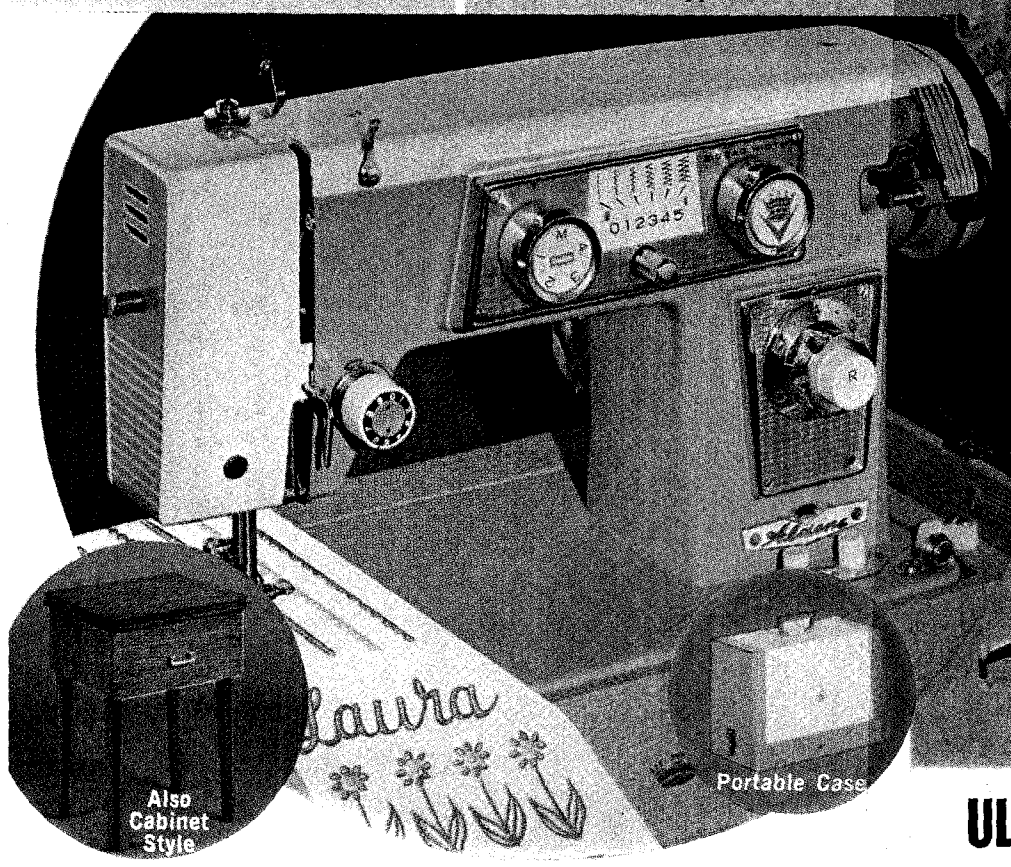
19.70

AVOCADO AND WHITE . . . WHAT COULD BE MORE YOUNG, MODERN! NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE, TOO

Super hard Teflon at about half the price you'd expect to pay for the old fashioned kind! Easy-care nylon metal utensils! Smooth-slick nonstick Dur-O-Gard designed to stay shiny!

Here's What You Get: 1½-qt., 2½-qt. and 3½-qt. saucepans, 5½-qt. dutch oven, 10½-in. chicken fryer . . . all with covers.

ITEM #27—*Shipped Free* . . **19.70**



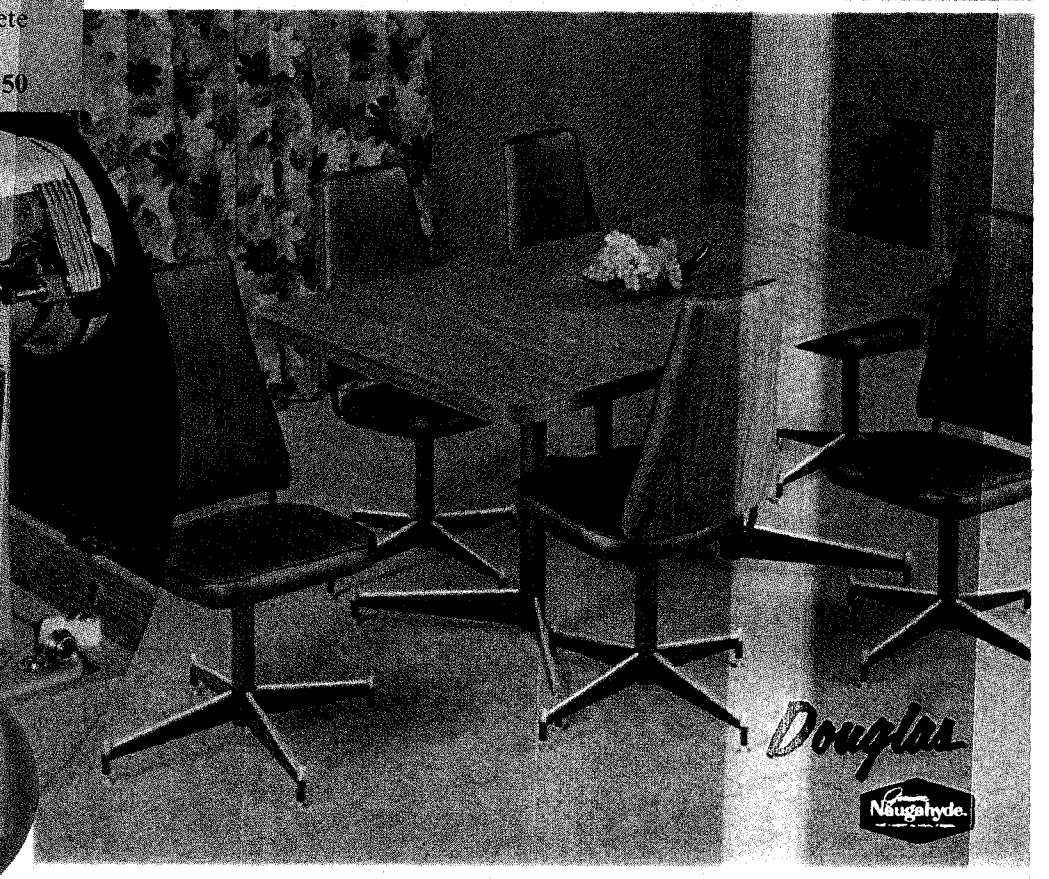
ZIG-ZAG BUTTONHOLER $55

Quilts, embroiders, appliques, sews on buttons . . . and we guarantee it does it like a $100 machine! Built-in darner and dial-a-size buttonholer. Push-button forward-reverse, stitch dial. Accessories and instructions.

ITEM #28—Zig-Zag with carrying case, foot control. *Shipped Free* . . **55.00**

Zig-Zag with console cabinet. State finish: Walnut, Mahogany, Limed Oak.

ITEM #29—*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay* **77.00**



ULTRA-MODERN PEDESTAL DINETTE SET

RICH WALNUT-GRAIN FINISH, NAUGAHYDE VINYL FOR BEAUTY AND WEAR! NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES **$99** 5-pc. Set

Why pay for the ordinary . . . here's up-to-the-minute styling for less! Just look at this table . . . its beautiful laminated solid plastic top resists acids, burns, marring. And the chairs are a joy to behold in modern vinyl . . . swivel a full 360° circle! 36x48 in. table extends to 60 inches with 12 inch leaf included.

ITEM #30—5-pc. Dinette (Table and 4 Chairs). *Shipped Free* **99.00**

ITEM #31—7-pc. Dinette (Table and 6 Chairs). *Shipped Free* **129.00**

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GAMBLE

ALDENS

AMERICA'S FASHION LEADER — EVERYTHING IN WEARABLES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!

8.77 Each

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES

BONDED ORLON® KNITS—GREAT TRAVELERS!

We welcome your shopping for comparable values—because we're so sure you won't find anything to equal these two for fashion, fabric and workmanship. They're bonded for built-in, long-lasting, beautiful shape — finished with style touches that usually cost dollars more!

Belted Shift in Orlon® acrylic wool. Rust, Gold, Coral, Black, or Teal.
ITEM #32—Misses' Sizes 10 to 20. **ITEM #33**—Half Sizes 14½ to 24½.

Button-trim Skimmer in new-textured Orlon® acrylic, in Olive Green, Rust, Beige, Royal Blue, or Black.
ITEM #34—Misses' Sizes 10 to 20. **ITEM #35**—Half Sizes 14½ to 24½.

Order today and save at Aldens.....*Shipped Free*..... Each **8.77**

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES 1.50 TO 4.60

You'll be wild about this new nylon and the low prices! It's Enka Crepeset® with the pebble built in. Light, airy, silky, fast drying. Embellished with Schiffli embroidery. State size and color. *Shipped Free.*

Item	Style	Colors	Sizes	Each
#36	Slip: short	Pink, White	Busts: 32-40	3.90
#37	Slip: average	Pink, White	Busts: 32-40	3.90
#38	Slip: extra	Pink, White	Busts: 42-52	4.60
#39	Petti-slip: short	Pink, White	Waist: S-M-L	2.90
#40	Petti-slip: average	Pink, White	Waist: S-M-L	2.90
#41	Pettipants	Pink, White	Hips: 5-8	2.90
#42	Shift Gown	Pink, Blue	Busts: 32-40	3.90
#43	Brief	Pink, White	Hips: 5-8	1.50

PERMANENT PRESS

ALL-WEATHER COATS

18.80

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE

The greatest! 1 year's wear guaranteed. 50% Blue C polyester, 50% Avril® rayon. Koratron finish for permanent press, Scotchgard to repel dirt. Zip-out pile lining. Machine washable, never iron. State: Regular 36-44, or Tall 38-46.
ITEM #44—Black Regular
ITEM #45—Black Tall
ITEM #46—Tan Regular
Shipped Free **18.80**

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ORDER NOW BY MAIL OR...
JET PHONE SYSTEM

Everything You Order Is SHIPPED FREE!

FOUR SEASONS ORIGINALS

"ANIMAL" LOOK in SNUGGLY PILE!

2-6x SNOWSUIT
7-14 SKI JACKET

12.77 Each

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE

Yes, the rich look and feel of fur for a small fraction of fur prices! Warming acrylic pile, spotted Black on White for today's "animal" look. Quilt linings and drawstring hoods.
ITEM #48 – Snow Suit with pile-trim hood, nylon snow-pants. Sizes 2-6X.
ITEM #47 – Jacket with dyed lamb fur trim. Sizes 7-14.
Shipped Free. **12.77**

GREAT SWEATERS OR A GUY AND HIS GAL

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **9.70** Ea.

Save in style! 50% alpaca, 50% Kodel® polyester for warmth and machine wash-dry easy care. Nubby soufflé stitch. Blue, Rust, Green, or Pumpkin.
For Him, chests: S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46).
For Her, busts: 34-40.
ITEM # 49—For Him.
ITEM #50—For Her.
Shipped Free. **9.70**

The VILLAGE STORE

CLASSICS WITH FASHION-WISE COORDINATION!

3.99 TO 8.99

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES

Sweaters, rich-knit in Orlon acrylic with cable-stitch fronts. Brown, Green, Orchid.
#**95**—Pullover **7.99** } Bust Sizes 34-46
#**55**—Cardigan **8.99** } *Shipped Free*
A-line Skirt in J. P. Stevens' wool flannel. Brown, Green, or Orchid.
#**53**—Misses' 8 to 18 **6.99** } *Shipped*
#**54**—Halfs 16½-24½ **7.99** } *Free*
Shirt of Dacron polyester and cotton. Gold, Light Green, Pink, or White.
#**51**—Misses' 30-40 **3.99** } *Shipped*
#**52**—Larger 42-48 **4.99** } *Free*
Sheath Skirt in J. P. Stevens' wool tweed. Camel, Green, or Purple.
#**96**—Misses' 10-18 **6.99** } *Shipped*
#**97**—Halfs 16½-24½ **7.99** } *Free*
Shoes. Du Pont's wipe-clean Corfam with baby 'gator grain. Foam lined. Med. width. Sizes 5-10 (except 9½). Composition sole.
#**56**—Antique Mahogany #**57**—Neige
#**58**—Black. *Shipped Free* **7.88**

Du Pont CORFAM **7.88**

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GAMBLE **ALDENS** ORDER NOW BY MAI

ET HONE YSTEM

Everything You Order Is *SHIPPED FREE!*

*Fiberglas** DRAPERIES
Thermal Backed, Teflon Coated

9 SIZES ALL AT NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES **4.70** 48x45 in.

Aldens has made sure that you get the 4 greatest features ever offered in draperies at any price! (*TM reg.)

1. **100% Fiberglas***. Hand washable, drips dry fast, Never-Iron. Can't stretch, wrinkle.
2. **This Fiberglas*** has a special weave to make it 20% heavier than regular fiberglas.
3. **Backed with Acrylic Thermal** coating for heat-cold-noise insulation. Opaque so it keeps light out to prevent fading damage.
4. **Coated with DuPont Teflon** to shed dirt, assure rich draping and soft, silky finish.

Width listed in chart is pleated pair width. State: Avocado Green, White, Beige, Gold.

Item	Width	Length	Pair	Item	Width	Length	Pair
#59	48″	45″	4.70	#64	48″	84″	6.00
#60	96″	45″	10.40	#65	72″	84″	10.40
#61	48″	63″	5.50	#66	96″	84″	13.90
#62	72″	63″	9.40	#67	144″	84″	22.00
#63	96″	63″	12.50	#68	Valance, 54x12″ Each.....		2.70
All Shipped Free							

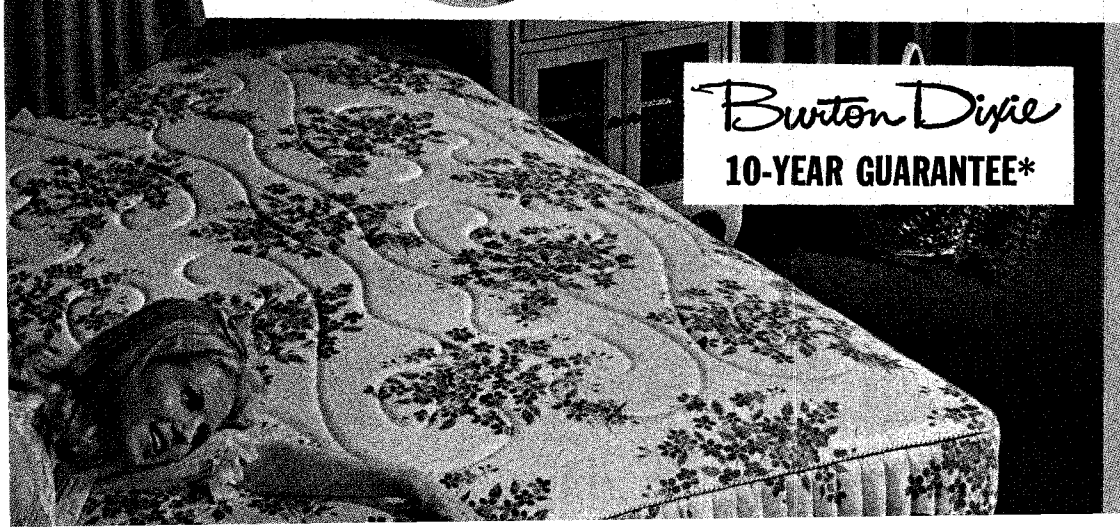
CONTINUOUS FILAMENT DUPONT 501 NYLON PILE ROOM SIZE RUGS

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **4.99** Sq. Yd.

- Deep and Dense Tufted Loop Pile
- Resists Pilling and Fuzzing
- Spills Sponge Off Ever so Easily

Priced so low we can't mention the famous maker! But look to the 501 label; only carpeting made of finest 100% DuPont nylon can carry it! It's the most durable rug fiber there is and we guarantee it. Double jute back. Decorator colors: Solids in Gold, Avocado, Red, Malibu Beige. Tweeds in Blue/Green, Firethorn (Orange/Red). State color.

Item	Size	Price	Item	Size	Price
#70	9x12′	59.88	#74	12x21′	139.72
#71	12x12′	79.84	#75	12x24′	159.68
#72	12x15′	99.80	#76	15x9′	74.85
#73	12x18′	119.76	#77	15x18′	149.70
Shipped Free			#78	15x21′	174.65



692-COIL INNERSPRING MATTRESS AND BOX-SPRING BOTH FOR $69

Twin Size

- Famous Burton Dixie with 10 Year Guarantee*
- Luxurious Urethane Foam Cushioned Quilting
- Has Exquisite Silky-Faille Decorator Cover

Sell-out priced! Designed the way we said it should

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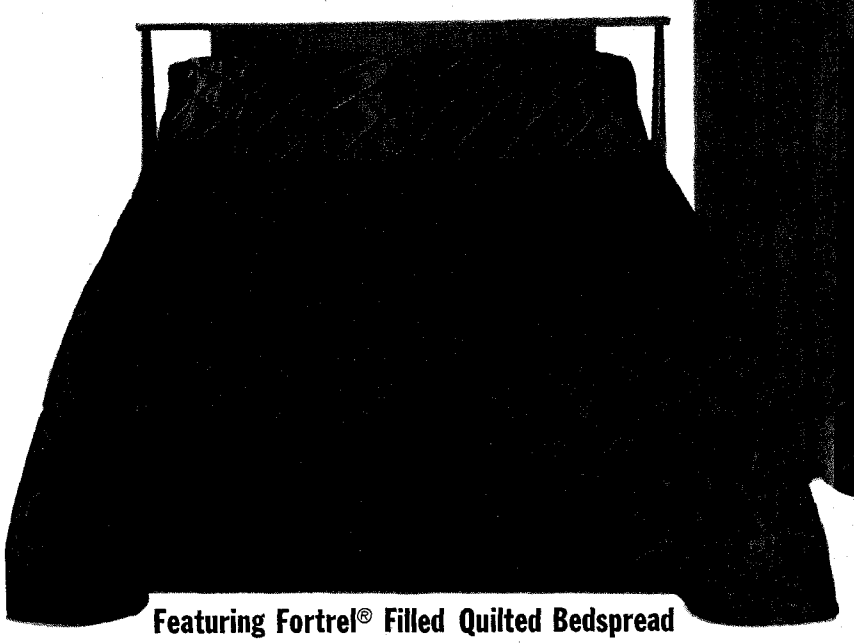
GIANT CANNON 60-pc. ENSEMBLE

CHOICE OF 3 COLORS AT A NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **19.90**

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: For **Bedroom**—2 sheets, 81x108 in., 2 pillow cases of soft 134 count solid color cotton muslin. For **Bathroom**—8 bath towels, 4 hand towels, 12 wash cloths, 6 fingertip towels. Softest cotton terry in coordinated Rose prints and Solids. For **Kitchen**—6 dish towels, 16 dish cloths and 4 pot holders.

You get 60 famous Cannons . . . and we'll ship them free! You can't beat that offer! Good serviceable Cannon quality, color coordinated. Gift wrapped. State: Green/Gold, Pink, Blue.
ITEM #82—*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay*.....**19.90**

PERFECT FIT SATIN ENSEMBLE



Featuring Fortrel® Filled Quilted Bedspread

DECORATOR BEDROOM BEAUTY AT NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES **12.90** Twin Spread

A "company's comin'" ensemble at everyday prices! Luxurious acetate satin Quilted spreads filled with Fortrel® polyester, cotton backed . . . cord welt edging. Pinch pleat draperies. Machine wash with care. State: Blue, Green, Gold, Red, Lilac.

Item	Style	Size	Each	Item	Name	Size	Price
#83	Twin Spread	81x108″	12.90	#87	Draperies	48x63″ pr. width	Pr. 6.90
#84	Full Spread	94x108″	16.90	#88	Draperies	48x84″ pr. width	Pr. 7.90
#85	Queen Spread	102x114″	19.90	#89	Sham	Fits pillows 20x26″	Ea. 4.90
#86	King Spread	120x116″	22.90	*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay*			

ESTRON® ACETATE PERFECT FIT SATIN SHEETS

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE **6.90** Twin

Costs more than ordinary sheets . . . but after all, you've dreamed of sleeping in satin and we price it lowest! Styled of 100% Estron® acetate . . . smooth, soft, silky. Machine washable alone. Gift packaged. State: Red, Gold, White, Plum, Pink, Black. *Shipped Free.*

Item	Style	Size	Each	Item	Style	Size	Each
#90	Twin Flat	75x108″	6.90	#91	Full Flat	90x108″	7.90
#92	Twin Fitted	39x75″	6.90	#93	Full Fitted	54x75″	7.90
ITEM #94—Pillow Cases (45x38 in.). *Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay*.....2 for 3.98							

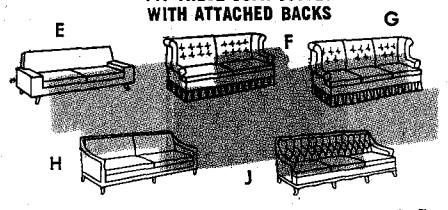
NEW *Sure-Fit* SLIPCOVERS

Any Chair **13.80** Any Sofa **26.90**

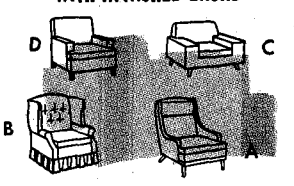
TODAY'S STYLES AT NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES

Look and fit like custom made! Covers the newest styles as well as old favorites. Smart blend of 58% nylon, 42% cotton. Fabrigard® protects from dirt. Machine washable with care. Brown, Melon, Gold, Olive. State color, style below. *Shipped Free.*
ITEM #100—Chair Cover **13.80** **ITEM #101**—Sofa Cover **26.90**

FIT THESE SOFA STYLES WITH ATTACHED BACKS



FIT THESE CHAIR STYLES WITH ATTACHED BACKS



E 2-Cushion. Arm 5-11″, sq. back 64-84″.
F-G Early American. Square or T-cushion. Arm 4-6″, back 68-88″, wing 11-17″.
Order F for 2-cushion, G for 3-cushion.
H-J Sweep Arm Sofas. Square, T-cushion, skirted or not. Arm 2-5″, back 70-90″.
Order H for 2-cushion, J for 3-cushion.

A Sweep Arm. Square, T-cushion with or without skirt. Arm 2-5″, back 24-32″.
B Early American. Square, T-cushion. Arm 4-6″, back 24-32″, wing 11-17″.
C Square Cushion Chair. Fits arms 5-11″ and backs 26-35″ wide.
D T-Cushion. Arm 3-8″, back 25-35″.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GAMBLE

ALDENS

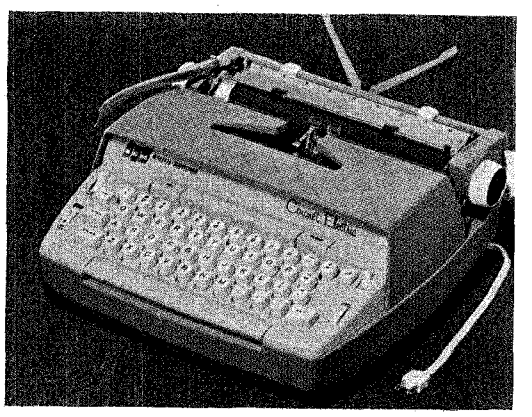
ORDER NOW BY MAIL
OR . . .
JET PHONE SYSTEM

FAMOUS SMITH-CORONA

FOR HOME OR OFFICE AT UNBEATABLE NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES

SCM Corsair **$35**

Lucky you . . . what a price! 84 character keyboard, 9½ in. carriage. With carrying case.
ITEM #105–Elite Type.
ITEM #106–Pica Type.
Shipped Free.....**35.00**



SCM Electric **$105**

Priced like a manual! 88 character office size keyboard. Automatic repeat hyphen, dot, underline, spacebar. Guaranteed 5 years. With case.
ITEM #107–Elite Type.
ITEM #108–Pica Type.
Shipped Free....**105.00**

Elite Type 12 characters per inch

Pica Type 10 characters per inch

SCM Adder **$66**

Famous Figurematic adds, subtracts, multiplies *electrically*! Lists 7 columns and totals 8. *Shipped Free.*
ITEM #109.....**66.00**

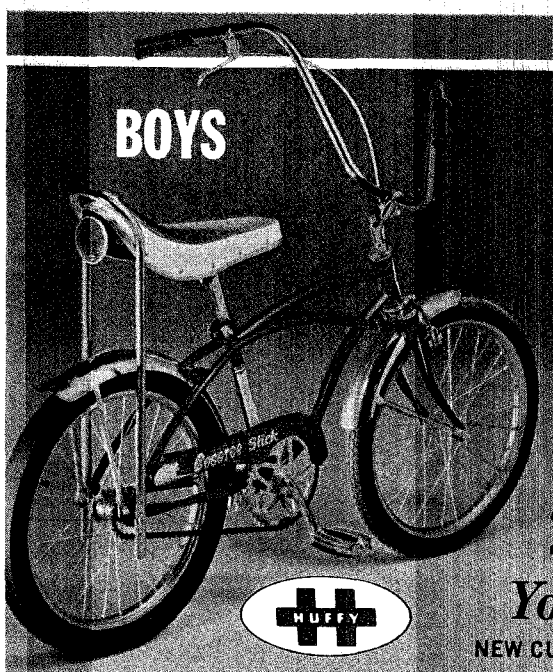
WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO LIMIT QUANTITIES

FAMOUS SUPER 8 ZOOM MOVIE OUTFIT

$149

INCLUDES INSTANT-LOAD MOVIE CAMERA, PROJECTOR AND ALL ACCESSORIES AT THIS ONE LOW NEW CUSTOMER PRICE

Here's $200 worth of movie equipment for less than $150! So easy to use, you'll be taking movies the minute it arrives. Aim-and-shoot Argus 811 camera with electric eye, electric film drive. f/1.8 lens zooms from close-up to wide angle. Argus 870Z zoom projector with forward, reverse, still control. Pistol grip, camera case, lite, 4 batteries, booklet, roll film, 2-yr. free developing certificate, 30x40 in. tripod screen.
ITEM #102—*Shipped Free. No Postage to Pay*.....**149.00**



HUFFY

20-IN. BICYCLES

Your Choice **39.90**

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE

"Dragster" for Boys. Value plus . . . we guarantee it! Racing slick rear tire, hi-rise bars. Front hand caliper and rear coaster brakes.
ITEM #104—*Shipped Free*....**39.90**

"Miss America" for Girls. Greatest buy in America, too! Wicker basket. White sidewall tires, rear coaster brakes and reflector.
ITEM #103—*Shipped Free*...**39.90**

FW FAIRFIELD WILLYS

DECORATOR STYLED POOL TABLES

FOR THE FAMILY FUN YOU'VE BEEN WANTING
PRO TYPE AT NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICES

$179 7-Ft.

How about this value? Solid core thick ¾ in. Sla-Tite® bed, billiard cloth cover, gum rubber cushions. Bed, leg levellers. 2 score counters. Attached tray, 4 cues, 2¼″ balls, accessories shown. *Shipped Free.*
ITEM #110—8-Ft. (51x94x8″ overall, 43x86″ playing surface).**199.00**
ITEM #111—7-Ft. (46x84x8″ overall, 38x76″ playing surface).**179.00**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

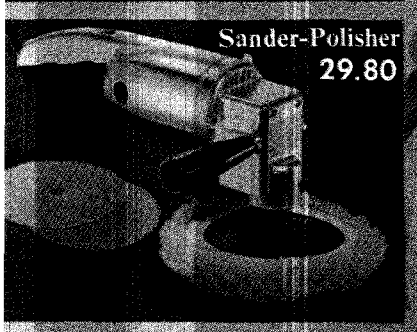
METAL STORAGE BUILDINGS

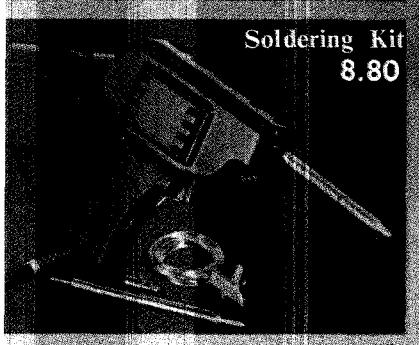
ELECTRO GALVANIZED FINISH IS GUARANTEED 3 FULL YEARS

$75 6x5 ft.

Space at a premium? Not at these prices! Colonial styled with 2 ornamental lanterns. Exterior grade plywood floor, roll-up ramp. Double ribbed steel with overlapping panels. Baked enamel finish. Channeled design doors on nylon runners. Rain gutters. Padlock and key. *Shipped Free.*

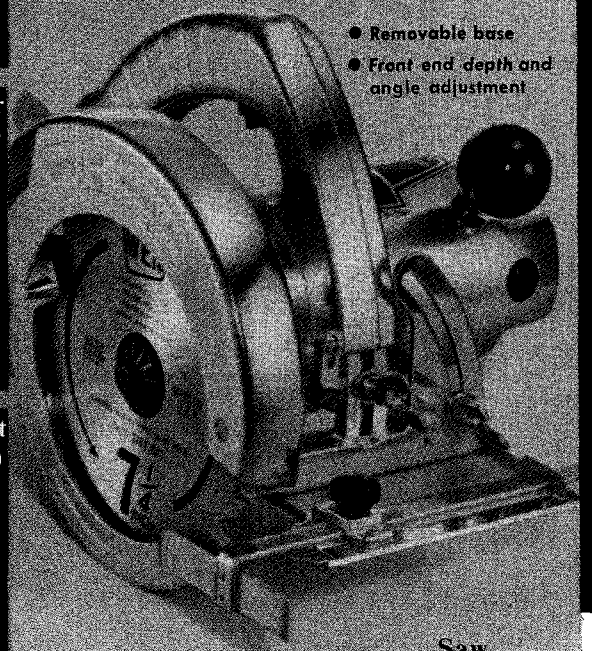
Item No.	Size	Inside Size	Door Opening	Price
#112	6x5′	72x57½x73½″h	34″	75.00
#113	6x7′	72x79½x74″h	34″	95.00
#114	8x7′	93½x79½x74″h	44″	120.00
#115	10x7′	115x79½x74″h	44″	145.00





WEN

WORKSHOP SPECIALS



7¼-in. Contractor's Saw. With $100 features! Heavy duty 2½ hp. Lifetime ball-needle bearings. 5300 rpm no load speed. Cuts 0-2½ in. at 90°, 2x4's at 45°. Rip guide.
ITEM #116—*Shipped Free* . . . **39.80**

Sander. Look, it costs less than $10! Sands 26 sq. in., weighs 3½ lb. Shockproof mount, can't overload.
ITEM #117—*Shipped Free* **9.70**

Sander-Polisher. We surprised even ourselves with this value! ½ hp., 6 amp. burnout-proof motor . . . 1800 rpm, 3400 rpm speeds. 7 in. polishing bonnet, 2 sanding discs.
ITEM #118—*Shipped Free* . . . **29.80**

Soldering Kit. Another big value! 25-100W, 100-200W heat range, cutting attachment, solder and case.
ITEM #119—*Shipped Free* **8.80**

Husky NEW BRITAIN MACHINE CO.

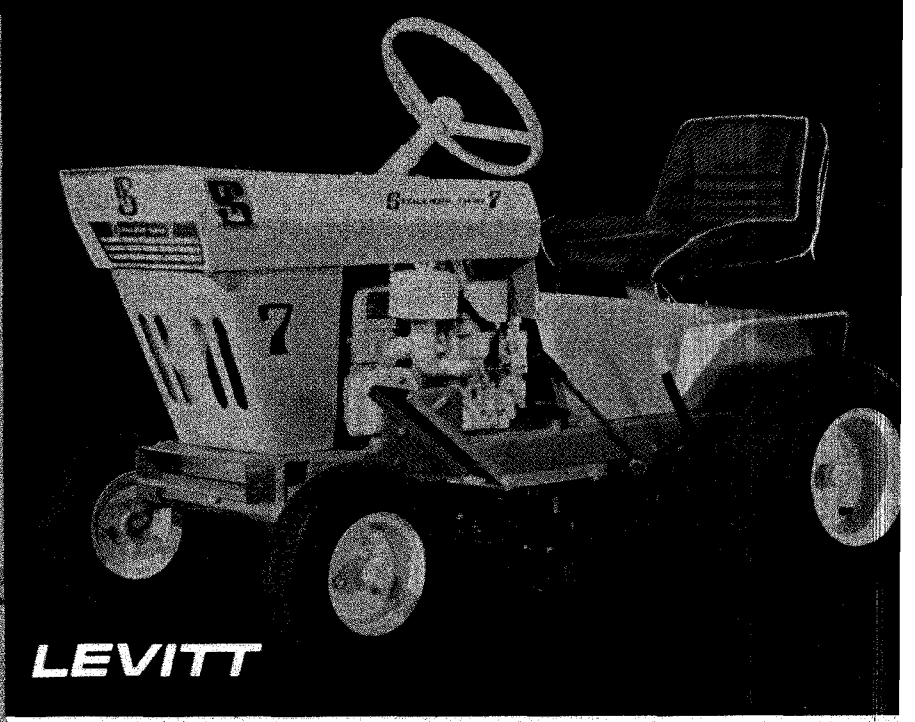
GIANT 116-PC. SOCKET SET

AMERICAN MADE AND LIFETIME GUARANTEED, YOURS AT THIS UNBEATABLE NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE

29.90

You Get: ¼-in. Square Drive Set: 7 chromed alloy steel 6-pt. sockets 3/16-⅜ in. 2 in. extension, 6 in. spinner.
⅜-in. Square Drive Set: 7 chromed alloy steel 12-pt. sockets ⅜-¾ in. ½-⅜ in. reducing adapter. Use ½″ drive tools.
½-in. Square Drive Set: 10 chromed alloy steel 12-pt. sockets 7/16-1 in., 5 in. extension, reversible ratchet, 19 in. speeder.
ALSO: Tool Box, 13/16 in. spark plug socket, 5-pc. open end wrench set, plier wrench, hacksaw with 12 extra blades, 4-pc. punch and chisel set, 10-pc. screw driver set, 18-pc. hex key set, offset screwdriver, 24-pc. ignition wrench set, shop knife and 5 blades.

Do-it-yourselfer? Here's the big value set for you! And we guarantee it 100%! All American made components . . . . all parts lifetime guaranteed. *Shipped Free.*
ITEM #120 . . . . . 29.90



7-HP 7-SPEED TRACTOR-TYPE MOWER

LOOK HOW YOU SAVE! UNBEATABLE LOW PRICE... AND WE SHIP IT TO YOU FREE!

$299

Get this precision built big 7 . . . it costs less than most 6's! Briggs-Stratton recoil start 7-hp, 4-cycle engine. Turbo-Drive 7-speed transmission. 4-to-1 geared steering. Safety blade clutch, brake. Sealed automotive type differential. Knee action front axle. 5 cutting heights 1½-3½ in. Has full floating removable cutting unit. Twin blades cut 30 in. swath. Tractor-type 16, 13 in. tires. Towing hitch. 59″ long, 32″ wide, 30″ high. Meets ASA safety specifications.
ITEM #121—Mower. *Shipped Free. No Shipping to Pay* **299.00**
ITEM #122—Mower with 30x12 in. snow plow. *Shipped Free* . . **359.00**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

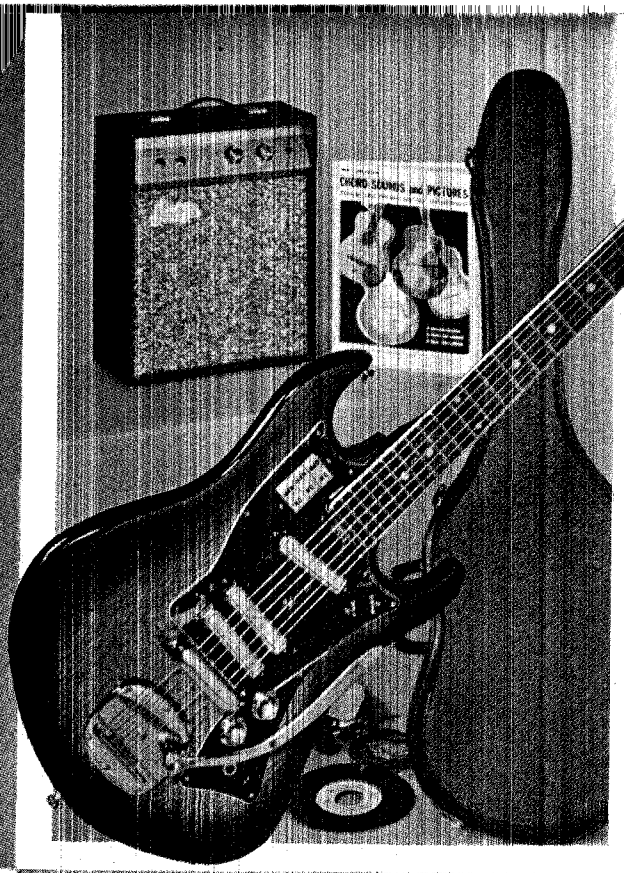
MONO OR STEREO RECORDS

Your Choice 2 for 66 *each in 3's*

SAVE NOW AT NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE

The retail price is $4.75 each . . . need we say more about value? And they're the very latest top hits, too! *Shipped Free to save you more!*
State Item Number for Each Record . . . 3 for 2.98

Item No.		Pick any 3 of these 33⅓ rpm LP's	
Mono	Stereo	Artist	Title
#123A	#124A	The Monkees	Headquarters
#123B	#124B	The Turtles	Happy Together
#123C	#124C	Sergio Mendes	Equinox
#123D	#124D	Claudine Longet	Claudine
#123E	#124E	Bill Cosby	Revenge
#123F	#124F	Eddy Arnold	Best of E. Arnold
#123G	#124G	Roger Williams	Born Free
#123H	#124H	Alpert/Tijuana Brass	Casino Royale
#123J	#124J	Frank Sinatra	The Movie Songs
#123K	#124K	Dean Martin	Happiness Is
#123L	#124L	The Hollies	Greatest Hits
#123M	#124M	The Beach Boys	Best of Beach Boys
#123N	#124N	Ray Charles	Listen
#123P	#124P	Lawrence Welk	Hits of Our Time
#123R	#124R	Eddie Fisher	Greatest Hits
#123S	#124S	Billy Vaughan	Josephine
#123T	#124T	Jefferson Airplane	Surrealistic Pillow



Strum 𝄞 *Drum*

ELECTRIC GUITAR OUTFIT

79.90

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE

We've sold the same outfit for $$ more! 3 pick-up solid body electric guitar with tremolo, 22 frets, 3 rocker switches, 3 volume, 1 tone controls. 10W music power amplifier. Outfit: guitar, amplifier, case, strap, pick, instructions, record. *Shipped Free to save you more!*

ITEM #125—Guitar .59.90
ITEM #126—Outfit . .79.90

Sunbeam CLOCKS

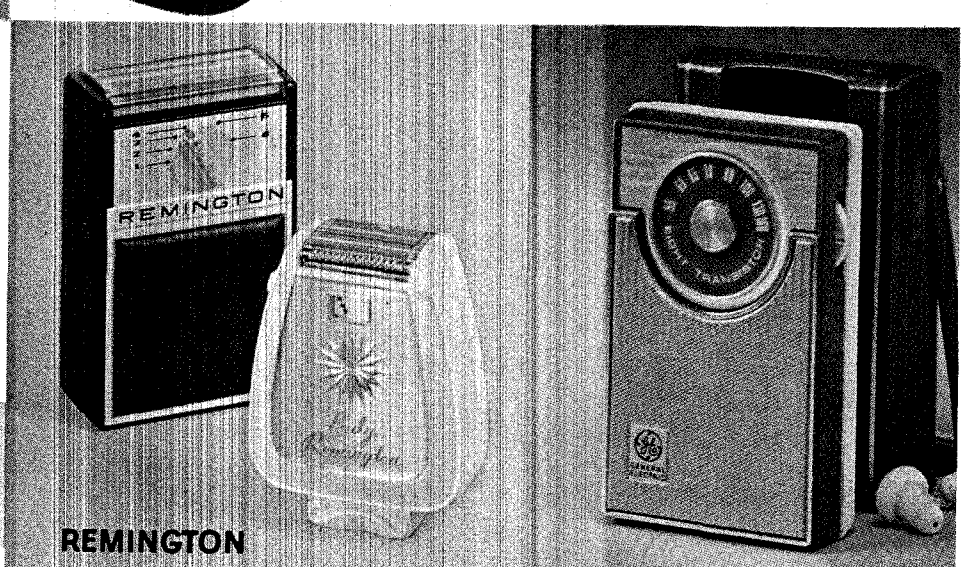
Menu	Wink	Grandfather
$4	7.70	9.90

Menu Kitchen wall electric, 6 in. sq.
ITEM #127—*Shipped Free* . . . 4.00
Wink Electric alarm. Lighted dial.
ITEM #128—*Shipped Free* . . . 7.70
Grandfather. Electric 10⅛" high.
ITEM #129—*Shipped Free* . . . 9.90

LUXURY DESIGNED HAIR DRYER

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE 12.97

The "Fantasy" at a fantastic low price! Dries like a beauty shop model . . . we guarantee you'll be delighted. 4-position heat control. Cap, hose store in light-weight slim-line case. Easily portable!
ITEM #130—*Shipped Free* 12.97



REMINGTON NEWEST ELECTRIC SHAVERS

Men's Shaver	Women's Shaver
14.77	12.97

Selectro for him at he-man savings! Dial 4 positions, sideburn trimmer. Case.
ITEM #131—*Shipped Free* 14.77
Lady Remington priced low! For underarms, legs. State: Rose, Blue, Gold/White.
ITEM #132—*Shipped Free* 12.97

"8-MATE" RADIO

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE 6.99

Unbelievable, but true! Never lower priced. 8 transistors. With battery saver, 30% longer life. Also includes case, battery, earphone. 4½x2¾x1¼ in. size.
ITEM #133—*Shipped Free* . . . 6.99

ELGIN

Your Choice 39.95

Men's 17-Jewel Automatic. Waterproof. Luminous dial. 10K rolled yellow gold case top.
ITEM #134—*Shipped Free* . . . 39.95
Women's 21-Jewel. Expandable bracelet. 10K rolled gold plate case top. State: White, Yellow.
ITEM #135—*Shipped Free* . . . 39.95

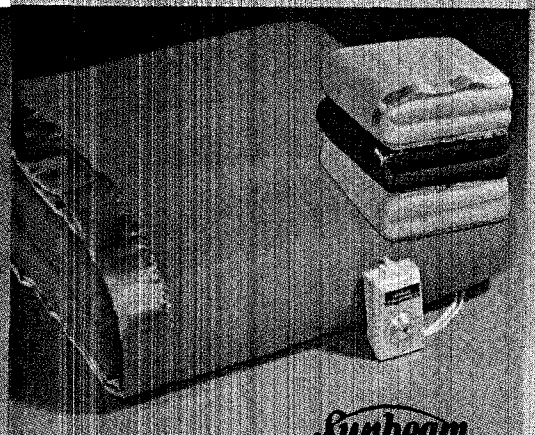
POLAROID SPECIALS

Color Camera Only 39.90

210 for color, black and white.
ITEM #136—Set. *Shipped Free* . . . 49.90
ITEM #137—Camera. *Shipped Free* 39.90

Swinger Camera Only 14.90

Swinger 20 for black and white.
ITEM #138—Set. *Shipped Free* . . . 19.90
ITEM #139—Camera. *Shipped Free* 14.90



Sunbeam

LUXURY AUTOMATIC BLANKETS

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE 12.88 Twin

Hottest buy ever! 70% rayon, 20% cotton, 10% acrylic. 9 heat settings. State: Pink, Blue, Beige, Green. *Shipped Free.*
ITEM #140—Twin, 1-control 60x84" 12.88
ITEM #141—Full, 1-control, 72x84" 16.88
ITEM #142—Full, 2-controls, 82x84" 19.88

UNITED 3-PC. LUGGAGE SET

NEW CUSTOMER LOW PRICE 18.90

Cloud light and priced right! Shapely semi-molded design. Beautiful linings! Includes: 17-in. vanity, 21 in. weekender, 28 in. pullman. State: Red, Charcoal, White or Blue.
ITEM #143—*Shipped Free* . . . 18.90

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.OW THE ARROWS TO YOUR LUCKY NUMBER & ORDER FORM

TRY ANY OF ALDENS SPECTACULAR VALUES ON 30 DAY FREE HOME TRIAL

ANYTHING YOU ORDER IS GUARANTEED 100%

Choose your items now. . .with so many outstanding values, we know you'll find at least one you want to order. If, for any reason, you're not pleased, just return your purchase for a full refund.

2 EASY WAYS TO ORDER...

1. **Enclose payment in full** if you wish. Don't worry about shipping charges... we'll pay for that.
2. **Use Aldens two-way Credit • Bank Plan.** Use it as a 30 Day Charge Account ...pay in full in 30 days and there's no service charge.
   OR...stretch your payments over 2 years. Check table below to see how much you can buy for a small monthly payment.

LOOK HOW CREDIT • BANK WORKS FOR YOU...

Aldens Credit • Bank is a very special personal way to shop on Credit. You can use it as a 30 day charge . . . pay in full in 30 days and there's no service charge at all. OR use it as a convenient monthly payment plan to z-o-o-m your money to giant proportions instantly so you can have all the things you want and need right now . . . all for one low monthly payment, over 2 years to pay. . . . and if you order before November 10th, payment doesn't even begin until January 1968!

THESE ARE ALDENS LOWEST TERMS EVER...

For a Monthly Payment of:	Your Account Balance can be:	For a Monthly Payment of:	Your Account Balance can be:
$ 4	$ 90	$ 8	$210
5	130	9	235
6	155	10	260
7	180	11	285

Same easy terms for amounts over $285.

SERVICE CHARGE. A small service charge of 1½% is added to your Account each month based on amount owing as of last statement (minimum charge **70c**). As your monthly balance decreases, service charge is reduced. No other carrying charges.

INSURANCE. Your new Aldens CREDIT•BANK Account will automatically be protected by CREDIT•GUARD Insurance. Balances up to $3,000.00 are insured at a cost of just **10c** for every $100.00 (or fraction thereof) of your Credit•Bank Account. There's no cost to you on balances of under $27.00. Full facts and a certificate of insurance will be mailed to you upon approval of your Account. This protection is optional and you may cancel it at any time . . . but the cost is so low, no one can afford to be without it.

2 EASY WAYS TO SHOP

By mail . . . just list all the items you want to order on the order blank at right. Detach, fold, seal and return it to Aldens . . . we pay postage.

Use ALDENS FAST FREE JET PHONE SYSTEM

Call This Number FREE

800-621-6010

from anywhere in this country

except Illinois call 800-972-5001
Chicago residents call ES 9-9250

If your local time zone is:	Call during these hours:
Eastern	7 to 11 A.M. or 3 to 11 P.M.
Central	6 to 10 A.M. or 2 to 10 P.M.
Rocky. Mt.	6 to 11 A.M. or 1 to 9 P.M.
Pacific	6 to 11 A.M. or 3 to 8 P.M.

We'd love to take your order. 940 phone lines are ready! First, check your phone book for a local Aldens Catalog store—if not listed, use Alden's FREE Jet Phone System numbers above. Call any day of the week! We'll ship C.O.D. or on credit. For best service please phone during hours indicated for your local time zone.

If not placing an order, please mail your Sweepstakes entry.

DETACH, FOLD, SEAL AND MAIL . . . POSTAGE PAID.

HERE IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER

ORDER HERE!

7556867
NO TWO NUMBERS ALIKE

DON'T WORRY ABOUT SHIPPING CHARGES...WE'LL PAY FOR THAT

TO ALDENS: Please rush me the merchandise listed below, and enter me in your Sweepstakes at the same time.

PRINT NAME_____
First Initial Last

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

ORDER HERE—USE THIS SIMPLE ORDER BLANK

MDSE. NUMBER	COLOR	SIZE	HOW MANY	PRICE EACH	TOTAL

Cash Customers must include State Sales Tax. If ordering on credit, Aldens figures tax for you and adds it on to your account.

Total _____
State Tax _____
Amt. Enc. _____

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED. (Make check or money order payable to Aldens.)

FOLD HERE

FOLD HERE

☐ OPEN MY ALDENS ACCOUNT. I have the option of paying in full in 30 days or making easy monthly payments. Fill-in information below:

SEND NO MONEY. Just give us a few facts about (1) yourself, (2) where you work, (3) where you bank and shop—that's all!

1. CHECK ONE: ☐ Married ☐ Single ☐ Divorced ☐ Widowed ☐ Separated
   CHECK ONE: ☐ Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ Room ☐ Live with parents
   My age is_____ years.
2. Employer or firm_____
   Address of work_____
   Kind of work I do_____
   I have worked for my present employer for_____ years_____ months.
3. My bank is_____ ☐ Savings ☐ Checking
   Name
   _____
   Address City State

FULL NAME AND ADDRESS OF A COMPANY WHERE I HAVE OR HAVE HAD AN ACCOUNT:

_____ _____

Please ship merchandise shown above on your Credit · Bank Plan. I have read and understand the terms and conditions of the Credit · Bank Plan (described at left) and agree to pay for this purchase and any subsequent purchases added to my account under its terms, including service charges and insurance (if any), should I elect to make monthly payments. I understand that I may return this merchandise without question for full credit within 30 days if I'm not satisfied.

SIGN HERE

X_____
HUSBAND'S FIRST NAME, MIDDLE INITIAL, LAST NAME, WIFE'S FIRST NAME.

☐ I don't wish to place an order, but please enter me in your Sweepstakes. (Print name and address above, fold, seal and mail.)

DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE	CH M	
	C S	
	T O T	

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FIRST CLASS
PERMIT
NO. 286
CHICAGO, ILL.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States.

Postage will be paid by

ALDENS

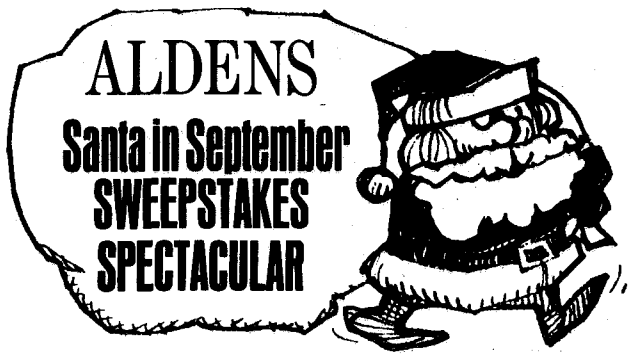
SANTA IN SEPTEMBER
SWEEPSTAKES SPECTACULAR
Box 5362
Chicago, Illinois 60680

FOLD
HERE

DETACH, FOLD, SEAL AND MAIL . . . POSTAGE PAID.

YOURS FREE

This lavish color-bright 450-page catalog of glamorous Holiday fashions, fairy-tale toys and sparkling gifts—sent to you FREE if you place an order now!



GAMBLE ALDENS

. . . A GIANT SHOPPING CENTER IN YOUR MAIL BOX

Aldens has been stretching America's family shopping budgets since 1889 . . . by now we're one of the largest Catalog companies in the nation. But we'll never get so big that we lose the personal touch. Today as always, our proudest asset is our 5,000,000 satisfied customers!

MORE FAMOUS BRAND NAMES THAN ANY OTHER CATALOG COMPANY! Every Aldens catalog is a show-case of nationally advertised brand names—often priced so amazingly low, you just can't believe your eyes! Aldens prices are lower because we buy for millions of families in huge quantities direct from manufacturers . . . and no middleman costs mean bigger savings for you! So shop Aldens—have the best of everything—and save in the bargain!

COMPLETE ASSORTMENTS! Our buyers shop the world over to bring you the newest and best things first. You choose from more styles, sizes and colors than most big city stores even stock.

TOP SPEED SERVICE! Your order follows an amazingly swift path through modern plants with the newest and most efficient equipment. Thousands of experienced people, who have a friendly and personal interest in your order, fill it quickly and accurately. In most cases your order is filled the day it's received.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

We do business only one way—you must be satisfied or we immediately, without question, send your money back—all of it, including return postage.

HERE ARE THE SWEEPSTAKES RULES:

Sweepstakes entries must be mailed to Aldens and postmarked no later than Dec. 1, 1967. Entries received after Dec. 12, 1967, will be disqualified. Purchase is not a qualification for sweepstakes entry. Prize winning numbers have been computer-selected by Computer Applications Inc., an independent organization whose programmed selections are final. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered. Winners will be notified by mail, Jan. 15, 1968, so don't write or call about your entry. Persons living outside the United States and employees of Aldens or its advertising agencies and their families are not eligible. This offer is subject to Federal, State and Local regulations and is void where prohibited by law.

ORDER NOW — by mail or fast, fast ALDENS jet phone system.

ENTER NOW — you may have already won one of the 30,738 fabulous prizes.

ALDENS CREDIT BANK CREDIT GUARD

For a better way of life . . . and a lifetime of family protection

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(*continued from page 44*)

Although this first demonstration was conducted under rigidly controlled conditions, the point had been made, the principle proved. The dream of the days and nights after the *S-51* went down had finally been fulfilled.

To perfect the bell, Momsen continued test after test. Twice he was nearly killed, but he proved that the basic principle of the bell was sound. The design evolved into a chamber that had two compartments, divided by a horizontal bulkhead, equipped with an access hatch. The upper compartment would carry passengers seated on a circle of adjustable ballast cans, each holding 70 pounds of seawater which could be emptied as an equivalent weight of men came on board; it would also have a telephone, lights and fast-action valves for admitting and releasing compressed air. The lower compartment of the diving bell would include the air motor to take in the single down-haul cable.

Before Momsen could put these recommendations into effect himself, he was detached from the Bureau of Construction and Repair to train submariners in using the lung. Meanwhile Lt. Comdr. Allen McCann, who had arrived in Key West while the bell tests were in progress, was assigned to follow through on them.

There is an ugly twist to the story. In his stubborn drive to save submariners, Momsen had stepped on too many toes, reddened too many faces, bypassed too many bureaucratic channels. Even the name "Momsen lung" had been a creation of the press; its official name was the Submarine Escape Appliance. This time no chances would be taken. Although Momsen had conceived of the bell, fought for it and personally pioneered its development, his life on the line much of the way, it was publicly unveiled as the "McCann rescue chamber."

Now, nine years later, Swede Momsen set out for Portsmouth to use his techniques and talent to try to rescue the men in the *Squalus*. It was an unprecedented challenge: Never before had the bell been used in a disaster, nor had submariners ever before been rescued from such a depth.

In Portsmouth at 1:30 P.M. on that 23rd day of May, the tug *Penacook* with Admiral Cole aboard was nosing down the Piscataqua River. An ancient vessel, the best she could normally manage was about seven knots. Cole was handed a radio message with chilling words from the *Sculpin:* CABLE ON MARKER BUOY PARTED. AM ANCHORING OVER SQUALUS POSITION. WAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

Nothing could have been more unexpected—or threatened worse consequences. The marker-buoy cable was, of course, a vital communications link between the *Squalus* and the surface. But beyond that it was the only available guide for a diver in attaching the second cable which the rescue chamber had to have to get to the sunken submarine. Without it days, even weeks, might be spent trying to find the *Squalus;* a diver working on his own in such depths could flounder blindly on the bottom practically next to her and never know it.

"Goddammit," Cole snapped to the

'Can you hear us?' the rescuers asked the sunken sub. 'Yes,' came the reply from the depths.

Penacook's captain, David Ullman, "can't we do any better than this?" Ullman somehow managed to coax a couple of extra knots out of the *Penacook*'s wheezing boiler, but it still took a frustrating hour before the black silhouette of the *Sculpin* could be seen riding sentinel on the horizon, and the better part of another before the *Penacook* at last came alongside her.

Cole ordered Ullman to start dragging for the submarine. "I don't have any time for speeches," the admiral said. "You must find the *Squalus.*"

As the *Penacook* began her lonely sweeps, a Coast Guard patrol plane lumbered in under the cloud blanket and started circling in lazy figure eights, watching for any members of the *Squalus* who might suddenly pop to the surface with Momsen lungs. The problem that Ullman faced is easily duplicated. Toss a fountain pen out of a third-story window, blindfold yourself and fish for the pen from the window with a piece of twine and a bent pin. Time after time the *Penacook*'s makeshift grapple caught hold of something and then slipped free. The Isles of Shoals were aptly named; scattered on the bottom along with the *Squalus* were scores of rotting hulks, some a century or more old.

The lowering clouds had forced the patrol plane to abandon its watch overhead, and a light rain was falling when the *Wandank,* a big, sea-going tug, hove to next to the *Sculpin* at 5:20 P.M. Admiral Cole immediately put her powerful underwater oscillator to work in an attempt to call the *Squalus.* Back through the ocean depths came the feeble sound of hammer taps. A few minutes later, just as the *Penacook* was starting another swing, a rocket from the *Squalus* burst above the surface. It was at best a general guide. Even more maddening for Ullman, it exploded over an area he had already covered twice. It was 7:30, in the gathering darkness, when the *Penacook* finally snagged something almost on a direct line between the buoys marking the search area; this time the big iron hook held.

No one item of news dominated the headlines on the morning of May 23, 1939. In Berlin, with Hitler looking on, Germany and Italy signed a 10-year pact to "remake" Europe, but this simply confirmed what everybody had been expecting. In Washington President Roosevelt denounced critics of the New Deal who said it was hurting small business. In baseball a young center fielder for the New York Yankees named Joe DiMaggio was headed for his first batting championship. Rudy Vallee was appearing at the Astor Roof on Times Square, and the movie *Wuthering Heights* with the English actor Laurence Olivier was in its sixth smash week at the Roxy. The story that seemed likely to attract the most national attention was an industry-wide automobile strike. Some 65,000 auto workers had already left their jobs.

Then every editor in the country forgot about the walkout. The first bulletin flashed over the Associated Press wire just after 2 P.M., in time to catch late editions of the evening newspapers in the East: SUBMARINE SQUALUS DOWN OFF NEW ENGLAND COAST.

Pioneer CBS News correspondent Robert Trout was in a Manhattan studio rehearsing a featured spot he had on the Hal Kemp *Time to Shine* show. Right in the middle of it he was called by the network's Director of Special Events and ordered to Newark Airport where he was to hop on an amphibian CBS had chartered. Trout dashed out of the studio while the program's outraged advertising agency man chased after him shouting desperately, "You can't do this to me!"

Two marines had taken up guard duty outside Captain Greenlee's red-brick residence on the crest of a small hill some 50 yards behind the administration building at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. After Greenlee's son Bob brought his sister Betty Patterson and Mrs. Naquin there in response to his father's telephone call, Greenlee himself had rushed home to speak to them briefly before boarding the *Penacook* with Admiral Cole.

"We're still not sure what went wrong," he said. "The *Squalus* is in trouble and probably on the bottom. But there's every reason to believe that Pat and Oliver are all right. Just a few minutes ago the *Sculpin* reported sighting a smoke bomb, and under the circumstances that's the best news we could have."

After he left, Bob Greenlee went off to round up the other wives of the *Squalus* officers, who were supposed to attend the bridge luncheon for their *Sculpin* counterparts. Inside the house Betty Patterson quietly embraced her mother and said, "I've got to call Pat's parents. My God, what am I going to tell them?"

As the call was being put through, Frances Naquin stared blankly out of a window. All she could think of now was driving down to the mouth of the Piscataqua with her two children the previous evening to visit the overnight anchorage of the *Squalus,* and not being able to wave to her husband because the rain had hidden her.

About a third of the *Squalus* crewmen had installed their wives and families in apartments or rented bungalows behind the fine old colonial homes that dotted Portsmouth and its sister city of Kittery, Maine, across the Piscataqua. Rumors of what had happened spread quickly through the close-knit Navy community, and before official word reached many of them, grim-faced women were streaming over the bridge that connected Kittery to the Navy Yard proper.

In the brief conversation the *Sculpin* held with the *Squalus* before the marker-buoy cable snapped, there had been no specific mention of any casualties. When nothing more was heard on the subject through the afternoon, Portsmouth simply presumed that all hands on the sunken submarine were alive.

Most of the women, relieved of their greatest fear, at least temporarily, took their cue from Mrs. Lawrence Gainor, wife of the chief electrician's mate who had disconnected the forward battery switches as the *Squalus* plunged to the bottom. "He's been in scrapes before," she said. "He'll be all right."

Inside the *Squalus* the worst part was the damp, gnawing cold. And the waiting. It was dark in the two crowded compartments—18 men in the control room; 15 more in the forward torpedo room—except for the dim glow of the hand lanterns.

Beneath soggy blankets the men huddled together on mattresses or directly on the linoleum deck; others sat with their backs against the bulkheads, their knees drawn up under their chins. Many of them were still wet from the first onrush of the sea. Nobody talked. They moved as little as possible. Occasionally there was a cough, a sudden sneeze or the incoherent moan of a man drugged into half sleep by the fouled air. Near each of them was a Momsen lung in case some new emergency forced a quick exit from the ship, or to don as masks if chlorine gas started seeping in from the forward battery.

The stoicism of his men greatly affected Naquin. Not once had there been a sign of fear, a complaint about the cold, a wail of impatience or despair. Instinctively they shared their blankets in the packed floor space or lay in each other's arms to try to keep warm. It suddenly occurred to Naquin that he was witnessing a phenomenon usually associated with hackneyed Sunday sermons—"brotherly love."

At 4:30 P.M. Naquin went to the forward torpedo room to confer with Nichols. In his earlier instructions to the young officer, Naquin had told him to relay over the marker-buoy phone his suspicion that the main engine air-induction valve was the cause of their trouble. He also told Nichols to recommend that divers be sent down to close the valve and attach lines to pump out the flooded compartments. But in the uncertain moments following the loss of voice communication with the *Sculpin,* Naquin forgot to find out if Nichols had had time to pass on the message before he took the phone himself. Now, to his satisfaction, he learned that his directions had been carried out to the letter; after thinking about it all afternoon he believed it a much better plan than relying on the rescue chamber.

At 4:45 carbon dioxide absorbent was spread in both compartments. For the first time the submarine's oxygen flasks were bled to improve the air. Then, as the *Squalus* went into her ninth hour on the bottom, a supper of canned beans, tomatoes and pineapple was ladled out.

A few minutes later the pulsing beat of powerful new screws reached the *Squalus.* At precisely 5:21, according to Francis Murphy's log, the shrill ping of an oscillator identified the new arrival as the *Wandank* and requested acknowledgment. The reply in Morse code fell to Radioman 1/c Arthur Booth and Signalman 2/c Warren Smith. Setting themselves inside the conning tower, they peeled back part of its cork lining and took turns pounding

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against the steel skin of the *Squalus* with small sledge hammers, one stroke for a dot and two for a dash. Inside the submarine the sound of the hammer blows was deafening. But could they be picked up on the surface?

A hush spread through the *Squalus*. Five minutes passed, then 10 more. After 20 minutes Naquin said, "Cravens, send up a rocket." Still there was nothing. Suddenly the silence in the control room was broken by a half-stifled cry. Ever since supper, Seaman 2/c Robert Washburn had been trying to fight off an attack of chills. The young sailor, on board his first submarine, had started the day with a bad cold. Then he had been thoroughly soaked escaping from the after battery. Now he could no longer hold out; his teeth began to chatter uncontrollably, and his body was racked by violent shivering.

Naquin was at his side at once. He whipped off his foul-weather jacket and put it around Washburn's shoulders. Pharmacist's Mate 1/c Raymond O'Hara was right behind Naquin. He placed his blanket over the young seaman, got a slicker from another man and then held Washburn tightly to him. That was all O'Hara could do except whisper, "Take it easy, kid, you'll be OK."

At 6:04 P.M. the *Wandank*'s oscillator started up again. But the message failed to resolve the question of whether the hammer taps were getting to the surface. "Can you hear us?" the *Wandank* asked.

In the conning tower Warren Smith pounded back, "Yes."

Fifteen minutes dragged by without anything further from the *Wandank*, and Naquin, concerned that there had been no reaction to his plan for raising the *Squalus*, decided to try a message of his own. Smith and Booth, alternating on each word, beat it out: "Will you apply salvage air to compartments abaft control room? We have air for ballast tanks."

But the *Wandank*'s next set of signals left Naquin as nonplussed as ever. They bore no relation to his query, and he could only assume that the *Squalus* was just too far down for hammering on the hull to be effective. "How many officers and crew in unflooded compartments?" the *Wandank* now wanted to know. "Are you taking water in those compartments?"

With little hope that it would do much good, Naquin dictated a terse reply: "Thirty-three; negative." What made the whole thing all the more infuriating was the beautiful clarity of the *Wandank*'s signals. Naquin felt like a man in a nightmare standing on a busy street corner while throngs of people pass by, oblivious to his shouts.

Then, as the clang of the hammers died away in the vastness of the North Atlantic, the news came that two-way communications, however tenuous, had been established at last. "We can hear your hammering," the *Wandank* reported, "but very weak. Send each word three times." The ragged cheer inside the submarine quickly subsided as the *Wandank* continued signaling: "What degree list?"

Naquin kept his answer as brief as he could: "No list, but 11 degree angle up by bow." Even so, it took Smith and Booth half an hour to send it. As Smith completed the last word for the third time, he found himself, despite the cold, bathed in a clammy sweat. Then he threw up.

Naquin called both men back into the control room. The job would be continued by Radioman 2/c Charles Powell and Signalman 3/c Theodore Jacobs in the forward torpedo room.

Five minutes later, at 7:30, Naquin became vaguely aware that there was a change in their situation. It took him a minute more to put his finger on it. The dull throb of the *Penacook*'s propellers had suddenly ceased. There was only one explanation that he could think of. The tug had hooked the *Squalus*—or thought she had.

Naquin anxiously awaited some confirmation of this. But when none was forthcoming by eight o'clock, he instructed Powell and Jacobs to bang out, "Have you located us?" There was no answer. At 8:30 Naquin tried again. "What are plans on surface?"

To his dismay, however, all he got was another query, this one requesting a description of current conditions on board the *Squalus*. Just four words long and directed as much to his own men as to the surface, Naquin's reply—"Conditions satisfactory but cold"—would electrify millions of morning newspaper readers, who were still under the mistaken impression that the entire crew had thus far been spared.

Then at 9:10 the *Wandank*'s oscillator unexpectedly relayed what Naquin had been striving to find out ever since the *Penacook* stopped passing back and forth overhead: "Believe have grapnel attached your ship."

As the evening wore on, speculation among the reporters at Portsmouth began to center increasingly on the flooded after sections of the *Squalus*. They kept after Lt. Cmdr. John Curley, Admiral Cole's aide, who had stayed behind to coordinate communications. Curley continued to insist—the truth as he knew it—that there was no indication that any of the trapped crewmen were dead. But under persistent questioning, Curley acknowledged that he could not swear that every last man on board the submarine had made it safely into watertight compartments.

At midnight four Boston newsmen determined to settle the matter. Despite the weather, they hired a Kittery lobsterman to take them to the disaster scene. It was a trip none of them would ever forget. Within minutes after leaving the Piscataqua, as their open boat careened crazily in a six-foot chop, they were drenched and hideously seasick. It took three hours to complete the 15-mile trip, and when they finally drew as close as they dared to what turned out to be the *Wandank*, Harry Crockett of the Associated Press grabbed a megaphone and shouted to a shadowy figure he spied on deck, "How many are dead down below?"

Back came the call that 26 of the crew had been caught in the after compartments and were believed lost.

If anything, the return trip was worse, the seas running so high that Crockett was suddenly sent sprawling, his right hand slashed to the bone by a big lobsterman's hook. The reporters tottered ashore at the Navy Yard just after daybreak, Crockett bleeding badly. But he refused any treatment until he finished telephoning the story to his home office.

Only then did the *Squalus* women learn that some of their men would

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never come back. Now the question was: which ones?

With news-camera flashbulbs popping off around him, Swede Momsen boarded a Coast Guard cutter at the Portsmouth Navy Yard for the last leg of the trip from Washington. The rain that had been falling intermittently since late afternoon had started again, and he shivered in the New England chill. He realized suddenly that all the clothes he had with him were his light cotton suit and the now-bedraggled Panama hat he had sported to work that morning. Somebody on the cutter thought to give him a foul-weather coat.

Gradually a strange glow appeared through the misty rain. The scene grew even weirder as the cutter closed in. Riding at anchor in a rough circle some 300 yards across were the *Sculpin* and the tugs *Wandank*, *Penacook* and *Chandler*. Every searchlight they had was flooding the area in and around a wooden grating to which the *Penacook* had tied her dragline. Around this perimeter two Coast Guard patrol boats, the *158* and *409*, slowly churned, their lights playing back and forth over the black, white-tipped waves, alert for any of the *Squalus* crew surfacing without warning with the lung.

Momsen transferred to the *Sculpin* at 10:45 P.M. In the wardroom he was warmly greeted by Admiral Cole. "Swede," he said, "I want you to take charge of all diving operations."

Then Cole brought up Naquin's plan of pumping out the flooded after sections of the *Squalus*. The idea had sounded so appealing that it had been released to the press at Portsmouth as a rescue method under prime consideration. As the latest addition to Cole's rescue team—although he had in effect just been given direct responsibility for getting the trapped crew out—Momsen demurred as diplomatically as he could. While an open main-induction valve seemed likely, it was by no means a sure bet at this point. More important, linking up the necessary salvage lines was a good deal easier to talk about than do. Momsen was a qualified deep-sea diver himself, and he knew from experience exactly how a man's mental processes, supported by oxygen alone, would be reduced to an almost childlike state working in the fearful pressure of the ocean at a depth of 243 feet. And then there was no assurance that all the flooded compartments could be cleared, that sufficient air under pressure could be pumped in that far down, that the *Squalus* could then be quickly raised.

"Admiral," Momsen explained to Cole, "that has always been the problem. We never seem to have submarine disasters made to order in convenient locations. Those men are either going to come up themselves or we'll have to go down after them."

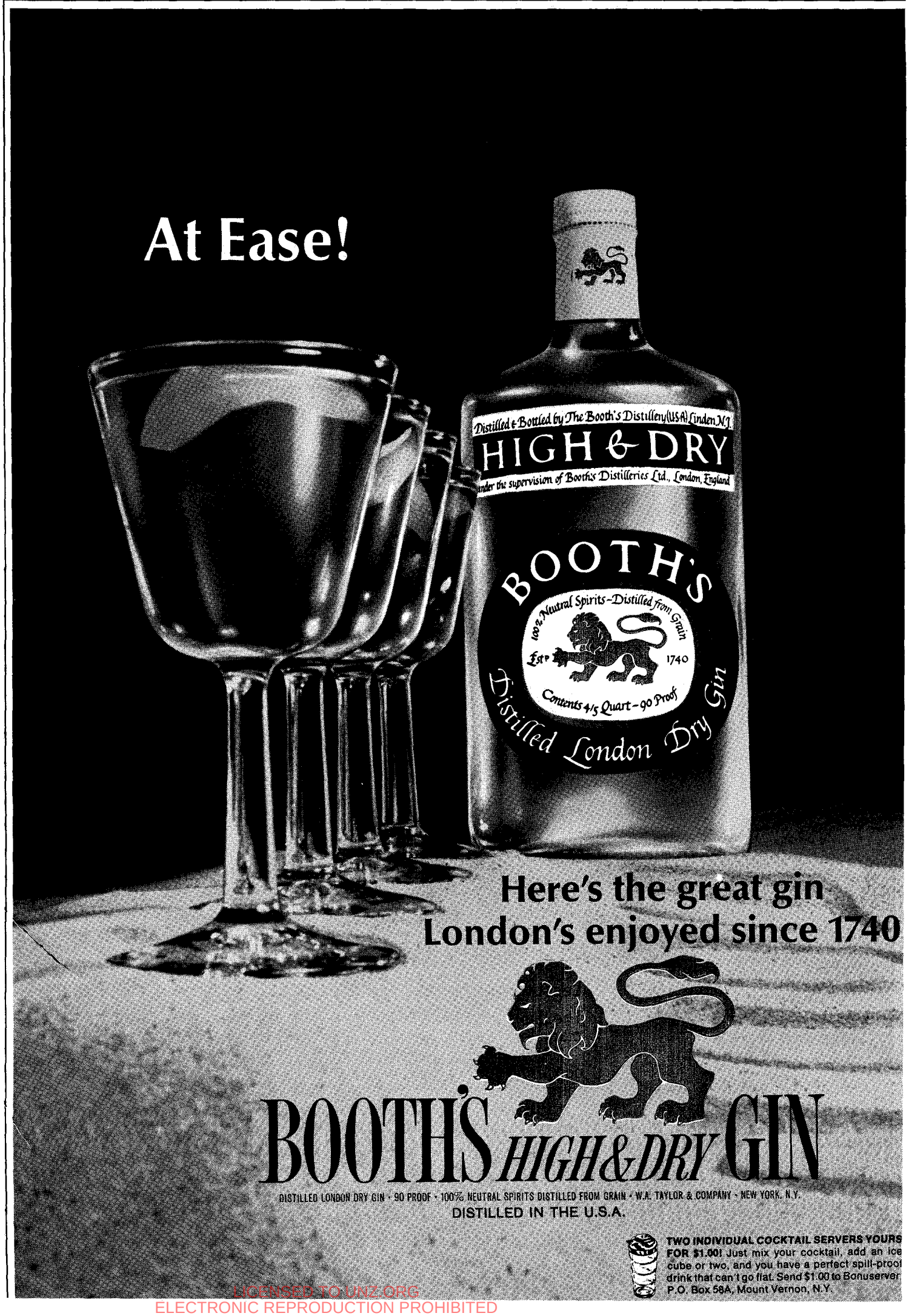
Inside the *Squalus* those drugged into fitful sleep were the fortunate ones. The cold had now become almost unbearable. Huddled under a blanket in the forward torpedo room, Machinist's Mate 1/c Charles Yuhas stuck out a hand to flex his fingers and quickly withdrew it; in a matter of seconds he could feel it getting numb.

At 1:55 A.M. on the morning of May 24, the *Squalus* crew learned via the *Wandank* that Momsen was now up there. The name alone gave the men heart when they needed it most.

Still, a quiet defiance had never deserted them. For Pharmacist's Mate O'Hara not only was the *Squalus* his first submarine but he had been on board her a total of only 12 days. Under his watchful eye, young Washburn, who had been so severely seized by chills earlier in the evening, had at last fallen into a feverish sleep. Afterward Machinist's Mate 2/c Gavin Coyne, a strapping six-footer who had served in submarines for 19 years, nudged O'Hara and said, "Sorry you switched to pigboats?"

"Don't bet on it!" O'Hara replied.

In the control room, Machinist's Mate 2/c Alfred Prien was consumed by a single thought. Almost as if he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were facing a ghostly band of inquisitors standing beyond the shadows of the dim lantern light, he kept insisting in the privacy of his mind, "I closed the main induction valve. I pulled the lever as far as it could go. It stayed there. I checked the control board. None of the lights showed there was any trouble with the valves. They remained green until the whole board went out." As soon as the *Squalus* went down, Prein had slipped a locking bar through the lever to hold it in a closed position. During supper, when there was a chance to move around a little, he glanced quickly at the lever to prove to himself that he was not dreaming it all up. "See," Prien wanted to shout, "it's closed!"

In the cold dark one man came to a sober decision. Machinist's Mate 2/c Carlton Powell was as confident as anybody that every attempt would be made to get them out. But suppose help did arrive too late and the *Squalus*, like the *S-51* and the *S-4*, was eventually raised out of the depths as nothing more than a grotesque coffin for him and the others? Powell, who had unquestioningly stayed at his lonely post in the pump room throughout the awful plunge, was not a person easily rattled. He had to face up, however, to the possibility that these might indeed be his final hours on earth. If they were, he wanted to set things right. So Powell dug through his pockets for a piece of paper to make out a last will and testament leaving all his worldly possessions to his wife. He paused, thinking how to begin, before he started to write: "I, Carlton B. Powell, being of sound mind and body . . ."

In the bleak gray dawn, the sky still ominously overcast, Momsen watched from the bridge of the *Sculpin* as the *Falcon* arrived from New London, bringing the rescue chamber. Surface conditions could hardly have been worse. Driven by a stiff wind, a heavy swell had suddenly developed, crested by a vicious chop. Rain squalls swept in periodically, reducing visibility at times to zero.

Lt. George Sharp had to anchor the *Falcon* securely over the presumed location of the *Squalus*, positioning the vessel so that it would not roll excessively. Sharp began at 4:30 A.M. The weather was so bad that even with the help of the *Wandank*, the maneuver was not completed until 9:45.

Swede Momsen, meanwhile, was preoccupied with preparations of his own. Just before the *Falcon* showed up, his experimental diving unit—12 men in all—had boarded the *Sculpin*. Along with them had come Commander McCann, for whom the rescue chamber had been named, to serve as a technical aide on Admiral Cole's rescue staff. Momsen welcomed him cordially, holding him in no way personally responsible for what had happened with the naming of the rescue bell.

Now, with the *Falcon* in position at last, the stage was set. The first diver to go down was a husky boatswain's mate named Martin Sibitsky. Standing on his diving platform, Sibitsky was lowered into the sea, deckhands on every ship around the *Falcon* silently lining the rails, the Coast Guard cutter *Thetis* in from Portsmouth jammed with newsmen, the sun poking through the clouds. At 10:14 A.M. he started his slide along the *Penacook*'s dragline.

Momsen kept in constant touch with him by phone. On air alone, without the revolutionary helium and oxygen breathing mixtures that Momsen was just developing, anything could happen at these depths, even to the most experienced diver. Under extreme pressure, the excess nitrogen being forced into the bloodstream was capable of causing all sorts of aberrations. One man could suddenly feel gloriously drunk, another become morose, some pass out completely. No man felt normal. Every act demanded intense concentration. A diver soon found that he had to repeat aloud to himself over and over again even the most elementary instructions given him.

As Sibitsky reached the depth of 150 feet, Momsen called down to him, "Skee, how are you?"

"I'm OK," he said. "No problems."

At 200 feet he reported that he was still fine and that the sunrays filtering through the water made visibility better than expected. He also notified Momsen that the dragline had turned sharply down. Whatever it led to was not far away.

Then he saw her, or part of her—the great dim bulk of the *Squalus* slowly taking form out of the darkness of the North Atlantic floor below him.

On the *Falcon*, Momsen heard Sibitsky say, "I see the submarine." A moment later he reported, "I am on her deck."

"Where are you on her?" Momsen asked. "What do you see?"

"Just a minute and I'll tell you. Wait, I see the windlass. It is right in front of me. I am on the bow."

Slowly and deliberately, Momsen asked, "Skee, can you see the hatch?"

On the deck of the *Squalus*, Sibitsky turned around. "Yes, I can see the hatch," he said. "It's right here." By some miracle, the *Penacook* not only had found the *Squalus* but had snagged her port railing less than 10 feet from the escape hatch the rescue chamber would have to use.

As Sibitsky went toward the hatch, Momsen's old insistence that a diver had to go down to prepare any rescue operation, that it just couldn't be done blindly from the surface, was never more justified. Sibitsky spied a section of the broken marker-buoy cable lying directly across the hatch which would have blocked the seal the chamber had to make. He leaned forward and pushed it aside, even this seemingly simple act requiring enormous exertion. Then he notified Momsen, "I am on the hatch."

Momsen immediately told him that he would lower the hauling cable for the rescue chamber. While Sibitsky waited, he stamped his diving shoes with their heavy lead soles to let the trapped crew know he was there. Inside the forward torpedo room, the men heard every ponderous bang.

Seconds later Sibitsky saw the cable glide into view, stop and dangle in front of his stomach. Like a man in a slow-motion film, he put his hand out to grab it—and missed. "Jesus Christ!" he shouted frantically. "I've lost it!"

Momsen heard the rising panic in Sibitsky's voice. "It's OK, Skee," he reassured him over the phone. "Don't worry about a thing. That was our fault. We'll get it right back to you."

Again the cable came down. "Yes, I see it now," Sibitsky said. "I see it!"

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This time he caught it. Leaning forward until he was nearly prone on the deck of the *Squalus*, he connected the shackle to a ring in the middle of the escape hatch and reported that he was ready to come up.

It was 10:39. Sibitsky had spent 22 minutes on the *Squalus*. It took another 45 minutes to pull him up in easy stages to prevent an onslaught of the bends. Only then did the cold hit him through his suit. For the 30-year-old boatswain's mate it was a magnificent display of endurance and skill. As he was hoisted aboard the *Falcon* and rushed into her decompression chamber, Momsen gave him the Navy's traditional accolade: "Well done!"

At 11:30 the rescue chamber, or diving bell, was lowered into the water. Two minutes later the crewmen, Torpedoman 1/c John Mihalowski and Gunner's Mate 1/c Walter Harmon, announced that they were ready for the descent. "Go on down," Momsen told them. The air motor was turned on, and the reel started winding in the down-haul cable that Sibitsky had attached to the *Squalus*. The chamber crept along the surface like a huge water bug for perhaps 100 feet. Then, blowing ballast while the lower compartment was flooded, it gradually sank from sight.

Inside the *Squalus* Naquin listened to the *Wandank*'s signal that the chamber was descending and that seven men would make the first trip. Over the battle phone, he instructed Nichols to pick the five men he felt to be in the worst shape. Harold Preble, the civilian, would also go, and so would Nichols. Naquin wanted an officer on the surface for consultation if necessary. He and the rest of the men in the control room would stay put until the first group was out of the submarine. Moving into the forward torpedo room was a temptation, but it would simply overcrowd the space and create confusion.

At 150 feet, 30 minutes into the descent, the rescue chamber paused. There was some trouble with the air vent lowering the pressure in the bottom compartment to maintain proper flooding and buoyancy. Three minutes later flooding commenced again. Harmon continued to sing out their progress until at last, peering intently through the chamber's porthole, he reported, "Submarine in sight."

At 12:12 P.M. the rescue chamber settled on the flat collar surrounding the escape hatch. Now the process that had begun on the surface was reversed. With Harmon and Mihalowski still in the normal atmospheric pressure of the upper compartment, the main ballast tank was filled while the lower compartment was emptied and the rubber gasket sealed to the collar under the enormous force of the ocean.

At 12:27 Harmon reported, "Seal completed." Mihalowski swung open the hatch dividing the chamber's two compartments and dropped into the lower one where, as usual, some water remained. First he attached the four steel bolts to rings around the hatch as a safety measure. Then he opened the hatch itself.

Up above, over the phone, Swede Momsen heard it fall with a dull thud against the side of the chamber. "When I did," he later wrote, "I experienced a thrill I cannot possibly describe, and I wonder whether any man ever could."

For a moment, however, he froze. "Upper submarine hatch open," Harmon notified him, "but no answer from submarine." What happened was that Nichols had kept the hatch at the other end of the escape tube closed until a drainage pipe siphoned off about a barrelful of excess water. That done, he ordered the hatch opened.

Mihalowski, looking down, could barely distinguish the pale faces staring back up at him in the dim light. There were *no* shouts, *no* cheers. Mihalowski himself was at a loss for words. "Well," he finally said, "we're here. I'm passing down soup, coffee and sandwiches." That broke the ice. "What, no napkins?" he heard someone call to him. Somebody added, "Say, where the hell have you guys been?"

To go with him and Preble on this first ascent, Nichols had selected Isaacs and Fireman 2/C Roland Blanchard, the last two men to flee from the after battery during the desperate seconds before Lloyd Maness shut the control-room door. Next were Electrician 2/c Gerald McLees and Yuhas, both of whom seemed particularly affected by the cold. The fifth man would be Jacobs, who continued to vomit following his exhausting job of hammering on the hull in the night.

One by one Mihalowski and Harmon helped them into the upper compartment of the chamber. After they were in, Mihalowski ran down an air hose and ventilated the forward torpedo room. At 12:56 Harmon announced, "Submarine hatch closed. Ready to come up."

Momsen ordered 1,000 pounds of ballast dumped from the auxiliary cans to maintain positive buoyancy against the added weight of the seven passengers. Then he said over the phone, "Unbolt. Flood lower compartment. Blow main ballast tank."

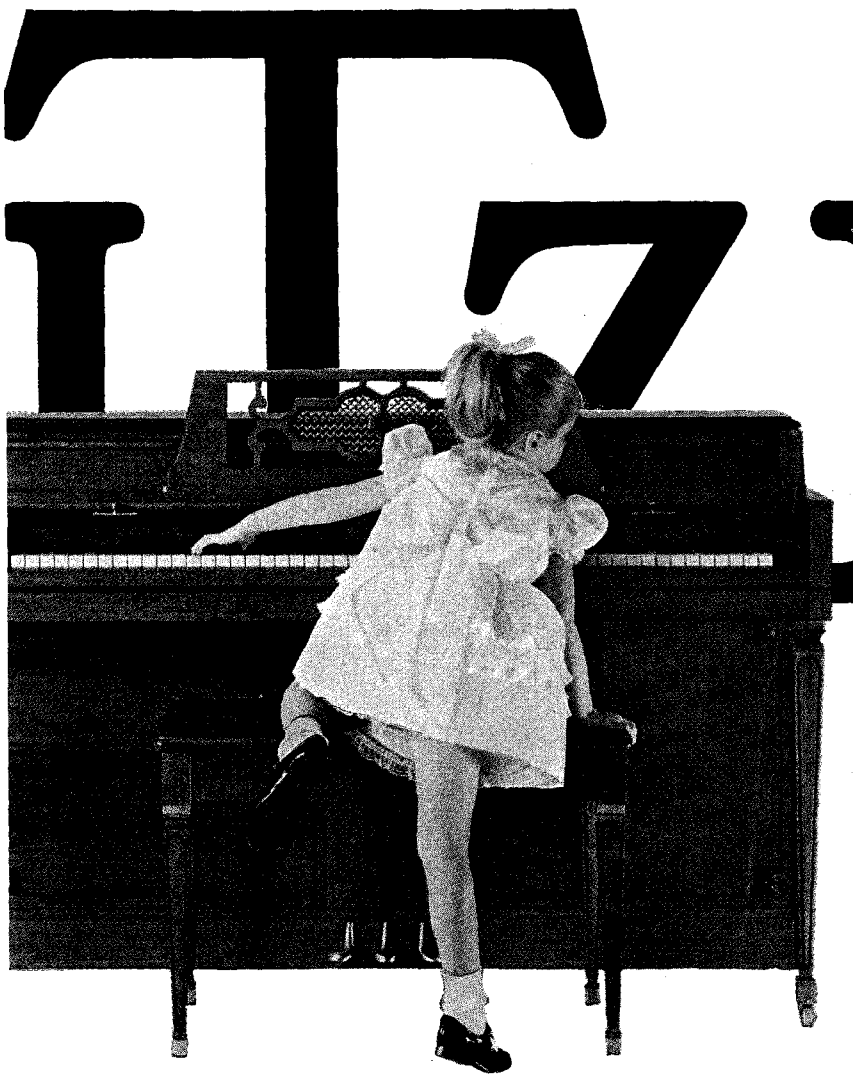
Fourteen minutes later Harmon reported, "Seal broken. Coming up."

The chamber rose slowly, its air motor chugging away in reverse, the reel unwinding the cable hooked to the hatch cover on the *Squalus*. The seven survivors, dazed, said little. As the chamber neared the surface, it could be seen by correspondents in a half-dozen planes circling low over the sea. With about 30 feet to go, it looked to a New York *Daily News* reporter in one of the planes like a "great green blob." Then, suddenly, it broke through the slight swell, less than 15 feet from the *Falcon*. Boat hooks quickly pulled it alongside, and two sailors scrambled down to open the hatch. The time was 1:42.

Nichols was the first to stick his head out. A cheer went up from all the ships in the little fleet surrounding him. He blinked in the sunlight and faltered briefly as the ocean air hit his lungs. A dozen hands helped him stumble onto the *Falcon*.

For Momsen it was the culmination of his dogged efforts against the skeptics and thwarters, the result of all his work and planning to meet a hundred imaginary disasters. Cmdr. Andrew McKee, an officer on Admiral Cole's staff who had been involved in many of his early experiments, asked him how he felt. "Numb," Momsen replied.

Something else came up on this initial trip, a roster Nichols carried with



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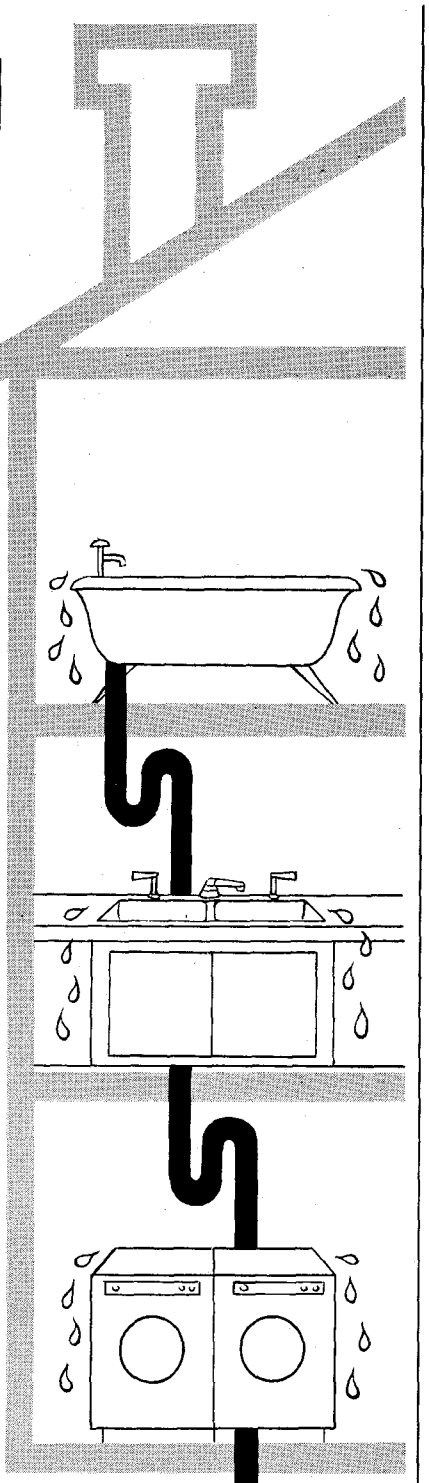

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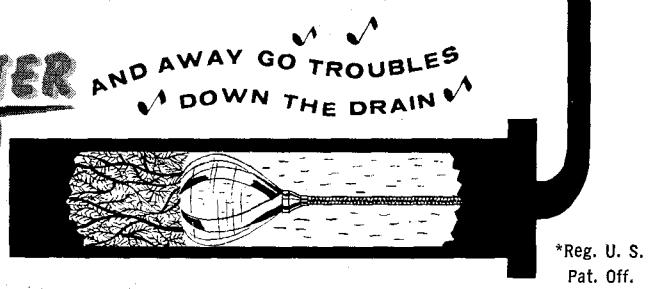

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the names of the men known to have survived. When they were relayed at once to Portsmouth, the common bond that had united the *Squalus* women in the belief that all their men were still alive disintegrated.

Earlier that morning pretty red-haired Evelyn Powell, wife of the machinist's mate who had written his will, rushed into the administration building and cried, "I can't stand this waiting much longer!" All anyone could tell her was to come back in an hour. Maybe then there would be some news. Mrs. Powell was just returning once more when she heard his name listed among the living. Tears streamed down her face. "I had almost given up hope," she sobbed. "This is the most wonderful thing in the world."

Betty Patterson, the wife of the young officer drowned in the aft compartments, remained in seclusion in her father's house. Ensign Patterson's parents, flying in from Oklahoma, would learn of his apparent fate during a stopover their plane made in Chicago.

One woman who refused to give up hope was Ruth Desautel. She was to have been married to Torpedoman 1/c Sherman Shirley while Lloyd Maness acted as best man. "He's too good a guy to be trapped like that," she insisted to a gathering of newsmen in nearby Dover after they had discovered her wedding date was only five days away. "I won't give up hope until I am officially notified of his death."

Somehow the names on the list Nichols had brought up with him did not include a seaman first class named William Boulton. His wife, Rita, collapsed when she heard that he was "probably dead." Not for five hours would she learn that he was alive. Then she collapsed all over again.

As soon as the rescue chamber rose from the *Squalus* with its first load, Naquin prepared to quit the control room. "Are any of you too weak to make it on your own?" he asked. When nobody spoke up, he took another precaution. By now the amount of chlorine gas in the forward battery was dangerously high, and he ordered each man to rig his Momsen lung for use while passing through it. Over the battle phone he also instructed the eight men left in the forward torpedo room to put their lungs on until the transfer was completed. Then Lt. (j.g.) Robert Robertson cracked the forward battery door, and the men in the control room started moving out in single file.

Naquin was the last to leave. In the forward battery he paused in the passageway to open the hatch leading down to the batteries themselves. Just as he had suspected, his hand lantern picked up a thick greenish-yellow cloud swirling toward him, and he hastily shut the hatch against it.

In the forward torpedo room they all hungrily gulped the fresh air vented in from the rescue chamber. But despite this and the coffee and soup, the cold came at them again, and they huddled together as before in a pathetic attempt to keep warm.

On the second trip the barest hint of trouble developed. The clutch for the down-haul cable reel refused to engage, and the chamber had to be lifted partially out of the sea to reach it. Only a couple of minutes were required to engage it manually, however, and the descent continued without further incident. Shortly after three o'clock that afternoon the bell's operators announced, "Holding bolts on. Opening submarine hatch."

Naquin had already determined that he would send up the four remaining men—Washburn, Boulton, Bland and O'Hara—who had fought their way out of the after battery. As for the others, there didn't seem to be any obvious choice. Even so, the incredible discipline of the *Squalus* crew held. Not one man tried to catch Naquin's eye, to push himself forward, to claim special need.

Before the lower hatch was closed, Chief Machinist William Badders called down a cheery, "Don't worry, fellows, we'll be right back." But it would not be quite that simple. When the chamber finally appeared on the surface, Momsen faced an unexpected—and bitter—decision. It rode so heavily in the water that the eight passengers he had scheduled to be brought up this time apparently represented the limit the chamber could safely carry.

This meant—with 18 men still in the forward torpedo room—the extra trip he had hoped to avoid. As if to confirm his foreboding, the sky was clouding over once more, the wind building, the bleak North Atlantic starting to kick up. A dozen things might happen if the weather got rougher. Suppose the *Falcon*'s anchors began dragging? But there was little Momsen could do. Turning to Cole, Momsen said, "Admiral, I'm afraid we're going to have to make five trips."

The bell was attached to the hatch on the third trip when Lt. Cmdr. Roy Sackett aboard the *Falcon* sensed that something was odd. Suddenly he realized what it was. Dashing aft, he shouted, "Swede, there was a mistake on that last trip. There weren't eight men in the chamber. There were *nine!*"

Over the phone, Momsen quickly ordered, "Belay instructions regarding eight passengers. Take on nine, repeat nine, men. Tell the captain to lean toward the lightest ones he can."

Up they came, the nine who would make the difference between a fourth and fifth trip, nine men with haunted, beard-stubbled faces, eyes red-rimmed, men chilled and weary beyond speech. Machinist's Mate Gavin Coyne emerged from the chamber, struggled to maintain his balance, tottered for a second and fell back inside. Deckhands from the *Falcon* grabbed him. Coyne sucked in a huge breath of ocean air. His throat burned. His head whirled dizzily and his back and leg muscles ached as he was half carried onto the rescue ship. He felt as if he were coming down with the flu. His diagnosis was correct. Ten minutes later, however, he could say with a grateful grin, "Boy, I never knew the Navy made such good coffee."

Of the 33 men in the forward sections of the *Squalus* there remained Naquin, Doyle and six enlisted men. To get them out, Momsen now teamed Chief Metalsmith James McDonald with Mihalowski. As the chamber slipped beneath the surface for its fourth trip that long day, even the clutch, which had caused him some concern, engaged perfectly. On the average, each descent had taken an hour. Another 45 minutes or so had been spent on the submarine. Coming up had been faster—around half an hour—as the chamber moved

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through progressively less pressure. Based on this, Momsen figured the whole thing ought to be over at just about nine o'clock.

It would be none too soon. It was starting to get dark. The sea continued to run higher, and a few raindrops began to splatter on the *Falcon*'s deck.

At that same hour in Portsmouth, Frances Naquin arrived at the home of some friends. She had spent the day helping Navy chaplains comfort frantic wives, girl friends and relatives clustered around the commandant's office. Now, at dinner, she listened to the compliments accorded her husband's leadership. Later she would leave for the wharf where he would be coming in. Then the phone rang. And again. Gradually Mrs. Naquin realized that the dinner conversation was being led away from the *Squalus*. For a while she pretended not to notice. But at last, unable to contain herself, she blurted out, "What's wrong?"

"I'm sorry, Frances," her host replied softly, "but the bell has hit a snag. I'm sure Oliver will be all right."

Out on the moonless ocean, floodlights glared down on the *Falcon*'s deck as Swede Momsen moved to meet the emergency. The rescue chamber's fourth descent, if anything, had been the smoothest yet. Exactly one hour after it had left the surface, McDonald reported that the hatch of the *Squalus* was being opened to receive the final group trapped in the forward compartments. Quickly the men climbed in. As tradition demanded, Naquin was the last to abandon his command, dogging down the hatch himself, noting as he did that it was nine minutes to eight. "Well," he said, "we're out of the boat."

At 8:14 the seal broken and main ballast blown, they started up. Then, with about 160 feet to go, it happened. The chamber abruptly stopped. Over the phone Momsen heard McDonald say, "The wire is jammed on the reel!"

Next, quickly, the air motor that operated the reel conked out. Desperately McDonald and Mihalowski tried to coax it into kicking over again—to no avail. Next they resorted to a braking device normally used to control the chamber as it neared the surface. Increasing positive buoyancy while riding the brake might release the cable. But after rising perhaps five more feet the chamber would not stir another inch.

"We're stuck," McDonald said in a flat, emotionless voice.

Momsen made one more attempt to clear the reel. A second cable, called the retrieving wire, ran from the top of the chamber to a winch on the *Falcon*. "Stand by," he informed Chief McDonald, "we are going to heave on the retrieving wire." But this didn't work either; loose turns on the down-haul cable had allowed it to jump the reel and tangle beyond repair.

The only thing left was to free the cable from the *Squalus*. To get some slack in it, Momsen ordered McDonald to flood his main ballast. At the same time he had the retrieving cable payed out. The chamber slowly sank. When it reached 210 feet, he instructed McDonald to hold it there.

Now somebody would have to descend into the North Atlantic to finish the job. Momsen picked Chief Torpedoman Walter Squire, a powerful 200-pound master diver. Squire went over the side at 9:12 P.M. He slid down the same hawser Sibitsky had traveled that morning. When he landed on the submarine, cold and groggy, fighting off the stupor of nitrogen narcosis, he bent to his task. But it was too much for him. "I can't unshackle the wire," he gasped. "It is too taut."

"Stay where you are," Momsen told him. "We will send you wire cutters."

Once armed with the big shears, Squire groped for the cable again and found it. On the surface Momsen listened to him grunt with exertion. Then Squire chopped through it. "I have cut the wire," he reported.

"That is fine," Momsen said. "We are bringing you up."

On the *Falcon* the first easy breath was taken since the reel had jammed. With the chamber swinging free, it could be hoisted to the surface by a winch. The operation was started at once. From inside the chamber McDonald sang out, "We are at two hundred and ten feet. Going up smoothly." The ascent continued at a steady five feet per minute.

On the crowded fantail the onlookers watched the cable as it came over the side of the *Falcon*. Suddenly before their horrified eyes its individual steel strands began to unravel. The strain had been too great. Somewhere along the line they were parting.

Momsen was dumbfounded. The cable should have been able to withstand the pressure. And ordinarily it would have. But, unknown to him, he was not work-

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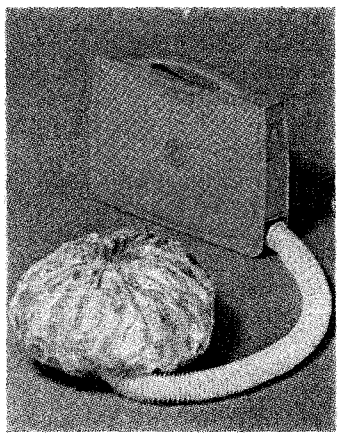

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ing with a single length of cable. It had been too short, and an extra piece had been spliced on. Clamps used in the splicing had slipped, and this in turn produced an uneven pull on the strands. Under such tension, Momsen later concluded, they must have popped down there like firecrackers.

It was now 9:30, and the eight remaining survivors of the *Squalus* disaster were right back where they started—on the bottom. The chamber's depth gauge read 232 feet. The men inside sat in a tight circle on the auxiliary ballast cans. Besides Naquin and Doyle, there were Yeoman 2/c Charles Kuney, who had been manning the control-room battle phone, and Machinist's Mate 2/c Allen Bryson, the forward-battery talker, neither of whom would ever forget the terrible plea to surface they had heard from the after compartments. Also huddled there were Seaman 1/c Donato Persico, who had just missed being crushed by the dummy torpedo that went wild in the forward torpedo room; Machinist's Mate 2/c Carol Pierce, whose quick hand had triggered thousands of pounds of pressurized air into the submarine's ballast tanks in a futile effort to halt her plunge; and Radioman 2/c Charles Powell, whom Naquin had kept with him until the end in case additional tapping on the hull became necessary between rescue trips. There was, finally, the man who had sent up rocket after rocket during their long wait, Gunner's Mate 1/c Eugene Cravens.

For the moment at least they were in no physical danger. The chamber was unheated and they still suffered cruelly from the cold, but they had light and a continuous flow of fresh air, and communications with the *Falcon* were excellent. As the men awaited deliverance on the ocean floor, Momsen caught snatches of banter over the chamber phone. It centered mostly on steak and how each of them wanted it cooked when they were topside. Then to his amazement he heard Chief Metalsmith McDonald leading the imperiled submariners in a lusty rendition of *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*.

As soon as Squire was back on board the *Falcon*, another diver, Torpedoman 1/c Jesse Duncan, was lowered into the pitch-black sea to hook up a new cable. But as he followed the stranded cable down, he ran into trouble. Just above the chamber, his lines fouled others coming from the bell. The effort to untangle himself took every ounce of energy he could muster. Every time he tried, the new cable he was pulling down with his right hand would jerk him back up. Now the whole arm seemed paralyzed. "I am getting in trouble," he gasped. Duncan began to expel more carbon dioxide—or "smoke" as the divers called it—in his helmet than the ventilating system could handle. On the verge of passing out, he became incoherent.

Duncan had to be hauled up. As he was hustled into the decompression chamber, where he would undergo the same pressure he faced below and be brought out of it in easy stages, he mumbled some terrifying news. The break in the cable was as bad as it could be. Duncan had felt it. All that remained was a single strand of steel about the thickness of ordinary string.

Despite the danger, someone would have to go down. The assignment went to Metalsmith 1/c Edward Clayton. To help, Momsen ordered a 1,000-watt underwater lamp lowered separately. During the descent, however, the lamp fouled in the stranded section of the old cable. Clayton kept going anyhow until he managed to reach the chamber. Time after time he attempted to complete his mission. There was a faint light coming through a small eyeport in the chamber's hatch, but not enough to see what he was doing. In an extraordinary display of determination, he refused to give up. Squire, for instance, had spent eight minutes on the bottom and Duncan 15. Clayton had already been down that much and more. Finally, after 33 minutes, his own lines were tangling; his hands, through their rubberized canvas gloves, were so cold they lost all feeling, and the despair in his voice was increasingly evident. Clayton was raised to the surface.

To send down another diver would be foolhardy, yet there was no time to lose. The men on the bottom of the sea might crack, the weather might worsen. After consulting Commander McCann, Momsen now decided on a bold maneuver. Addressing Admiral Cole, he said, "Admiral, this is what we want to do." The plan he proceeded to sketch was an all-or-nothing gamble. There was no alternative.

By having the chamber's operators carefully blow ballast so that it remained slightly below neutral buoyancy, the strain on the stranded retrieving cable would be minimal. Consequently it might still be used to haul the chamber up. But it would have to be done by hand. The *Falcon*'s unyielding winch, rolling on a sudden swell despite her five-point mooring, could snap the last thread on the cable instantly.

Once Cole's consent was obtained, Momsen got on the chamber phone himself to McDonald to brief him. "Whenever you get the word," he said, "I want you to blow ballast exactly as long as you are told. If you gain positive buoyancy, let us know immediately."

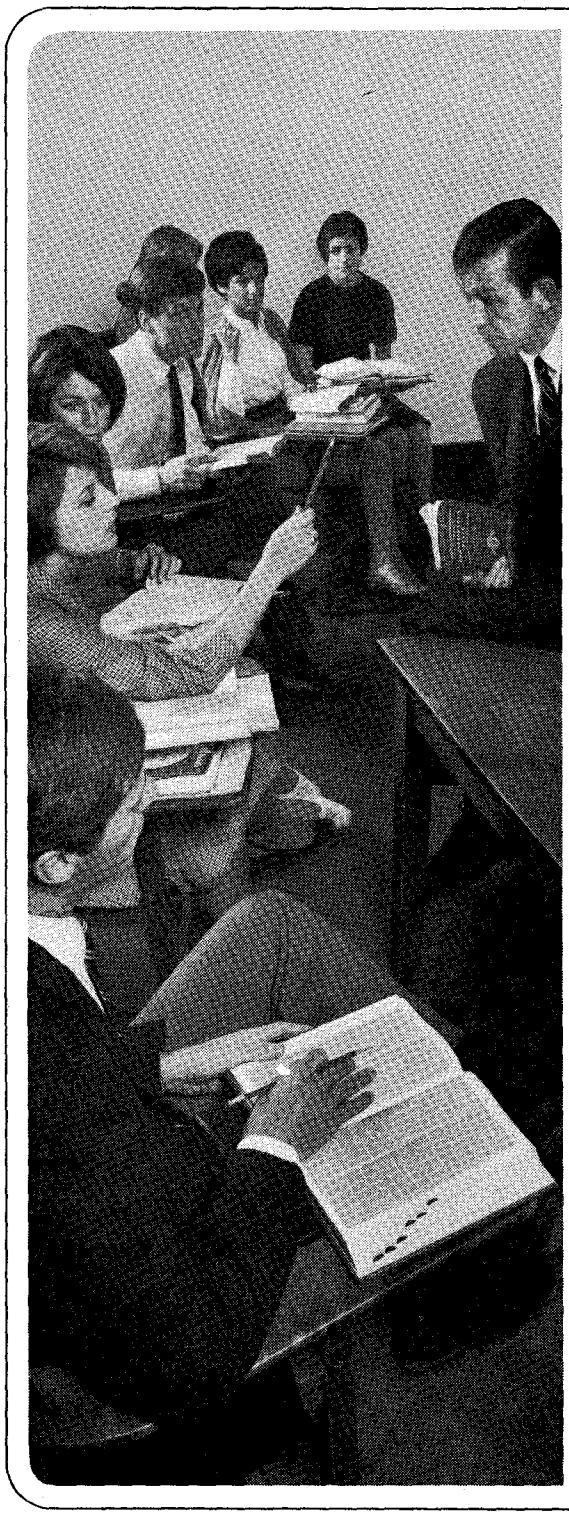
Ten men took hold of the wire, Momsen in front, McCann right behind him. The starboard railing of the *Falcon* was packed with watching officers and sailors. Aboard the cruiser *Brooklyn* and the other ships in the rescue fleet some 700 yards away, men stared anxiously through binoculars.

At precisely midnight the slack in the cable was drawn taut and Momsen ordered McDonald to blow ballast for 15 seconds. There was no response. He called for 15 seconds more. Again nothing. It was absolutely quiet on the *Falcon* save for the sound of Momsen's voice. His only guide was the strain on the cable he sensed through his fingers. If he miscalculated and the chamber blew too much ballast, it would hurtle out of control toward the surface with every likelihood of splitting itself wide open as it smashed into the hull of the *Falcon*. And if he did not lighten it enough, that single strand holding the chamber would part, sending it tumbling back down, its fragile air hoses snapped, the lives of the passengers snuffed out.

For the third time Momsen said, "Blow ballast fifteen seconds." He felt he was getting perilously close to positive buoyancy. But still the chamber did not budge as he gave the cable a tentative tug. Momsen knew that another 15 seconds of blowing the main ballast tank would leave it half empty.

He ordered it. As he did, the strain on the cable seemed to ease. At a command from Momsen everyone in the hauling crew on the deck heaved up. The cable slowly came up over the side. The chamber had begun to move. The time was 12:04 A.M., May 25. One minute later it had risen four feet. It was off the bottom, suspended now at 228 feet.

The silence within the chamber was punctured only by McDonald's acknowledgment of each order to blow ballast and then the rush of air as it was done. He and Torpedoman 1/c John Mihalowski, the broad grin gone that usually creased his face, worked in swift, cool tandem in the cramped space of the chamber's upper compartment as they operated the levers that



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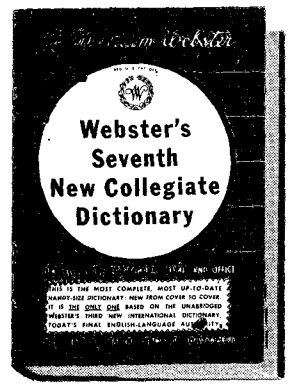

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controlled its buoyancy and their lives. After four suspenseful minutes, the depth gauge read 200 feet.

On the surface the waves were running some five feet. The men hauling in on the line always went with the motion of the *Falcon*, letting out a little whenever she rose, pulling in as she dipped. Foot by foot the chamber rose. It was bitingly cold on deck, but Momsen could feel the sweat trickling down his back.

Suddenly out of the water right below him dripped the stranded section. Momsen could see it glistening under the floodlights. He watched it inch toward him. The temptation to give one last yank, to get it over with, was tremendous. Then, all at once, it was over. A deckhand was able to get a clamp around the cable below the break.

The rest was simple. Steadily now they hauled the chamber up. At 12:23 it bobbed to the surface. The long journey home had been completed. The last of the *Squalus* crew to emerge from the hatch was Naquin. Momsen stood by as the exhausted skipper was helped to the *Falcon*'s deck. "Welcome aboard, Oliver," he said.

"I'm damned glad to be aboard," Naquin replied. Transferred for the night to the *Brooklyn*, he went to sleep about an hour later, his first rest in more than 40 hours. Swede Momsen followed him; he had not slept either. Hanson W. Baldwin, an Annapolis graduate himself, was covering the story for *The New York Times*. He filed his lead for the newspaper's late city edition. "Man," he wrote, "won a victory from the sea early this morning."

The salvaging of the *Squalus* turned out to be a long and harrowing job. Twice the submarine rose to the surface only to fall back to the bottom of the sea. On one of these occasions, Momsen nearly perished as the snout of the *Squalus* leaped out of the sea only 20 feet from his whaleboat, like some great wounded sea creature; she came almost straight up, and while he gazed at her in awe, she climbed perhaps 30 feet and hung there for a second, before disappearing with a sibilant whoosh.

It took 113 days to get the *Squalus* to Portsmouth, and when she was finally in dry dock, a Navy Court of Inquiry examined the valves that were thought to have remained open, but could come to no firm conclusion about them. In the end the court reported to the Secretary of the Navy that the loss of the *Squalus* "was due to a mechanical failure in the operating gear of the engine induction valve," and that "this mechanical failure was not discovered in time, due to either an electrical failure in the valve indicator or a mistake in reading this indicator by the operating personnel." It singled out no one person for censure, certified that the submarine's officers and crew were "well-trained and efficient" and declared that "Lieutenant Naquin displayed outstanding leadership during the sinking of the U.S.S. *Squalus* and the rescue of her survivors."

But the nuances of a Navy inquiry report have to be studied with care. It didn't matter that Naquin had just been unlucky. The law of the sea prevailed; the skipper took the rap. He was reassigned, served honorably throughout World War II and retired with the rank of rear admiral.

As for Momsen, he compiled a brilliant record during World War II—correcting a basic flaw in the Navy's torpedoes, leading the first wolf pack of American submarines in the East China Sea and commanding the battleship *South Dakota* in the Marianas, at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. After the war, as Assistant Chief of Naval Operations for Undersea Warfare, he inspired the revolutionary design of the submarine *Albacore*, an advance that, when combined with that of nuclear propulsion, changed naval warfare forever.

He retired with the rank of vice admiral. And in June of this year, Swede Momsen died at the age of 70.

Nine months after she had been salvaged, the *Squalus* was completely refurbished and recommissioned the *Sailfish*. Then with the *Sculpin*—the sister submarine that had found her—she went to war. One day in 1943 the *Sculpin* was forced to the surface by a Japanese destroyer and a number of her crew captured. In December, that same year, the *Sailfish* tenaciously tracked a Japanese carrier for 10 hours, fired her torpedoes and saw her sink. When the carrier went down, she took with her, locked in steel cages, 20 prisoners from the *Sculpin*, their destiny sealed the moment a man on her bridge looking the wrong way spotted a smoke bomb sent up by the stricken *Squalus* four and a half years before.

The Navy did not find out about it until after the war. When Momsen, by then a rear admiral, first heard the news, he went out and had a stiff drink—by himself. □

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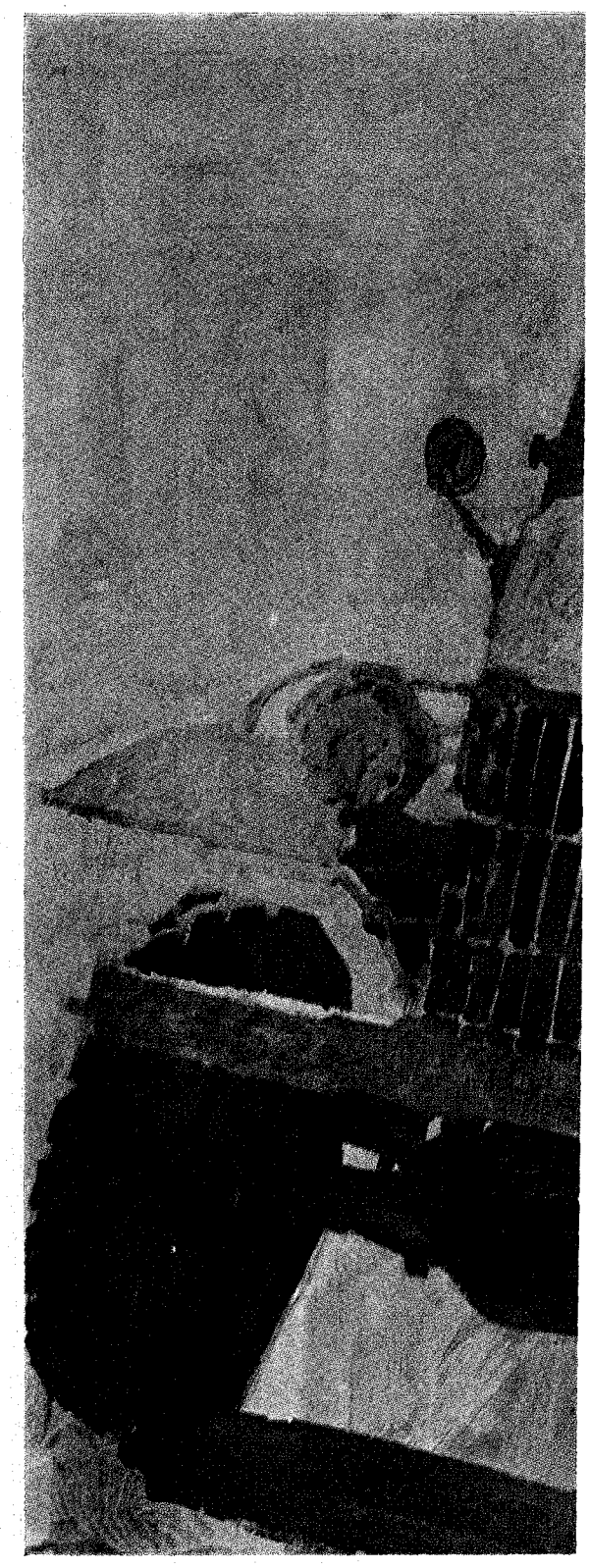
Fighting a war was dangerous enough, but I had made it worse: I had agreed to tip off the enemy. If I could do it secretly, I'd come out all right, no matter which side won. But if anybody caught me, I could forget about being scared. Because I wouldn't be scared for long—I'd be dead.

DIRTY STORY

BY ERIC AMBLER



CONCLUSION

We prepared to move at dawn. Most of our weapons and equipment had been packed the previous day, so the trucks were soon loaded and ready to go.

At breakfast in the mess tent I had purposely avoided sitting near Barbara Willens. She wanted to know, of course, if I had sent the signal for that double-agent husband of hers. Willens, like the rest of us, wore the uniform of the Mahindi Republic–SMMAC mining company security forces, but he was actually in the employ of the enemy—the Ugazi Republic and its counterpart mining company, UMAD. He'd taken me into his confidence when it became clear that I, as radio operator, was the only one who could get off his signal to the UMAD forces and warn them that we were on our way to take over a valuable slice of Ugazi territory. I'd agreed to send the signal after talking to Goutard, who also came in on the deal. But what we didn't tell Willens was that I would delay sending the signal until it was just a bit too late for the UMAD forces to be prepared for us. That way, Goutard and I were "insured": We weren't actually harming our own SMMAC forces, but if UMAD defeated us anyway, well, I *had* sent the signal—and sending it, late or not, gave us a foothold in the enemy camp. It was also nice for Goutard and me to have IOU's from Willens for our good services.

I had no intention of telling Mrs. Willens that I hadn't yet sent the signal, so when she caught my eye, I simply gave her a noncommittal smile. I finished my breakfast, went back to the vehicle park, and made Sergeant Musa, one of our Mahindi noncoms, check through the load again.

The order we were leaving in was this. First Captain Troppmann, my immediate superior, in his Jeep, then me driving the Spearhead command truck with Sergeant Musa on the machine gun and our two African soldiers—or "*macaques*," as the men called them—in the back. Following me would be the trucks of Ruys's and Barrière's Hammer group. Five minutes behind them would be Armorer—Major Kinck, who was the force commander, and the leading trucks of the main body. That interval would be maintained until we got to the river road. After that, Spearhead and the reconnaissance groups would push on ahead. Our intention was to meet the Anvil group—Goutard and Willens—at the Mahindi frontier post just before first light. Then together we would proceed to the Ugazi customs post, take it over, and push on to our ultimate objective—the surrender of the Ugazi forces in the main town of Amari.

At five-thirty exactly, Kinck gave the signal, and we began to move.

I had my walkie-talkie on the seat beside me, and, as I turned onto the Matendo road, I switched on. A few minutes later, I began calling. "Spearhead to Anvil."

Goutard's voice answered. "Go ahead, Spearhead."

"On Matendo road and approaching. With you in about ten minutes."

Troppmann's voice cut in. "Everything okay, Anvil?"

"Okay and ready to move. No signs of life yet from the other side."

"Good. Are you showing lights?"

"No."

"You'll see ours soon."

Troppmann, ahead of me, put on speed. A few minutes later I recognized the place where we had reconnoitered the frontier posts, and knew that we were nearly there.

The road curved slightly, and then I saw the intersection immediately ahead. Troppmann turned sharp right and I followed. Barrière and Ruys had closed up now and were right behind me.

This part of the river road was dead straight, and I saw the Mahindi post in Troppmann's headlights about two hundred yards before I came to it. Goutard's trucks were parked off to the right under some trees. As we approached, the barrier in the center was raised. I didn't see who raised it. Troppmann's Jeep snaked its way around the painted oil drums without difficulty. I had to take it more slowly, and the big trucks behind were slower still. This had been anticipated, and Troppmann was waiting for us on the far side. The idea was that we should all arrive at the Ugazi post simultaneously, with horns sounding and everyone making as much noise as he could. That part of it worked all right.

As Ruys's truck cleared the roadblock, Troppmann accelerated and began to sound his horn. That was the signal. We roared up to the Ugazi post and stopped with a screech of brakes and horns all blaring together.

The sentry on duty snatched up his rifle, ran into the roadway, and started shooting at the nearest truck, which was mine.

He got off one shot, which smashed one of the rearview mirrors, and was working the bolt to get off a second when Sergeant Musa opened fire with the machine gun and killed him.

That was the moment when the men in the post began stumbling out. As Sergeant Musa swung the gun toward them, I yelled at him not to fire again. Miraculously, he didn't, but someone else did. From the right came a burst of fire from one of our Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns, and a man in the post doorway sank to his knees.

Suddenly it was over. The horns had stopped bleating, and I could hear a man inside the post yelling something in a language I didn't understand. Then Willens was there yelling back at him, and Goutard, his Uzi cradled in his right arm, was walking along the side of the road to Troppmann's Jeep.

It seemed safe then for me to get out. Willens and two of his *macaques* were herding the prisoners

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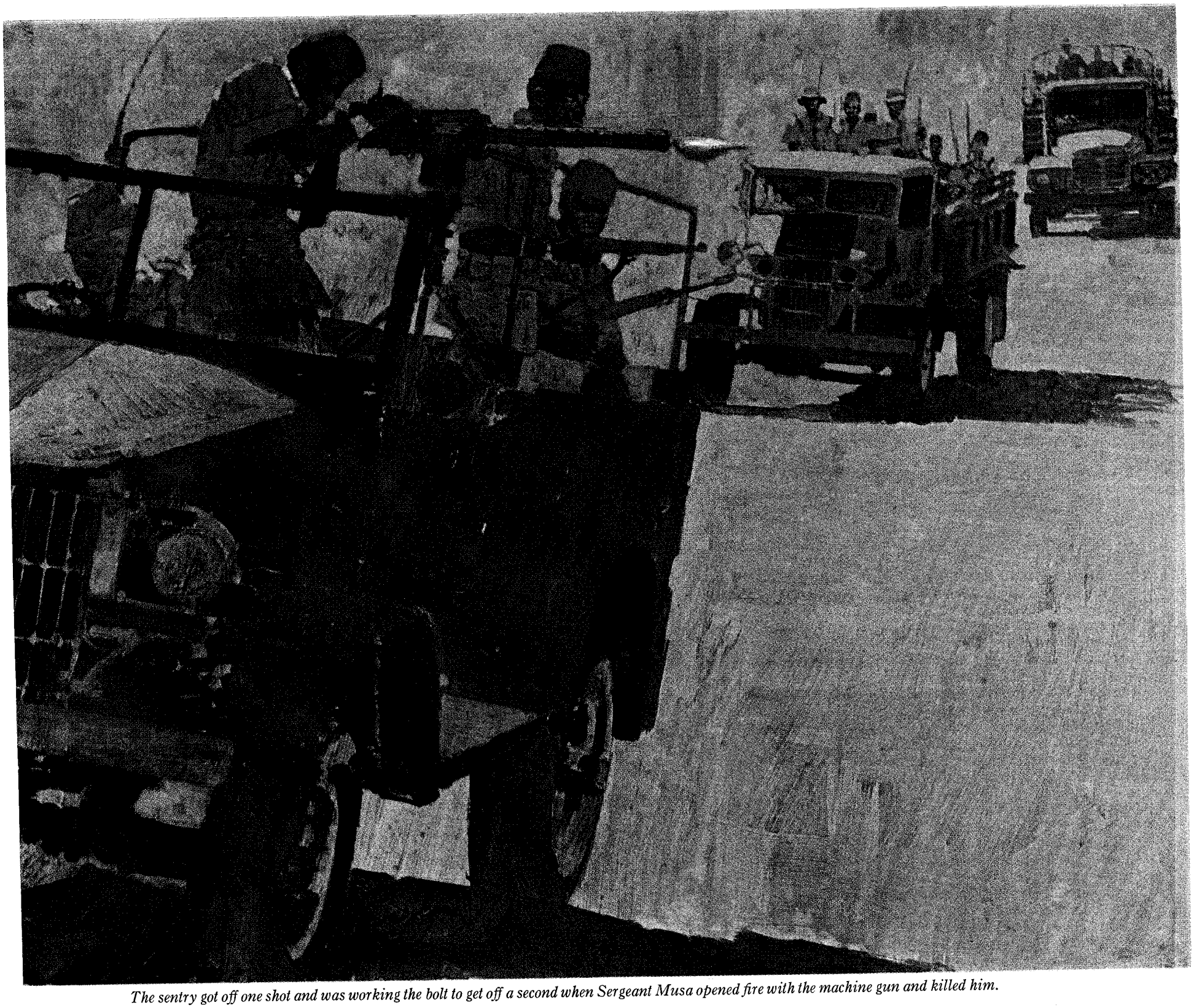

The sentry got off one shot and was working the bolt to get off a second when Sergeant Musa opened fire with the machine gun and killed him.

out of the post. I joined Troppmann and Goutard.

"The line's cut," Goutard was saying. "Shall I wreck the instrument, too?"

"No, we might have a use for that later." Troppmann saw me. "Any damage, Simpson?"

"Nothing much."

"Tell Kinck what's happened. Two killed, the rest prisoners. No casualties on our side. His leading truck should be here in a minute. Then let's get moving."

In fact, the leading truck of the main body was already approaching.

After I made my report, the barrier was raised and we drove through the roadblock into the Republic of Ugazi.

We reached our next objective, a town called Sikafu, just after seven. It is a market town and so it has a police station. Troppmann had no trouble convincing the two policemen on duty that we meant business with our machine guns, and they quickly turned over their "arsenal"—a rusty shotgun and an army rifle. After Troppmann had asked some questions, he took the bolt from the rifle and we left.

"They say that there's no telephone here," he said. "If they want to contact Amari, they have to send a bicycle messenger to Matata. We haven't time to make any more of a search, so let's clear out." He turned to me. "Report to Kinck and let's get moving again."

For the first time that day I used the big transceiver. "Spearhead to Armorer. Objective Sikafu secured. Now preparing to move on. Over."

"Very well, Spearhead. Move ahead. Over."

"On our way. Over and out."

There was no opportunity then, even if I had wanted one, to send Willens's signal to UMAD. Troppmann was standing by the truck, and I could see that he was listening to every word I said. After a brief local conversation on the walkie-talkies, we got onto the road again and headed for Matata.

It was very hot and steamy by now. On our left there was nothing but swampland and, on our right, dense jungle. The road had a dirt surface which Troppmann's Jeep churned into a plume of dust. Just outside Matata, Troppmann suddenly slammed on his brakes, wrenched the Jeep off the road, and backed quickly. At the same moment there was a sound of firing.

I turned off the road, stopped, and switched on the walkie-talkie. A moment later Troppmann's voice came over.

"Spearhead to Hammer and Anvil. Stop and await orders. They've set up a roadblock ahead. We will reconnoiter and decide how we deal with it. You get that?"

As Barrière and Goutard acknowledged, I saw Troppmann waving to me to join him. I picked up my Uzi and got down from the truck.

"The news has got out," Troppmann said. "It

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

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can't be helped. We've not far to go now."

I followed him as he pushed his way through the undergrowth. When he stopped and peered through the leaves, I came up beside him. I could see along the road now. The "roadblock" was about two hundred yards away and consisted of a bus that had been driven broadside across the road at a point where there were trees on both sides. There was no way of driving around the bus; the trees would prevent that. If we were to go on at all, the bus would have to be moved.

Troppmann crouched and unslung his Uzi. "Let's find out what they've got there," he said. "You watch the left side."

He raised the gun to his shoulder, and fired three quick bursts.

My ears were still singing when the reply came, a ragged burst of rifle fire. I saw one of the bushes move as the firing ceased. "There are some men on the left among the bushes," I said. "One's behind that big tree."

"They fired about a dozen shots," Troppmann said. "That's probably how many there are of them. This'll be quick and easy."

We went back the way we had come. As soon as we got back to the Jeep, Troppmann started giving orders. To me he said, "Contact Kinck. Report the situation. Tell him that we'll be a few minutes cleaning this up. Send Sergeant Musa to me."

Then he picked up the walkie-talkie and called Barrière. I didn't wait to hear what he said. The time had come, I had decided, to send Willens's signal, and now I had the opportunity. I got up into the back and told the two *macaques* there to get out and stand guard. I reached Kinck and told him what Troppmann had said. Kinck said that the main body was about to leave Sikafu and told me to report again when the roadblock was cleared.

The moment he said "over and out" I turned the frequency selector to two-twenty megacycles. Nobody was paying any attention to me. I got Willens's signal out of my pocket.

All I had to do was say "Janson Two, over," and switch to receive. I did this three times before I got a reply. When it came, it was very loud and clear.

"Janson Two listening. You're coming in strength five. Go ahead. Over." The voice spoke in English with an accent like Willens's.

I switched over and read the message. It began: "Immediate, Executive from Fielder." The rest was in code words which made no sense.

When I had finished, I said "over," and the voice read the message back. "That right?" he concluded.

"That's right. Over."

"Left it a bit late, haven't you, Fielder? Over."

"This isn't Fielder. You've got the bloody message. The rest's up to you."

"Who's that talking?"

I told him to go to hell and switched off. I was sweating and shaking so much that my fingers slipped on the switch. That was lucky in a way because it reminded me to turn the frequency selector back to the band Kinck was using.

My hand was still on the set when there was an earsplitting bang which made me jump. A mortar had opened fire just up the road from me. Barrière was in charge of it. A soldier crouched beside him with a walkie-talkie. As I looked around I saw that Ruys had set up a second mortar beyond. There was a crash as the mortar shell exploded farther down the road.

I got back into the front of the truck and switched on my walkie-talkie set. Troppmann had gone back to the place off the road from which we had reconnoitered and was directing the mortar fire.

Barrière and Ruys had lobbed about ten rounds apiece when there was a long burst of Uzi fire from the direction of the roadblock, and Troppmann's voice came through saying, "That's it, Hammer. Cease fire." Then he actually chuckled. "Bring the truck up, Spearhead."

I drove forward along the road. Troppmann was standing by the bus. There was a dead man with half his head blown off lying to one side. His hands still clutched a rifle.

Troppmann changed the magazine on his Uzi. As I stopped by him, he tossed the empty one into the back of the truck.

"What happened?" I asked stupidly.

"What do you think?" He grinned. "They found it was no fun being mortared. Look, you'd better shift this bus out of the way. Then report to Kinck. We'll be ready to move again in five minutes."

He walked back up the road to get his Jeep, and I did as I was told.

It was ten-thirty when we entered Matata. It had a square in the center like that of a small French provincial town, with a stone town hall on one side. I expected Troppmann to stop there, but he didn't. Presumably he thought that by killing the men at the roadblock he had dealt sufficiently with the local *gendarmerie*, and that now that the news of the invasion was out, there was no point in cutting communications.

By eleven we were fifteen miles from Amari near a place called Domo. It was there that we ran into our first serious trouble. Domo is a fishing village on a shallow inlet that winds inland for about a mile; the river road crosses the inlet by means of a concrete bridge.

The presence of the hastily improvised bus roadblock near Matata suggested that the news of our approach had been radioed ahead from Sikafu. That meant that when we reached the bridge near Domo the authorities in Amari had had less than two hours in which to react. The warning signal I had sent wasn't even an hour old. According to Goutard, they should still have been running around in circles trying to decide what, if anything, to do about it. Most of them may have been doing just that; but unfortunately, someone there had stopped running long enough to think of sending troops to the bridge before we got there.

As the road approached the bridge, it ran absolutely straight for nearly a mile. On both sides of it there was dense brush under the trees. It was an ideal place for an ambush. If they had held their fire a bit longer they could have murdered the lot of us. Luckily, their *macaques* were as trigger-happy as ours.

Troppmann's Jeep got it first. There were two quick bursts of automatic fire and I saw him swerve wildly off the road.

I skidded to a stop, and Goutard's truck stopped behind me. Then I scrambled out and got behind the truck. Along the road, a cloud of steam drifting up showed where Troppmann's Jeep was. Then I saw him crouching in the bushes behind it. He had his Uzi in his hands and didn't seem to be hurt.

Goutard came up behind me. "Give him covering fire," he snapped. "They're off on the far side there, about three hundred yards."

The command truck had come to rest at an angle that made it impossible to point the M.A.G. machine gun down the road, so now the truck had to be moved. I was just going to move it, but Goutard pushed me aside and did it himself. Then he pushed Sergeant Musa aside and took over the gun. A few seconds later it was hammering away, and I could see the brush flying where the bullets ripped into it. From farther back two M.A.G.'s on the other trucks joined in.

Troppmann began to move toward us, crawling, running, and dodging among the bushes on our side of the road. He got back scratched, breathless and sweating.

Barrière and Willens came up as Goutard got down from the truck.

"Are they on both sides?" Barrière wanted to know.

"Yes, but mostly on the left." Troppmann spat, wiped some blood off his face, and began to swear about the loss of the Jeep.

Then Willens was beside me, muttering urgently in my ear. "Did you get my signal off?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Early this morning." Before he could ask how early, Troppmann began issuing orders.

"When you go for them, keep moving fast. They're not very deep in. Get near the bridge first before you start mopping up. We'll keep the road covered from here until you're well behind them. Then we'll push forward."

After Hammer and Anvil went off as Troppmann had directed, there were distant shouts, then bursts of rifle and automatic fire. I was in the back of the command truck, reporting the situation to Kinck, when Troppmann, who had taken over the M.A.G., opened fire on something in the road.

Just short of the bridge, some of the enemy had pushed a small truck out onto the road and were trying to use it as cover to cross from left to right.

Troppmann's bullets were kicking up the dust beneath the truck wheels when suddenly the truck stopped and then rolled back. Troppmann ceased fire, and at that moment the walkie-talkie came to life.

"Anvil to Spearhead. We're in position and covering the bridge." It was Goutard's voice.

Troppmann kept his eyes on the road. "Check with Hammer," he said to me.

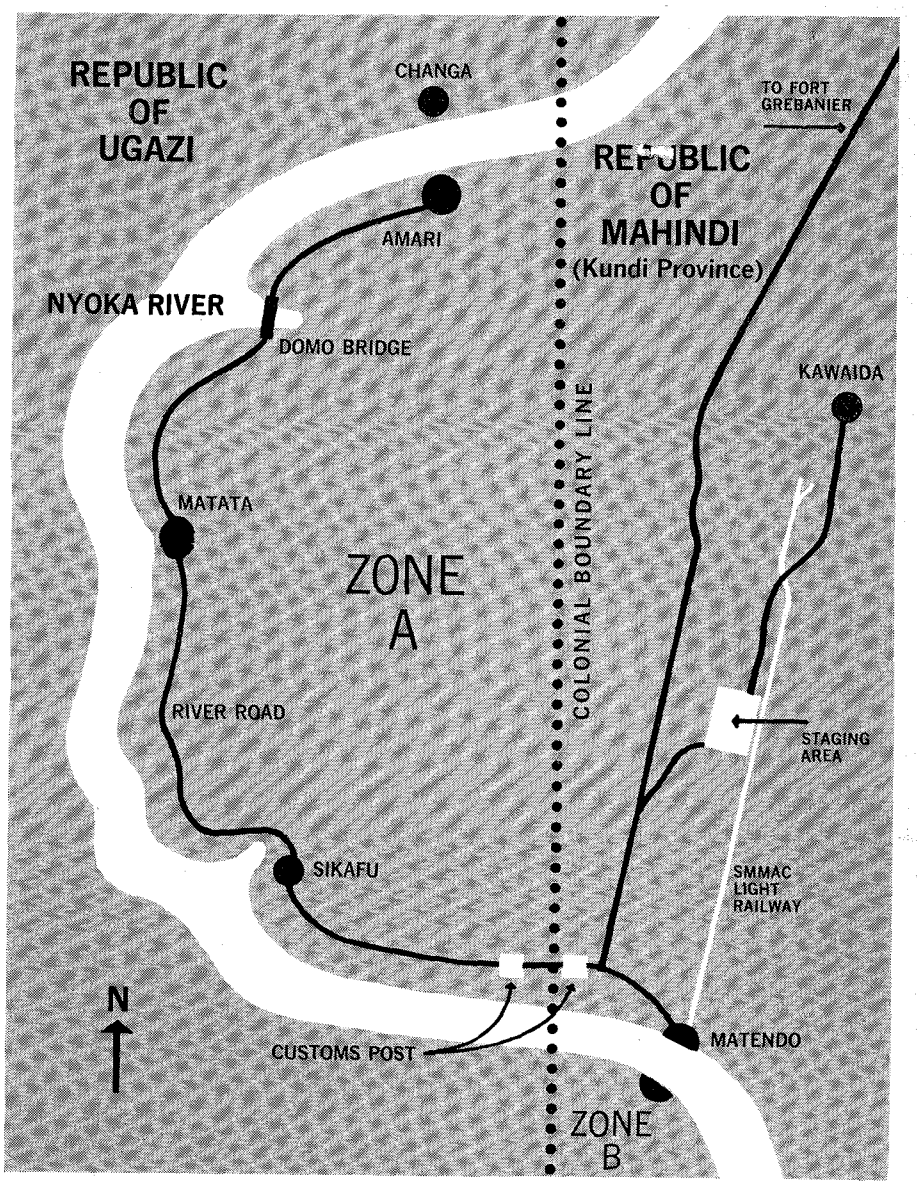
But Barrière had heard Goutard's message. "Hammer to Spearhead," he said. "I can't cover the bridge from this side yet. Give me a couple of minutes."

Troppmann nodded. "Tell him that's okay. But we'll get ready to move."

Sergeant Musa and our two *macaques* had been firing from positions in the bushes. I yelled at them to get back into the truck and climbed over into the driving seat with the walkie-talkie.

Then Troppmann said, "I'm not

(*continued on page 78*)



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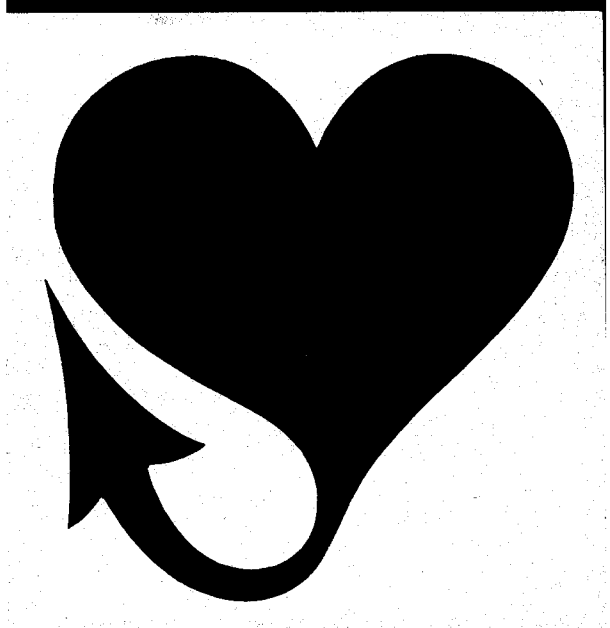

outh win-you-ove

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Announcing the 1968 Plymouth Fury.
ow do you change the most successful car you've ever had?

We made it even more beautiful.

Plymouth Fury's still long. And low. And wide.

But now, the front end is more massive.

From the rear, Fury looks wider and lower.

And in profile, no car in its class looks anywhere near as luxurious. Because of good, clean design.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

Inside, our stylists kept Fury's options from looking "added on."

The new automatic speed control is on the turn signal lever.

The new air conditioner has outlets integrated into the instrument panel, and can be regulated by a new automatic temperature control.

The new stereo tape system is blended with the radio.

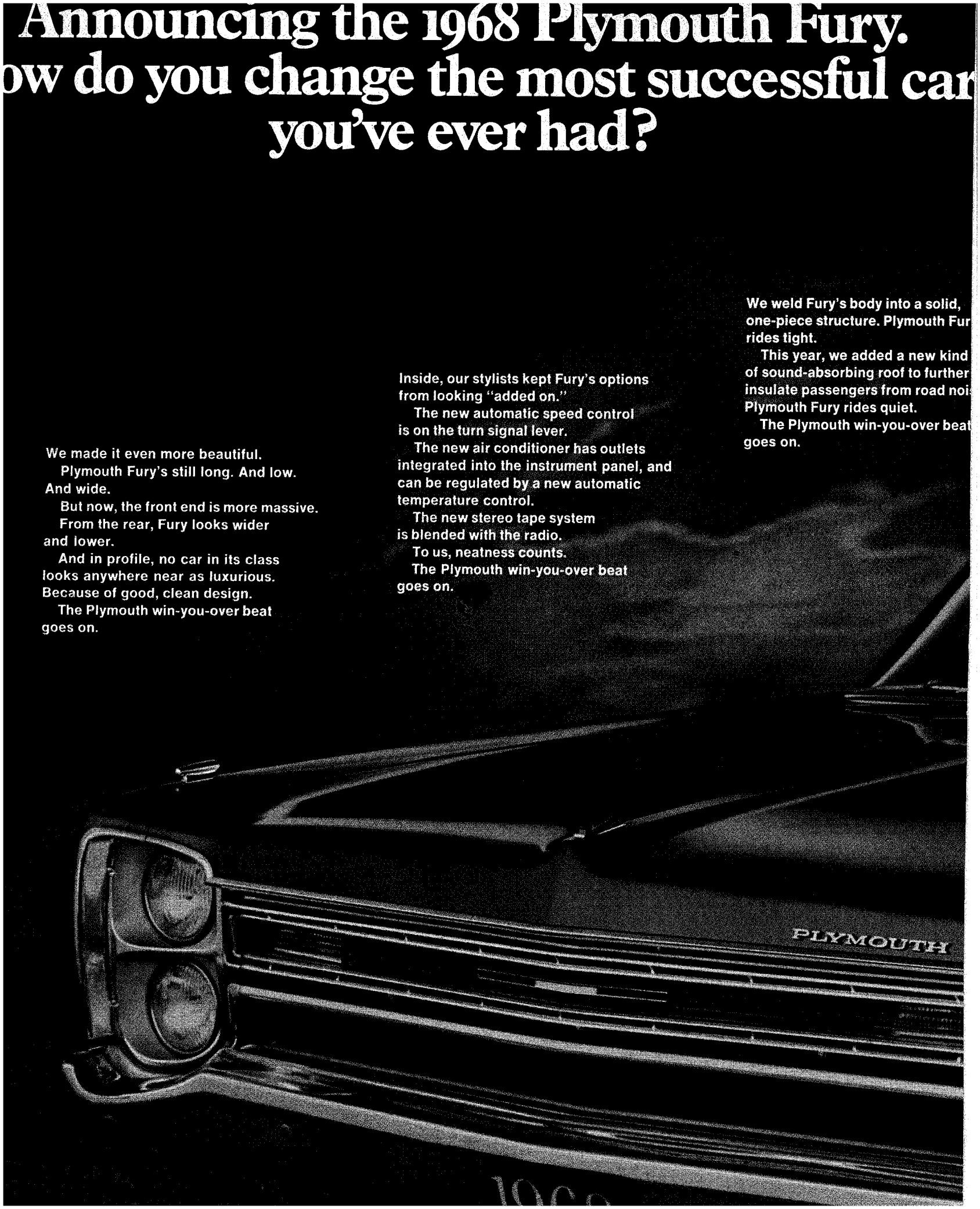
To us, neatness counts.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

We weld Fury's body into a solid, one-piece structure. Plymouth Fur rides tight.

This year, we added a new kind of sound-absorbing roof to further insulate passengers from road noi Plymouth Fury rides quiet.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.



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CHRYSLER

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The mid-size Plymouths: GTX, Sport Satellite, Satellite, Belvedere, Road Runner.

They're sized right between our big Fury and our compact Valiant.

And we've given them all-new styling for '68.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

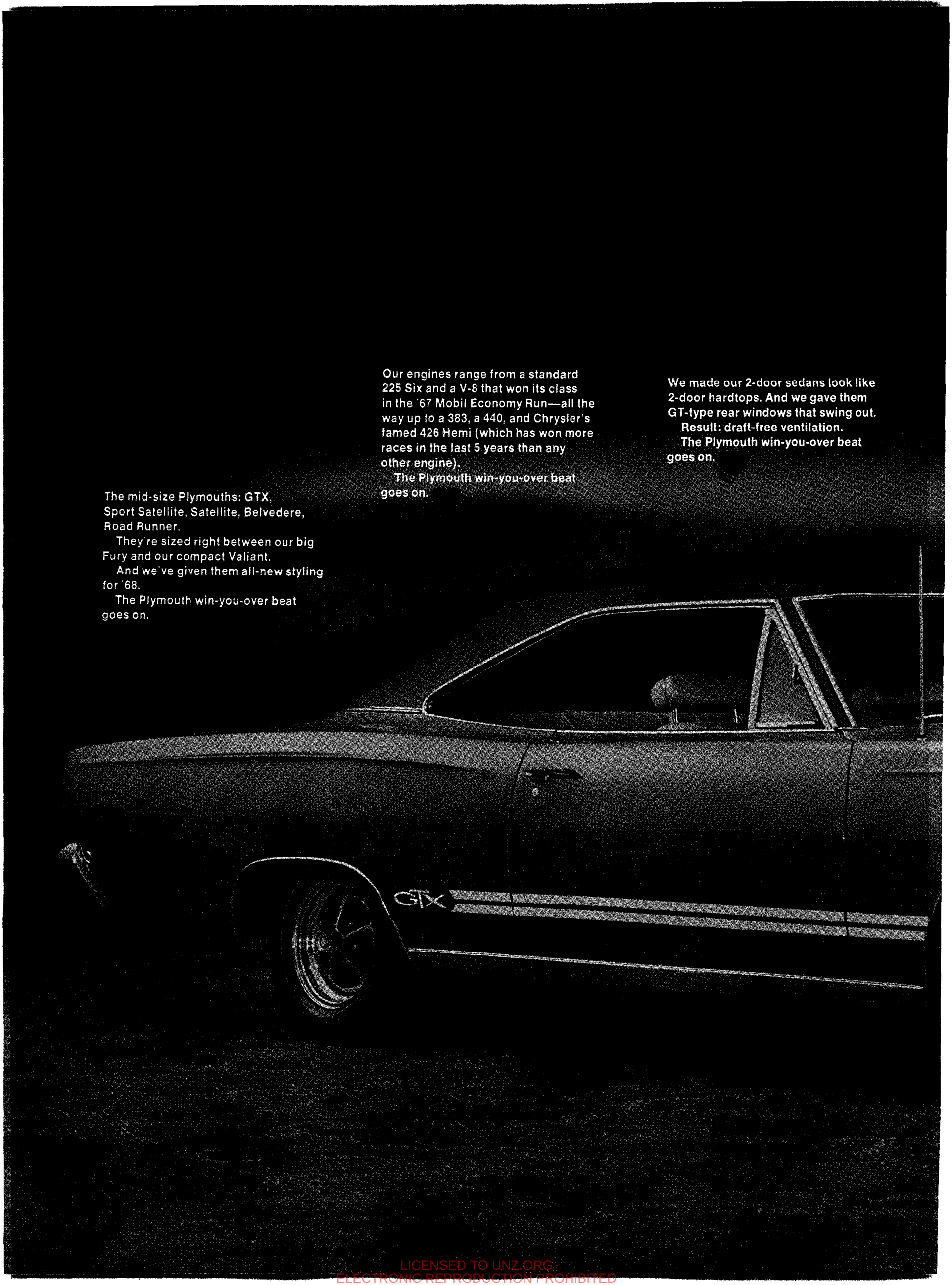
Our engines range from a standard 225 Six and a V-8 that won its class in the '67 Mobil Economy Run—all the way up to a 383, a 440, and Chrysler's famed 426 Hemi (which has won more races in the last 5 years than any other engine).

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

We made our 2-door sedans look like 2-door hardtops. And we gave them GT-type rear windows that swing out.

Result: draft-free ventilation.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.



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From GTX to Satellite to Road Runner, a whole new line of mid-size cars for '68.

We gave our Supercar, the GTX, a special new hood with side-facing scoops.

Specify a tach and you'll find it positioned in the dash, right near the speedometer.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

There's a new low-cost, high-performance car called the Road Runner.

It's a whole new way to go for Plymouth. Or anybody.

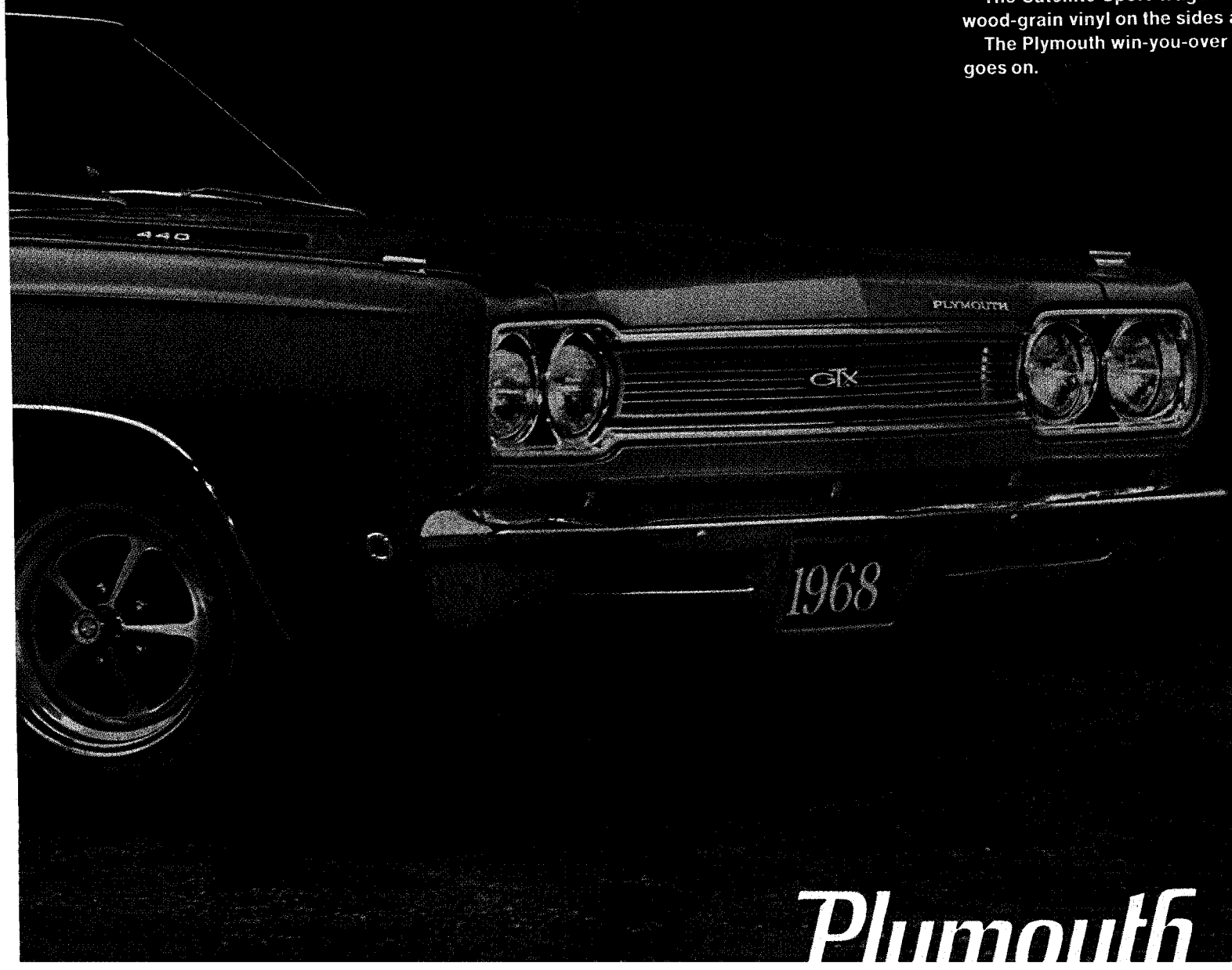
Its horn goes, "Beep-Beep!"

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.

There's a new wagon. The Satellite Sport Wagon. You can open the tail gate side to side. Or up and down. You can even order it with an automatic rear window washer.

The Satellite Sport Wagon comes with wood-grain vinyl on the sides and back.

The Plymouth win-you-over beat goes on.



Plymouth

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waiting any longer for Hammer. We'll move now. Keep going until you're on the bridge."

I put the truck into gear.

At that moment Barrière came through again.

"Hammer to Spearhead. I'm in position."

Troppmann answered, "Spearhead to Hammer and Anvil. Move in. Clean up. Re-form at the bridge."

I began to drive again. It felt and sounded as if everyone was firing at me and only me. And if that sounds self-centered, I can't help it. I *felt* self-centered, and—to be absolutely frank—soft-centered as well. If I'd had anything to eat since breakfast, I would certainly have thrown up. When I reached the bridge, I stopped, and Troppmann got out and looked back down the road. There was still some scattered firing going on and, though the balustrades at the side of the bridge weren't very high, it seemed safer on the ground than sitting up in the truck. I got down and joined him.

"Let's see what's happening," he said, and began to walk back the way we had come. I followed reluctantly.

On the bank of the inlet we found Goutard and Barrière. They were standing there calmly chatting to a white man in the jungle-green uniform of the enemy—the Ugazi-UMAD forces. Beyond them, squatting on the ground, were four prisoners guarded by some of Barrière's *macaques*.

As we came up, the strange white man turned, saw Troppmann, and gave him a bitter smile.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "I might have known."

Troppmann laughed. "What's the matter, Jean-Pierre? The game getting too rough for you these days?"

"How can you play it with these stupid louts?" Nobody had taken away his submachine gun. He made a gesture of annoyance with it. "We should have made mincemeat of you."

"You were unlucky," Troppmann said graciously. "Our lot are just as bad. Have you boys introduced yourselves? This is Captain Velay, who, for once, has chosen to sit on the wrong side of the table."

Velay nodded to us gloomily as we were introduced. He was a heavy man with broad shoulders, a pink complexion, and a long, pointed nose. Two of the fingers of his left hand were missing.

"I don't know what you people think you're up to," he went on. "Your SMMAC won't like it when UMAD stops the ore barges out of Matendo. That's what'll happen, you know. We can do it easily—sink the lot if necessary. UMAD means business."

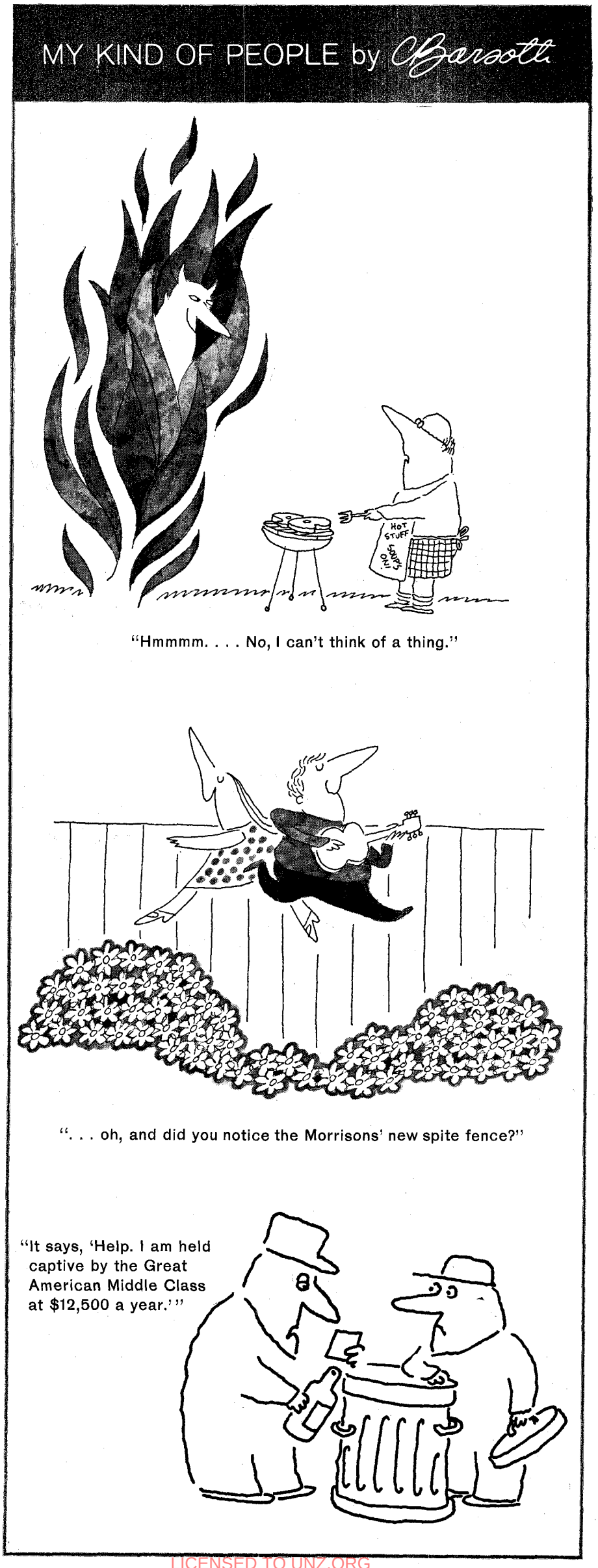
"Well, so do we, Jean-Pierre."

Willens arrived at that moment to report somewhat wearily that we had four casualties, including one dead. The dead one had blown himself up with a grenade.

Willens didn't look at Velay, and Velay appeared not to see Willens; it was pretty obvious that they knew each other. Troppmann didn't seem to notice, however.

"We'll take our wounded with us," Troppmann said. "You'd better warn your men to lie low and let our main body pass through."

Velay shrugged. "Okay. What do *I* do?"


MY KIND OF PEOPLE by Barsotti
HOT STUFF
"Hmmmm. . . . No, I can't think of a thing."
". . . oh, and did you notice the Morrisons' new spite fence?"
"It says, 'Help. I am held captive by the Great American Middle Class at $12,500 a year.'"

"I'm afraid I'll need your truck, Jean-Pierre. You wrecked my Jeep. How about coming with me to Amari?"

"Not if you think you're just going to drive straight in. You won't get away with that. I'd sooner walk."

"Where will they try to stop us?"

"At the brewery. And they *can* stop you, believe me. I set it up myself. We have heavy machine guns."

"We have mortars and M.A.G.'s."

"It's a reinforced-concrete structure."

Troppmann looked at him. "Jean-Pierre," he said, "my orders are to get Amari. I think we'll have to take our chances with this brewery of yours."

Velay shrugged, as if to wash his hands of the whole affair. Troppmann began giving orders again. Two minutes later we were once more on the move.

The brewery is the first building of any size that you come to on the outskirts of Amari, and it has a big sign with the words BRASSERIE TEMBO painted in blue on the end wall. It stands where the road divides, one branch going down to the waterfront, the other continuing to the center of the town.

Troppmann, with Velay beside him in the latter's truck, stopped well short of the place where the road divided. If there were heavy machine guns in the brewery, as Velay had said, that would be the area they covered. Troppmann had retrieved his walkie-talkie unharmed from the wrecked Jeep, and now I heard him calling Barrière.

"Spearhead to Hammer. I want you to send a party forward to draw fire."

"Okay. Who'll cover me?"

"We will. Command truck follow me."

Sergeant Musa smacked his lips and began loading a fresh belt of ammunition. My stomach heaved.

I followed Troppmann as he drove off the road into a thin belt of trees. He was almost level with the intersection of the two roads now and the brewery was less than four hundred yards away, and facing us.

Then Troppmann stopped. I turned the truck a little so that Sergeant Musa could cover the brewery, and stopped too. I also got out of the driver's seat. Behind the truck was soon going to be a safer place than in it.

Through the trees now I could see Barrière and half a dozen of his men moving up on the brewery side of the road toward the cover of some bushes. As they ran forward into the open, there was a burst of fire from the brewery, but they reached the bushes safely. The brewery fired again, and this time I saw the flashes. So did Sergeant Musa. He gave a yell and began to fire back.

The brewery compound was enclosed by a high metal fence, and the fire was coming from two places to the left of the main gate; they were firing through holes in the fence.

And then I had one of my ideas. I remembered what Velay had said when Troppmann had mentioned mortars—that the brewery was a reinforced-concrete structure. At the time that had seemed an answer. Now I realized that it wasn't. Concrete is no protection unless you can get behind it. Looking at the windowless façade of the brewery, I could see that if you really wanted to make it a strongpoint you

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would have to make loopholes in its walls first. That would take time, and there hadn't been that much time. I went to the walkie-talkie and told Troppmann my idea.

"Amazing!" he said. "Have you just thought of it?" He chuckled. "I must tell Captain Velay."

Of course, he was trying to pretend that he himself had had the idea all along, but I wasn't deceived. He certainly acted on my suggestion. Ten minutes later, mortar shells were blasting the enemy in the brewery compound to bits.

I was sorry about that, naturally, but in war there is no room for sentiment and half measures. As my father used to say, "*The soldier's job is to fight the enemy, not just whistle at him.*"

Barrière's group were left to mop up at the brewery while the rest of us pushed on into the town.

When I reported this to Kinck, I had some news from him. The main body had been attacked by three planes on the road outside Matata. The planes had come from across the river. There had been no casualties, but "some disorganization of the column" had resulted, and it would be two hours before they caught up with us; more, perhaps, if the air attacks were repeated. Troppmann pulled a face when I told him. I could understand why.

When Barrière's group had finished at the brewery, they would move down to the waterfront and take over there, or try to. Their orders were to secure the piers, fuel stores, and any boats that were still there, and stop all movement, in or out, by river. If they had no trouble, they could probably do it, but they would have no men to spare. That left only Goutard's group to deal with the barracks and the garrison inside it.

We had stopped just short of the main square in a tree-lined street of broken-down, two-story buildings. Some of them were houses but most were shops, hole-in-the-wall cafés and bars. Groups of black men in European dress stood outside the cafés and stared at us. They didn't seem afraid. Some were laughing and making jokes amongst themselves; quite a few were very obviously drunk.

Goutard's group had already gone on ahead to see what the score was at the barracks, and now Troppmann and I joined them.

Goutard had his group deployed inside a cemetery behind the crumbling wall facing the barracks. The UMAD garrison had proved to be both alert and jumpy. They had two machine guns set up on the roof and would blaze away instantly at anything they saw moving. Willens was setting up guns to cover the main gate and the open ground in front of it. With other guns he proposed to make things dangerous for those on the roof. He had a spy hole in the cemetery wall, and we took turns peering through.

Suddenly a sound of firing came from the direction of the river. After a moment or two the sound came again. Troppmann turned to me. "Go and ask Barrière how he's getting on."

As I crawled away, there was more firing, and I was glad to get out of the cemetery and back to the truck.

Instead of Barrière, I got Ruys. He was very much out of breath. "A bit of trouble," he said. "There are some men in a building just off the riverfront on the west corner of the square. I think it's the *préfecture*. They have rifles. We are more or less pinned down here. We've tried to outflank them, but there's no way. And Barrière has been wounded in the leg. He's out of action. We're all right where we are for the moment, but we can't take the ferryboat pier from here. Someone'll have to clear that building from the square side first."

"I'll tell Troppmann."

Reluctantly I went back into the cemetery and told Troppmann. Goutard and Velay listened as I made my report.

"Those are our men," Velay said quickly. "UMAD personnel. Civilians."

"What are they doing in the *préfecture?*" Troppmann demanded.

"What the *préfet* and his staff should have been doing if they hadn't escaped across the river when the alarm was given."

"Are these men Europeans?"

"Two of them are, and there are three *évolués*." By that he meant "civilized" men. The term covered any African—from a clerk who could just use a typewriter to a lawyer with a university degree—who wasn't an ordinary *macaque*.

"Can't you tell them to be sensible?"

But Velay had abandoned his pretense of trying to be helpful. "They *are* being sensible," he said. "You're held up here. You're held up down there. If Kinck doesn't get here by tonight, you may be on the run by morning. We are friends, yes, but not, at present, colleagues. Do you really expect me to make it easy for you?"

"I'd soon have them out of it," Goutard said angrily.

Troppmann stared at him for a moment. "I can't let you take any men from here."

"I don't need any from here. There are three on the command truck and"—he gestured at me—"Arthur. If those others only have rifles and shotguns, that's plenty to do the job."

They both looked at me. Goutard had his pinched, angry look. I was so scared that I couldn't think of anything to say. I shrugged.

Troppmann still looked at me doubtfully, but he nodded. "Very well. Don't kill them unless you have to. I'll tell Ruys that you're on the way."

It was really just as well that one had to crawl to get out of the cemetery safely. I don't think that I could have walked upright.

The main square in Amari has buildings on only three sides. The fourth side is formed by the riverfront, where the bigger passenger launches and ferryboats tie up. On one side there is a church, part of the Catholic mission, and a hotel with a big veranda. The other buildings are all provincial government or commercial offices. The patch of ground in the center has a few acacia trees and a stone memorial.

Instructed by Goutard, who sat beside me, I drove slowly into the square and then stopped so that he could get his bearings. There were quite a lot of people there, but, except for some drunks near the memorial, they were congregated on the right side by the church. The *préfecture* was the end building on the left side, and the roadway in front of it was empty. If there was going to be any fun, the crowd preferred to view it from a distance.

Goutard told me to drive on, keeping to the left, but to stop again just beyond the main entrance to the *préfecture*. I was to go slowly. I did as I was told. I was too frightened to do anything else.

The *préfecture* was on two floors and overlooked the riverfront. Even I could see now that a few determined men with guns on the upper floor could make things impossible for anyone on the riverfront. There was no cover of any sort there. Barrière would have needed armored cars to get by without casualties.

It seemed to me that we were going to need a tank to get into the *préfecture*. All the lower windows were barred and shuttered. The big double doors in the entrance portico looked firmly forbidding.

Goutard seemed unimpressed, however. As I stopped, he picked up the walkie-talkie and called Ruys. "We're in the square and about to go in. I'm going to start with grenades. When you hear them, I want you to keep those types upstairs busy. I don't want them to try and give us the works from above. The more noise the better. Everything you've got. Okay?"

"Okay," said Ruys, "but give me time to get organized."

"Two minutes enough?"

"Two minutes. We'll be ready."

Goutard turned to me. "We'll leave one man to guard the truck. That had better be Sergeant Musa. We'll go in in the usual way. Grenade first, then yourself."

"All right," I said, "but we'd better be careful, hadn't we?"

"Careful?"

"I've got Willens's IOU for sending the signal to UMAD. He gave you one, too. We want to be in a position to cash them, don't we?"

He hesitated, but not for long. "It's us or them now."

"But I sent Willens's signal."

"You didn't have to. But what's the difference now? That was only insurance. We don't need insurance any more."

"We don't?" I could hardly believe my ears.

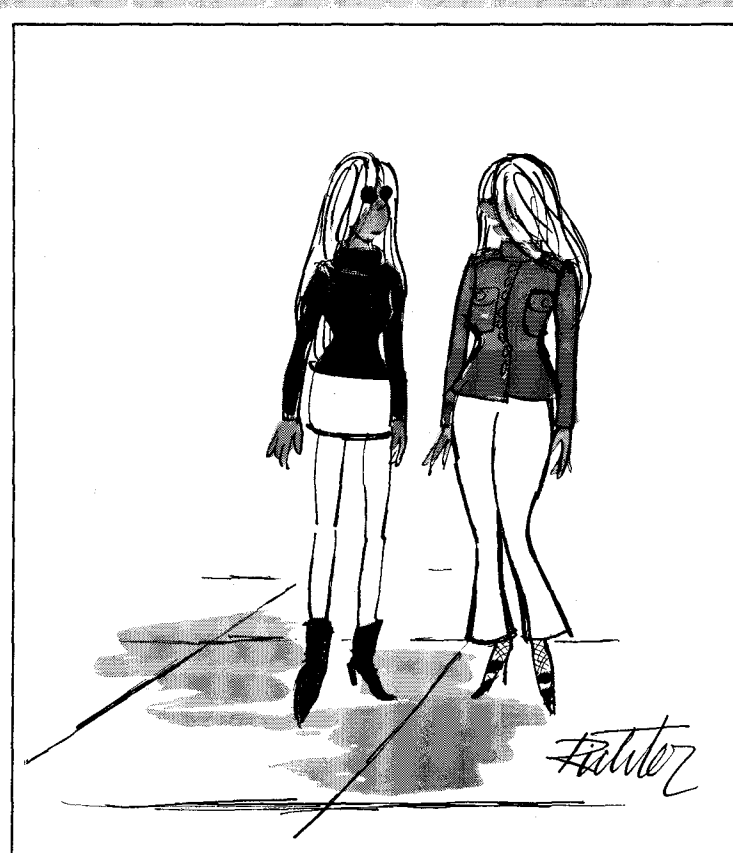
"What for? We're going to win. Come on. Let's get moving."

We got out, and he began filling his haversack with grenades. Spare Uzi magazines went into each of his hip pockets. I did what he did automatically. It was as if I no longer had a mind of my own. I really don't remember exactly what happened for the next few minutes. I heard Goutard issuing orders to Sergeant Musa and saw him looking at his watch. Then I was marching behind him along the mildewed wall below the barred windows of the *préfecture*. We were near the portico when he stopped. I almost bumped into him. He had his Uzi slung over his shoulder and a grenade in each hand.

I saw him toss the two grenades into the portico, step back quickly, and flatten himself against the wall. The blast of the double explosion was like a punch in the head. Through the singing in my ears I could hear M.A.G. fire coming from the riverfront. It was drowned suddenly by the snarl of a Uzi as Goutard ran forward into the portico, firing as he went.

I followed. For some reason it seemed safer to follow than stay there in the street. Through a cloud of dust I saw that one of the double doors was open and I heard Goutard yelling at me to

America, America



"I don't really dig Sinatra, but I respect him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The 1968 Barracuda.
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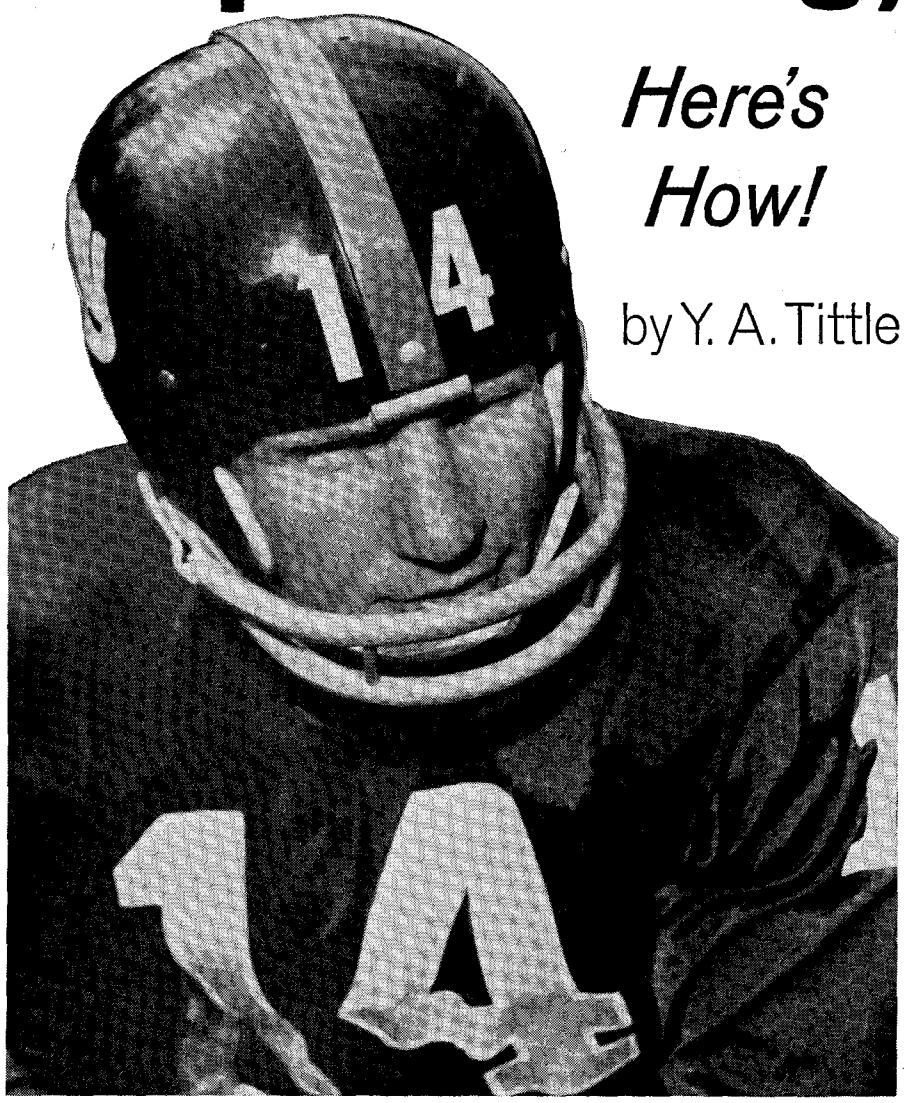
If you want to Stop Smoking, Here's How!

by Y. A. Tittle



Y. A. Tittle is a former great NFL quarterback, one of the most productive passers in the history of professional football. He is now a successful insurance executive and backfield coach for the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

You need a lot of desire as well as cooperation to be a successful quarterback in tough professional football. You really have to want to make good—but even that isn't enough without plenty of help from your teammates.

There's no substitute for the same kind of desire if you want to stop smoking—and I assume you have it because you're reading this ad—but, luckily, there now is something to help you. It's a little white pill called Bantron.

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Maybe you have the desire to stop smoking but can't! If you want help in quitting, take Bantron.

I've learned that clinical evidence has established that Bantron is more than 80% effective in helping chronic chain smokers give up smoking completely. Extensive research work at a great American University has shown that 4 out of 5 patients who had a desire to stop smoking were able to do so within one week with the help of Bantron. Even those who didn't stop completely cut down drastically.

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Bantron is easy and pleasant to take; doesn't affect your taste for food or anything else. It really worked wonders for me. Even now, when I think of smoking, I just take Bantron instead. I recommend Bantron to everyone who wants to stop smoking quickly and easily. Try it. You'll be amazed with the results, just as I was. It really works!

Bantron is so safe when taken as directed that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. Government.

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come on. Nobody was firing at us. I yelled at the two *macaques* behind me to follow and went in.

There was a reception hall and a stairway. Goutard was already halfway up the stairs, taking them two at a time and howling like a fiend. The *macaques* had started howling, too. They were right behind me with their bayonets fixed. I had no choice but to run up the stairs ahead of them.

At the top there was a long corridor running parallel with the front of the building. Goutard had turned right—that is, toward the riverfront end. As I turned to follow, the noise of the M.A.G. firing outside was added to by the sound of shots fired inside and quite close. At the same moment, Goutard pulled out another grenade, threw it to the far end of the corridor, and dived sideways through a doorway.

The grenade landed below a shuttered window, and when it exploded it blew the shutters open.

I was still standing there dazed from the blast when a man in a white, short-sleeved shirt stumbled into the light from the window. He had a rifle in his hands. The instant he saw me he dropped the rifle and put his hands up. Then the plaster dust started him coughing.

"Okay, okay," he croaked between coughs. "*Kamerad*, chum, *Kamerad. Guerre finie*. We don't want trouble."

I recognized his voice. It was the radio operator who had received Willens's signal.

Goutard charged past him into the end room. A moment later more men in white, short-sleeved shirts began to file out of the end room. They hesitated when they saw me. I was terrified, and because I was terrified I suppose I held my Uzi as if I were ready and eager to use it.

Goutard came from behind them.

"That's it, Arthur," he said. "You take charge here. Check all the other rooms. If anyone tries to get funny, shoot him. I'm going to give Ruys and Barrière a hand."

Then he left, and I was on my own.

I have been accused of a lot of things in my time, and a few of those accusations have been true. I make no bones about that; I don't pretend to be a saint. But the charge that in the *préfecture* at Amari I was guilty of looting is absolutely false. There can be no guilt without guilty intent. The worst that I can be accused of is forgetfulness.

Goutard had told me to take charge there and "check all the other rooms." That is exactly what I did. I obeyed orders.

First I told the two *macaques* to collect the rifles and shotguns from the end room. Then I sent the prisoners back to it and told the *macaques* to guard them. After that I was free to check the other rooms. The rooms on that floor were all offices. One of them, which was in the center at the head of the stairs, was the *préfet*'s own office. It had two doors, one giving onto the corridor and the other connecting it with the office occupied by the *préfet*'s deputy.

It was in the deputy's office that I found the safe. Naturally, I tried the handle to see if it was locked. Incredibly, it wasn't. The deputy had evidently been in such a hurry to leave that he had forgotten to lock it. Naturally, too, I looked to see what was inside.

The upper half had a shelf for account books. Below were some pigeonholes and a drawer. I opened the drawer first and saw what looked like a lot of money there. I didn't trouble to count it. Then something in one of the pigeonholes caught my eye. It was a bundle of passports. There were sixteen of them, and they were held together by an elastic band. Slipped under the band on the top passport, a West German one, was a slip of paper with UMAD printed on it in red ink. Beside the passports there was a stack of cards, also held together by a band, which turned out to be *cartes d'identité* issued by the *préfet* in the name of the Republic of Ugazi for use by resident aliens. It was obvious what had happened. UMAD had made an application en bloc for the cards on behalf of sixteen of its employees. The cards and passports were now waiting to be picked up.

Nobody knows better than I what a valuable document a passport is. After all, it was passport trouble in Athens that had got me into this mess. To leave sixteen passports about where they might be stolen or mislaid seemed to me an absolutely criminal thing to do. Under the circumstances, it seemed to me that the passports and the money would be safer in my haversack. So that is where they went.

Then I just forgot about them. And quite understandably, I think. When you are fighting for your life, you are apt to forget trivialities.

Kinck and the main body entered the town soon after four. The garrison formally surrendered an hour later. Their heavy machine guns were taken from them, and they were confined to barracks pending a truce with the Ugazi government.

That evening a *macaque* colonel, representing our side, the Mahindi government, arrived with some aides and commandeered the hotel. He also assumed command of the troops and of the company transport. The European officers promptly moved into the *préfecture*, bringing their M.A.G.'s and mortars and Uzis with them. The UMAD personnel who had surrendered, both Europeans and *évolués*, decided to stay with us, and three more of their people, who had been thrown out of the hotel, arrived later. So did the wounded Barrière. Now that the battle was over, everybody in the town was getting drunk, and the place became even more dangerous than it had been earlier. The UMAD people weren't exactly friendly until someone remembered that there were several cases of gin in their offices across the square and we helped them rescue it.

But even with the gin, I couldn't relax completely. Goutard might not be interested in insurance any more; but then he hadn't stuck his neck out the way I had. I felt that I still had to keep

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my wits about me. And, by God, I was right.

From the cool look Willens had given me when he turned up at the *préfecture*, it was obvious that he and Captain Velay had managed to get together and compare notes. Clearly, Willens now knew the time at which I had transmitted his signal. However, he couldn't know for certain that I had purposely delayed it. Although he might not be too pleased with my performance—I wasn't fool enough to think that he was going to honor his IOU—as long as he believed that I had done the best I could, I still had a foot, or at least a toe, in the enemy camp. For a while that was a comforting thought, though not completely reassuring.

Then, suddenly, there were no longer any comforting thoughts, only nightmare.

It was about ten-thirty when the blow fell. We were all in a big room on the *préfecture*'s ground floor. That was where the gin was. There had been some shooting in the square outside, and nearly everyone had quieted down for a moment to listen. Two of the company officers were on watch by the entrance, and Troppmann and Velay had gone out to find out what was going on.

One of those who hadn't quieted down was Goutard. He was having an argument with the radio operator, and he went on at the top of his voice. "You don't know what you're talking about," he was yelling. "If you need good luck in this game you'd better not play. Firepower and speed, that's all that matters. If you need luck——"

He broke off and threw up his hands. He had been speaking in his slangy, Marseilles-accented French, and the radio operator's blank stare had suddenly made him realize that he wasn't making himself completely understood.

"You tell him, Arthur," he said. "Tell the imbecile in English."

I had become too used to obeying Goutard to stop doing so then, but as soon as I started to speak I knew that I had made a mistake. Until that moment, I had meant nothing in particular to the radio operator. I was just the man with a gun, to whom he had happened to surrender. Now he was hearing me speak English. His eyes widened as he recognized my voice, then narrowed vindictively. He didn't wait for me to finish.

"Oh," he said loudly. "So you're the bastard I talked to on the air this morning."

Kinck, Ruys, and Willens were all sitting within earshot. Ruys had actually been listening to the argument. I was almost sure that Kinck understood English. I knew that Ruys did.

Goutard was prodding me in the arm. 'What did he say? What did he say?"

Ruys was looking at me oddly. "The question is, what did he mean?" he said in English.

The radio operator was quite drunk. He pointed at me belligerently. "*He* knows what I mean. Telling me to go to hell. Rude bastard. Ask him."

I knew Willens was listening. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him stand up. I hoped he was going to intervene. Instead he moved away casually, as if he were going to get himself another drink.

Goutard, who hadn't understood a word, of course, was still prodding me, but I ignored him. It was the radio operator who frightened me now.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, and managed to smile.

"Are you calling me a liar?" he demanded. "I know a voice when I hear it." Suddenly, he imitated my voice. "'You've got the bloody message. The rest's up to you.' Bastard!"

I knew that there was nothing I could say or do to stop him now. He was the sort of stupid drunk who would go on and on until he had spilt all the beans. Captain Velay, his boss, might have shut him up, but Velay wasn't there. All I could do was to get out of there before things got worse and Kinck started asking him questions.

I stood up and smiled down at him. "You're very much mistaken," I said; "but right now I've got to get rid of some of this gin. We'll talk about it when I get back."

I could feel Kinck's eyes on me as I left, but nobody came after me. The hunt would start later when I didn't return, when the questions had been asked and answered and suspicion had turned into certainty. I had a few minutes in which to think of a way out.

My camp bed and the rest of my things were in one of the offices along the ground corridor. The electricity was out, and I had to use my flashlight to find my way back to it. I still had no idea of what I was going to do. The command truck was in the compound behind the *préfecture*, and I had the ignition key. If I could get to the truck, I could maybe drive away. But where to? The machine gun had been removed, and, with the streets the way they were, I would be lucky to get out of Amari safely. And supposing I were lucky, then what? Back along the river road to Matata and Sikafu? Where then? To Fort Grebanier, the capital, where I could perhaps get a plane? That would take hours; hours in which Kinck could radio ahead and have me stopped if he wanted to. Then what? If I weren't hacked to pieces by the *macaques*, I would be in jail, charged with stealing a SMMAC truck. That would probably be Kinck's way of punishing me. I didn't like to think about what would be done to me if I stayed. Troppmann wouldn't hesitate to put a bullet through my head, nor would Ruys; and there were other, more unpleasant things which could happen first.

It was terribly hard to think. I was so tired. I knew that I should be doing something, making a move, instead of just sitting there on my bed in the darkness; but I couldn't seem to bring myself to it. I was terrified and knew that I had to escape; but all I wanted to do was to lie down on the bed and go to sleep.

There was a small sound at the door, and suddenly a blinding light shone in my face. My stomach contracted, and the gin I had swallowed came back sour and choking in my throat. Then the light moved, and I saw that Willens was standing in the doorway. He had his haversack slung on one shoulder and his Uzi on the other.

"Get your things, Arthur," he said. "It's time for us to go."

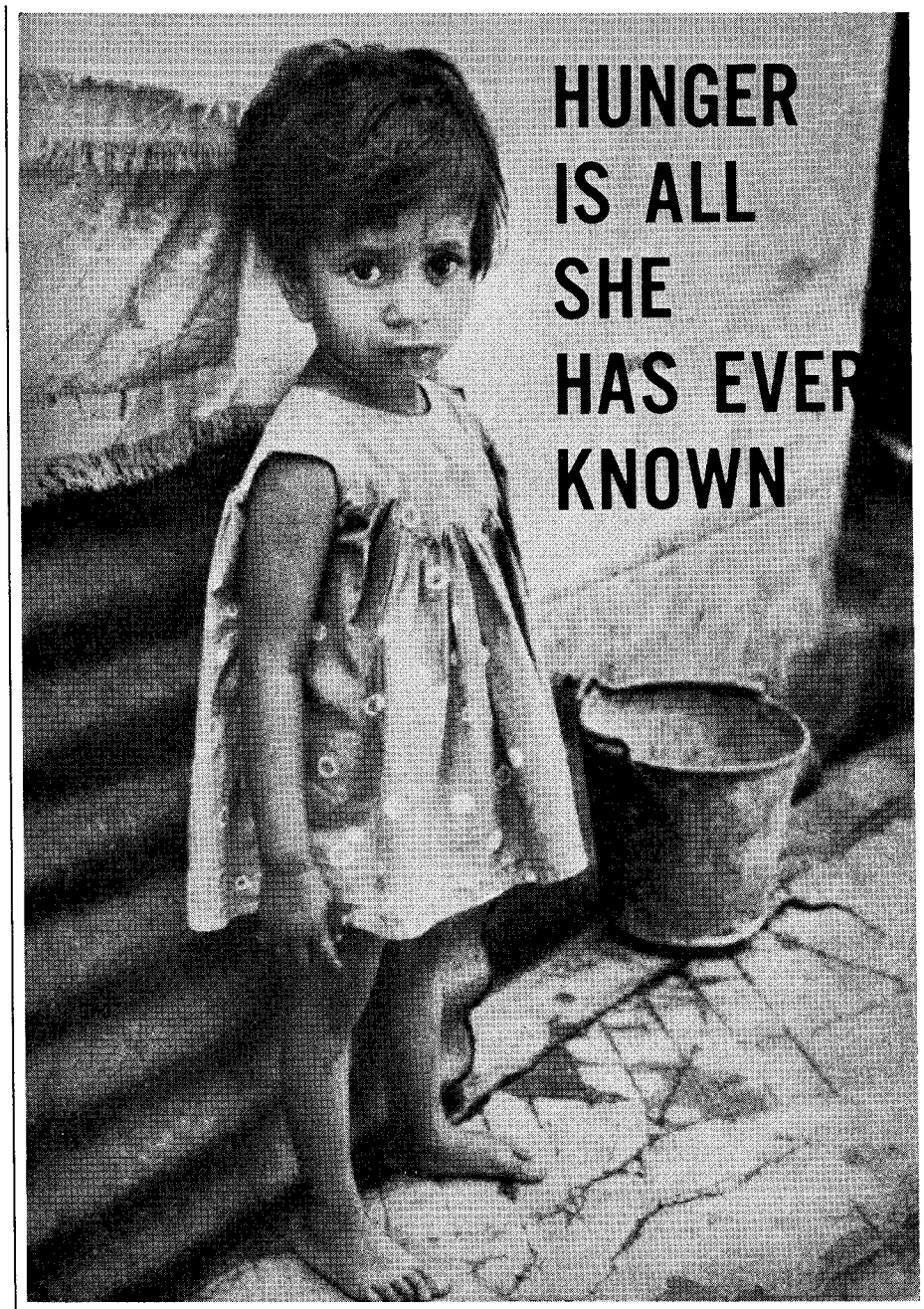
I stared at him stupidly.

"Come on," he repeated. "You don't want to stay here, do you? This party's liable to get rough for you and me, so let's not hang about. Where's your truck?"

"In the compound."

"Is the radio still in it?"

"Yes. It's padlocked."



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only $12.00 a month, you can sponsor her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
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☐ Please send me more information.

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"Do you have the key?"

"Yes."

"Then come on."

I picked up my haversack and started toward the door.

"Don't forget your gun. You may need it."

I went back for the Uzi and then followed him out along the corridor.

The *préfecture* compound was a small, walled area behind the building. There was a gate on the riverfront side, and the compound had evidently been used mainly as a parking place. I remembered that I had left the command truck in the car shelter. What I also now remembered was that I had parked first, and that the four group trucks had been driven in behind me.

I caught up with Willens as we reached the rear door leading to the compound. "It's no use," I said. "I can't get my truck out. The others are all in the way."

"Don't talk," was all he said. He didn't even pause.

We were in the compound now. Nothing movable and worth stealing had been left in the trucks, so there was no guard on them.

"Where is it?" Willens asked.

"On the left. Right up in the corner."

He threaded his way between the trucks, his flashlight probing ahead.

"All I'm interested in is the radio," he said over his shoulder. "With any luck we won't need a truck. If we're out of luck and we do need one, we'll take one of the others."

We had reached the command truck now, and he vaulted into the back of it.

"Where's the key?"

I passed him up the key to the padlock, and he went to work. A few moments later the motor-generator began to whine in its box. It seemed as if the whole world must hear it.

"Good Lord," he muttered, "what a din."

It was too good a chance for me to miss. "That was why I couldn't send your signal earlier," I said. "Because of the noise."

"Well, that's ancient history now." His hands had been busy with the switches. He began to call. "Janson Three, Fielder calling Janson Three, Fielder calling Janson Three. Over."

Janson Two had been UMAD Amari—and that sod of an operator who was talking his head off inside. I had no idea who Janson Three was, nor did I care at that moment. All I wanted was to get out of there before Janson Two blew me completely.

Willens had to call twice before he got an answer.

"Janson Three answering, Fielder. Good to hear you. Over."

That was all I understood of the conversation. Willens began to speak now in a language I had never heard before and was answered in the same language. It sounded a little like Dutch, and I think it must have been Afrikaans. After the first few exchanges, Janson Three did most of the talking. Willens seemed to be receiving instructions of some sort.

"Come on," he said to me after he'd finished. "We won't need a truck, but we have quite a way to walk."

He was already moving away between the trucks toward the compound gate. I started to follow him. To get to the gate, we had to pass the back door of the *préfecture*. As Willens drew level with it, someone opened it and came out with a flashlight.

Willens was in the open there, and the light caught him. He stopped. I stopped too, but I was a few paces back, hidden by a truck. I couldn't see who was holding the light, only hear. For a moment there was silence, then the man with the light said, "Well, well!" and sniggered.

It was Goutard.

Willens said nothing.

"Where is he? Is he here?" The light flickered around.

"Who are you talking about?" Willens asked.

"Little Arthur, of course. Who else? Kinck wants to see him. Your radio operator's been talking. Now they want to hear Arthur talk."

"If they can find him."

"Oh, they'll find him. One of us'll find the fool. He'll be somewhere in a corner, hiding. He won't get far."

"Nothing you'd want. I left most of it with my wife."

There was a slight pause. When Goutard spoke again the tone of his voice had changed. His temper had begun to go. "Better think again, Willens. You already owe me over a thousand dollars. I'll take half of that in francs. For the spot you're in, it's a bargain."

In my mind's eye I could see his face taking on that pinched look.

"Be reasonable," Willens was saying. "I don't have that much money on me."

I knew that any moment now Goutard would lose all control, and that would be the end for me.

I had moved right around the truck by now, so I was very nearly behind him.

"Don't give me that bull," he snapped. "Out with the money!"

Then I could see them both, Willens in front of the truck facing me, Goutard with his back to me, jabbing his flashlight at Willens's face.

Fifty years ago in **The Post**

A World War I soldier writes from the trenches:

Doing Her Bit—By Gouverneur Morris

'The Soul of the Assault,' by George Eustace Pearson, Sept. 22, 1917

"It became so that there was no human relationship, however sweet, however dear, which did not, beside this one here experienced, fade into distant nothingness. The regiment displaced all our other loves. It became a glorious symposium of father, mother and sweetheart; gave, asked and received our dying all. These men, who fought, cooked and died together, came to assume to one another a certain rough tenderness of affectionate disgust that replaced for each his more domestic love."

"Doesn't that worry you, Goutard?"

"Me?" Goutard sniggered again. "What can that bastard say about me that they'd believe? I burnt the note you gave me hours ago. I was never even near the radio set. *You'd* be the one to worry, I'd say."

He had moved closer to Willens now, and I began to back away behind the truck.

"I'm not worrying," Willens said, "I'm leaving."

"What's it worth to me to let you leave?"

"How do you think you're going to stop me?"

"By going inside and raising the alarm." Goutard's light flicked contemptuously at the Uzi in Willens's hands. "You can't use that thing. The noise would bring them running quicker than I would. How much money have you got? How much cash?"

"Out with it!" he was yapping. "Out with it!"

I was absolutely desperate. There was only one thing I could do to shut him up. I unslung the Uzi, took three quick steps forward, and brought the gun down as hard as I could on his head. The Uzi weighs nine pounds, and I used all my strength.

He sprawled forward onto his knees, and then went down all the way.

"Quick," snapped Willens. "Help me get him behind the truck."

We took an arm each and dragged him between two trucks, where he wouldn't be seen by anyone making a casual inspection of the compound. Then we made for the gateway.

The gates were bolted on the inside, but there was no lock. A few seconds later we were on the riverfront and walking quickly south, away from the square.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Across the river, if we can make it. They're sending a launch for us from Changa."

"Is that where Janson Three is?"

"Yes. They'll pick us up at a point outside the Amari perimeter. All we have to do now is get there."

We had a couple of nasty moments with patrols along the way, but we finally got outside the Amari perimeter. We kept going for about half a kilometer. Then Willens stopped and got out his flashlight. To the right of the road the ground fell away fairly steeply to the riverbank and was covered with slimy-looking undergrowth.

"It's not going to be comfortable," Willens said, "but it's got to be done."

He started down and I followed, slipping and sliding on my backside, catching my feet and clutching blindly at things that tore my hands. I could hear Willens cursing and swearing somewhere in front of me. Then he called up to me.

"Hold it! Not too fast, or you'll go in the drink."

I grabbed wildly at the branches. My haversack strap got entangled round my neck. And then I was in the drink; up to the knees, anyway. What had looked from above like the riverbank was a patch of swamp. It stank to high heaven. Willens was in it, too. He had his flashlight on again, and I could see him clambering up onto a rotting tree trunk. As I joined him there, he began to flash a signal out across the river.

The launch came eventually, and Willens and I waded out chest-deep and were hauled on board. The launch sped across the swift midriver current toward a row of lights on the far shore.

"Changa?" I asked, knowing it was the main province of the Ugazi Republic.

"Changa," Willens said.

The lights came closer, and the launch changed direction slightly.

I pointed to the Uzis. "What about these?"

"We'd better leave them in the boat." I saw him grin. "Lucky I reminded you to bring one along. It came in handy."

That was all the thanks I got for saving him from Goutard. I didn't much mind. As my father used to say, "*When a man says he's grateful to you, watch out. The bugger means to come again another day.*"

The real point was that "little Arthur," the white *macaque*, the "fool," had *not* been "somewhere in a corner, hiding" when the moment of decision came. He had been there with a gun and the guts to use it.

I spent a week at the hotel in Changa. The town was full of Ugazi troops, and more seemed to arrive every day. Some had automatic weapons, and there were even a few armored troop carriers. But nothing happened there to change the situation. There was no truce. The Amari garrison remained in its barracks, and the other Ugazi forces stayed on their own side of the river. As Velay had predicted, SMMAC's barge traffic out of Matendo had been stopped by the Ugazis. Two of the barges had been sunk by gunfire, and a tug had been damaged. After that the barges stayed in Matendo, and the ore trucks ceased to run. Ugazi and Mahindi had both protested to the United Nations Secur

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ity Council. It looked like a stalemate.

Willens had arranged for UMAD to pay my hotel expenses, but I still held his IOU. When I had reminded him about it, he had said airily that nothing could be settled about that until the whole situation had been clarified. I took this to mean that if UMAD won after all, I might possibly get paid, but that if SMMAC held on to what they'd grabbed, I certainly would not.

At first he couldn't be bothered with me at all. He was too busy trying to work out arrangements for his wife to leave Mahindi territory and join him here in Changa. I don't know exactly how he managed it, but whatever the strings were that he pulled, they worked. Barbara Willens arrived three days later. She had traveled through Zone B, the evacuation of which, she reported, had still to be completed.

It was from her, toward the end of the week, that I had the little lesson in business ethics that may have changed my whole life.

Her husband had gone up to the capital for a conference, and we were sitting on the hotel veranda, having a drink.

"I'm sorry things didn't quite work out as planned, Arthur," she said.

"I did the best I could, Mrs. Willens."

"So Adrian tells me. Pity it wasn't good enough."

"A great pity," I said dryly. "If I'd done less, or if I'd done nothing at all, I'd be on the winning side now."

"For what it would be worth, yes. But if it's any consolation to you, you haven't lost much."

"Only my job with SMMAC."

"You wouldn't have had that for long, anyway. You know what's going to happen here, don't you?"

"Ugazi and Mahindi will fight it out, presumably."

She shook her head. "No. There's nothing more to fight about. The game's over. UMAD and SMMAC have come to an agreement."

"An agreement!" I thought she was joking.

"It may take a while to work out the details in Geneva, but otherwise it's a foregone conclusion. They were fighting over an area of land that contains valuable minerals, but now that territory will be mined as a joint venture. Ugazi and Mahindi will share the royalties. UMAD will get a piece of SMMAC's cassiterite operation to compensate them."

"But what about the Ugazi government?"

"Who cares about the Ugazi government? They lost one small slice of territory and gained another. Who's going to reverse that situation? The Ugazi armed forces? They can't. The United Nations? Forget it. The International Court at The Hague? There's been a boundary dispute involving mineral deposits going on between Venezuela and what used to be British Guiana for over fifty years. The International Court hasn't settled that. This one won't last fifty days. And for a very simple reason. SMMAC and UMAD have decided it won't."

"What right have they to decide?" After all that I'd been through, the idea of those bastards calmly sitting down in an office in Geneva to divvy up the loot really made my blood boil.

"Who else is there?"

"That territory belongs to the Ugazis. It's been stolen from them."

She sighed patiently. "We're talking about businessmen, Arthur, not boy scouts. UMAD had something that SMMAC wanted a piece of. So SMMAC made a kind of take-over bid that worked. So now they've got their piece, and they're well satisfied. The Ugazis may grumble at first, but when they start drawing their share of the royalties, they'll be satisfied, too. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Willens," I said stiffly. "It would be a good defense of daylight robbery, also."

She laughed. "You're a moralist, Arthur," she said. "How about ordering another drink?"

I have been called plenty of things in my time, but never a moralist before. I wasn't sure that I liked it. It made me feel a bit silly.

It is a strange thing with me. When I have been made to feel silly by a woman, especially a sexy-looking woman, I start thinking really seriously and making plans. I don't mean plans for getting back at her, but plans for getting back at the world and bettering myself.

Curiously enough, it was that bundle of passports I happened to have in my haversack that gave me the big idea.

I had been asking myself some questions. For instance: If I pinch a wallet in a washroom, that's stealing and everyone yells blue murder; but if SMMAC or UMAD pinches two hundred million dollars' worth of rare minerals, that's "acquiring an interest" and nobody says a word. Why? How do they get away with it? How could I get away with something like it?

I wasn't thinking of anything on the same scale, of course—millions don't interest me—but something that a man with my sort of know-how could tackle without having the police breathing down his neck all the time.

At first I had seen the passports simply as a potential source of income. But it was the feel and texture of all sixteen of them together that made me think of them in terms of capital rather than just income. Basically they were all much the same—booklets in colored covers with embossed or stamped heraldic designs. Some had elaborate engraving inside and pages that were watermarked and overprinted, but most were fairly simple. Two of them had the name of the printer in small type on the inside of the back cover. It was a firm in Frankfurt, West Germany, though they weren't West German passports.

The idea of forgery didn't enter my mind, of course. People like SMMAC and UMAD get away with things because they stay above or outside the law, and because there isn't a policeman who can breathe down *their* necks. If I wanted to get away with something, I would have to follow their example.

What really interested me about those passports, apart from their value on the black market, was that, although they represented six different nationalities, they all looked so much alike. Two of the six, in fact, were practically the same color.

And then I began to think of all the countries there are in the world with new names—names like Botswana and Lesotho and Malagasy and Rwanda—that most people have never heard of. Give them their old names—Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Madagascar, Ruanda-Urundi—and still a lot of people would be hazy about them.

All these new countries that nobody knows about issue passports. That is one of the things about independent sovereignty—you can issue passports.

I asked myself some more questions.

There are something like one hundred and thirty sovereign states in the world today. Why shouldn't there be one more sovereign state that nobody has ever heard of? And why shouldn't it issue passports?

What happens when an immigration official examines a passport? He looks first to see if the picture stuck inside it is vaguely like you. Then he looks to see if it is still valid and up-to-date. If you're entering a country that needs a visa, he checks that. Lastly, if he's one of those bastards with a black book on the desk beside him, he looks you up to see if you're on the list.

But that's all. He doesn't ask you about your country. If you come from Burundi or Bhutan or Malawi or Gabon, he doesn't say he's never heard of it and want to know if it belongs to the U.N. He's not interested. You have a passport that seems to be valid. It's his job to stamp it, so he stamps it.

By the time Willens returned from the capital, I had everything more or less cut and dried.

"I'm getting tired of sitting around in this bloody place," I told him. "I like a little action. If UMAD'll buy me a plane ticket, I'm prepared to forget about the IOU."

He looked relieved but suspicious.

"A plane ticket to where?"

"Tangier."

He smiled thinly. "Tangier's not so free and easy as it used to be in the good old days, you know. Things have changed since the Moroccans took over."

"It'll do me," I said. "I need a change."

Two days later I left the Republic of Ugazi.

I had been right about Tangier. It hasn't changed all that much. I have been able to sell eleven of sixteen passports quite easily, and for a good price.

Tomorrow I leave for Frankfurt. I have a mission in life now. There are still lots of persons in this world who are stateless through no fault of their own. I should know. I want to help them.

The old Nansen passport, designed to give some sort of identity to refugees of the First World War, is no more. I believe that a passport-issuing sovereign state created solely and specifically to aid the stateless person in his quest for formal identity and his struggle against the powers-that-be is long overdue. For obvious reasons, the name of it must remain confidential for the present; but in creating such a state I consider that I am performing a service to mankind. If, in years to come, the name of Arthur Abdel Simpson is remembered as that of a man who helped the outcasts among his fellow men, then I shall be content.

The current cash price of a Panlibhon passport in Athens is twelve hundred dollars U.S. I think that's disgraceful.

The price of my new passport will be only *five* hundred dollars U.S., or the equivalent in any convertible currency.

I think that's fair and reasonable. □

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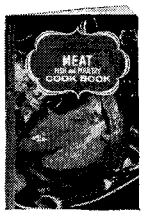

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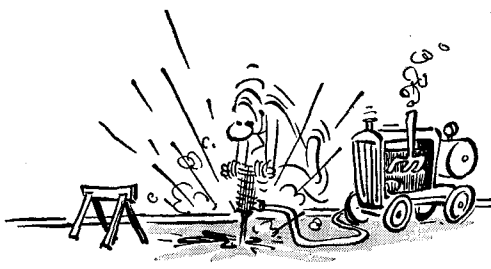
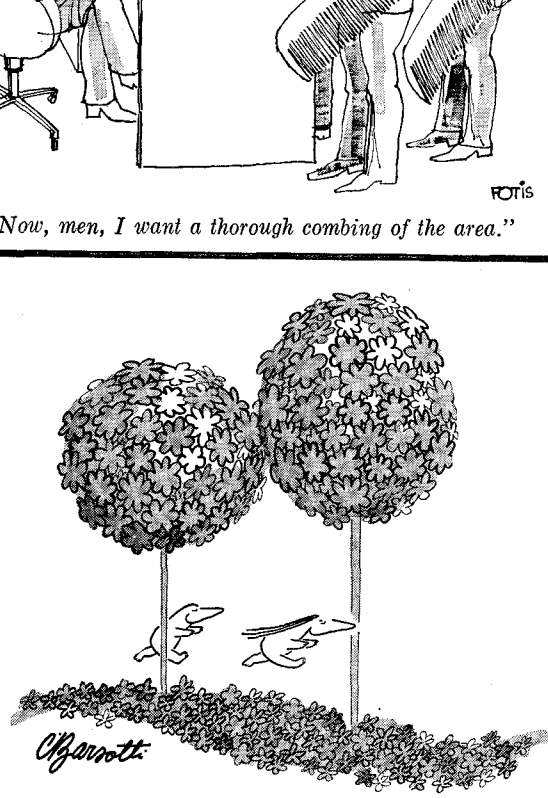
Post scripts

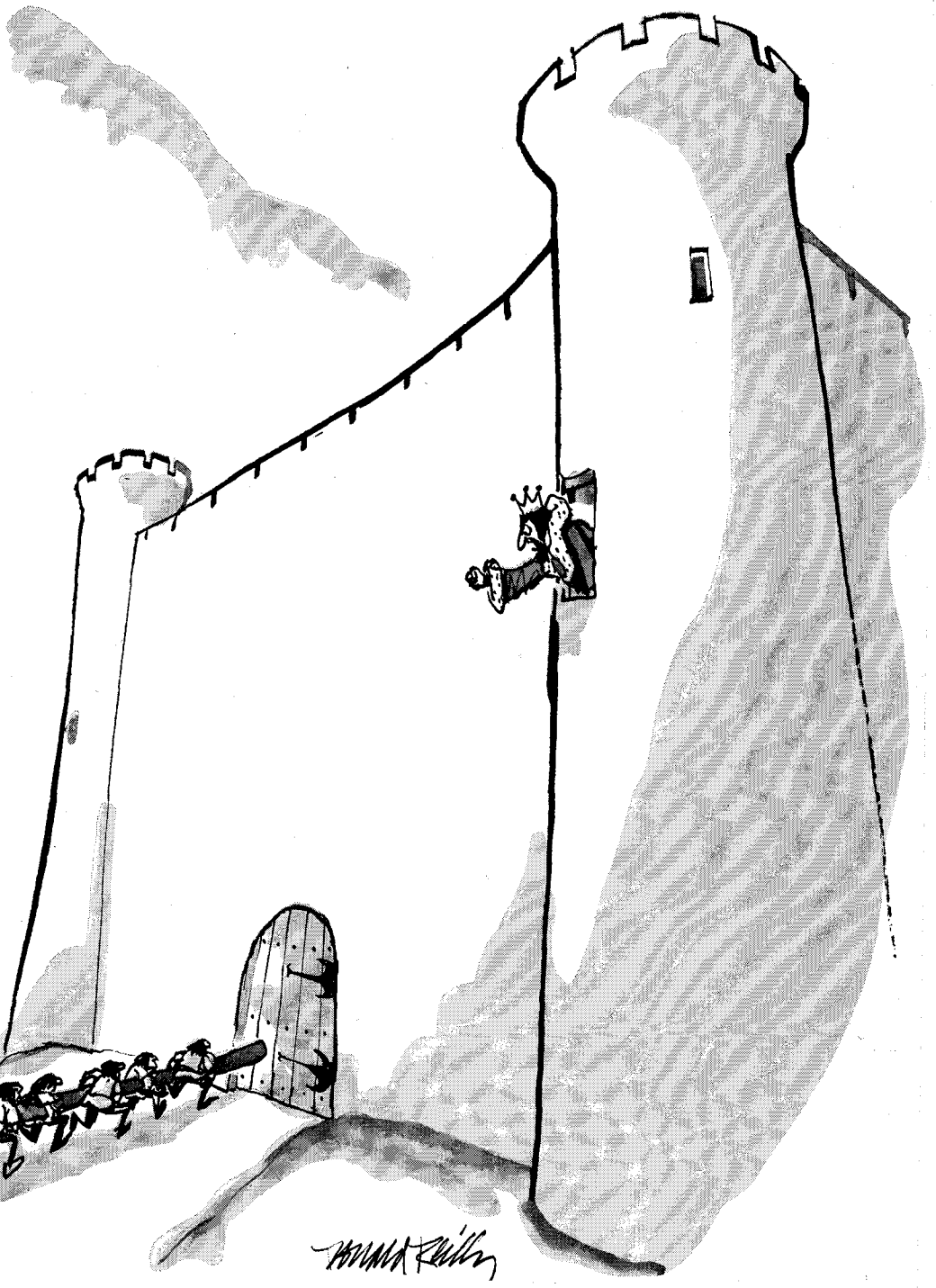


"Open the curtains on the picture window—I've lost thirteen pounds!"

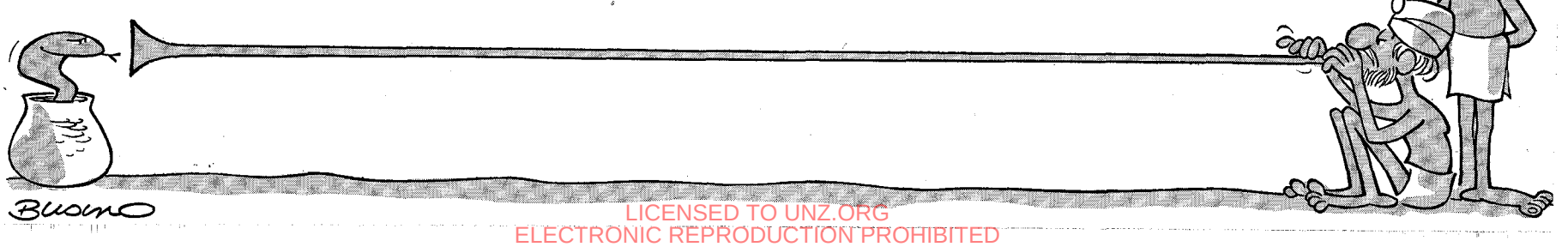
"Now, men, I want a thorough combing of the area."



"And to think how upset I was when you first suggested we move to the suburbs."



"When *will you people learn to process your grievances through channels?*"



"Where's the old confidence, Bharat?"

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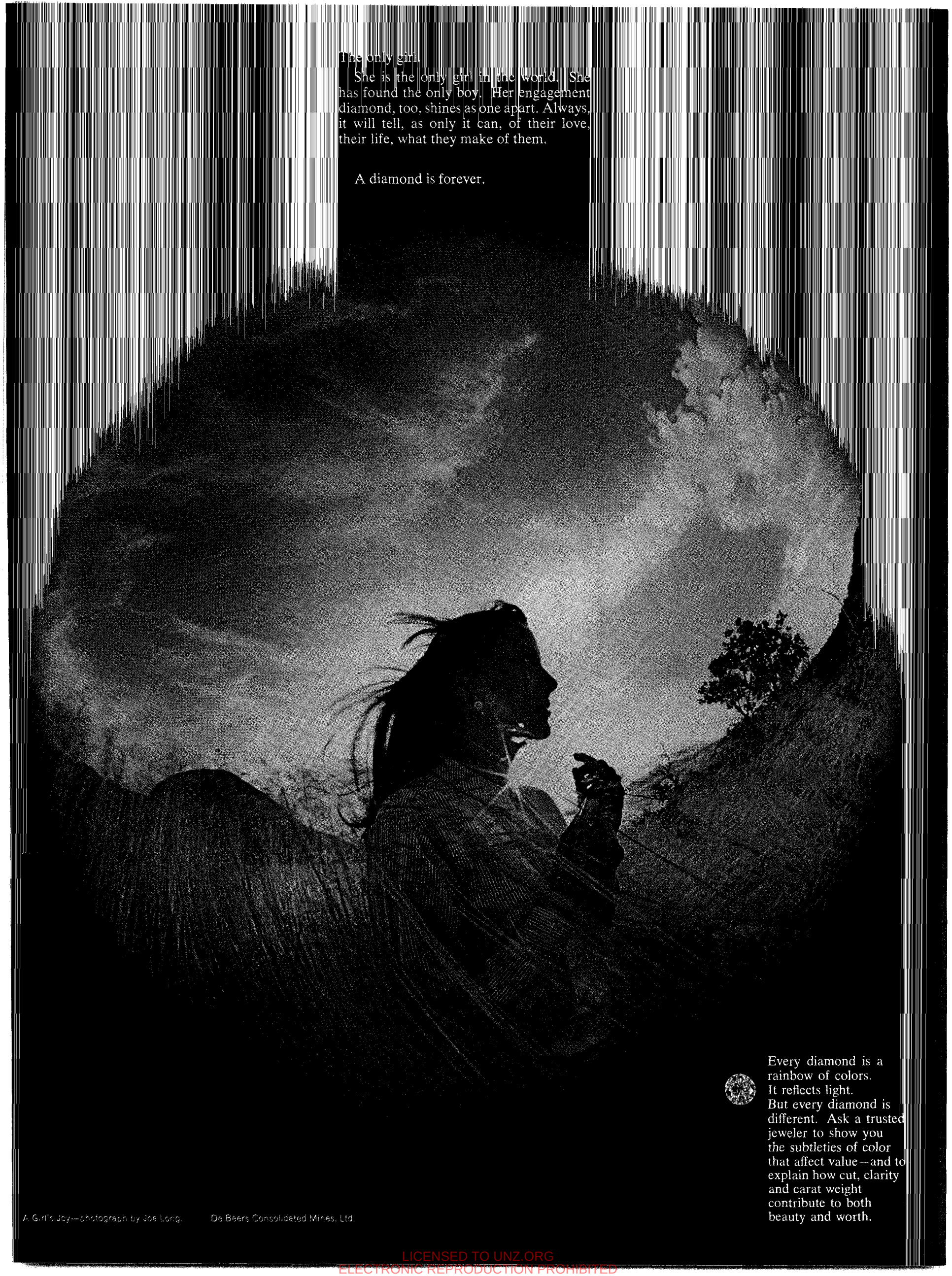
The only girl.
She is the only girl in the world. She has found the only boy. Her engagement diamond, too, shines as one apart. Always, it will tell, as only it can, of their love, their life, what they make of them.
A diamond is forever.

Every diamond is a rainbow of colors. It reflects light. But every diamond is different. Ask a trusted jeweler to show you the subtleties of color that affect value—and to explain how cut, clarity and carat weight contribute to both beauty and worth.

A Girl's Joy—photograph by Joe Long. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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THE HIPPIE GENERATION

(Continued from page 31)

their bathroom. Besides the freak-out in the bathroom, they are expecting a psychiatrist in to look at Bob. Also a doctor for Edward, who is not OK at all but has the flu. Jane says maybe I should talk to Chester Anderson. She will not give me his number.

Chester Anderson is a legacy of the Beat Generation, a man in his middle 30's whose peculiar hold on the District derives from his possession of a mimeograph machine, on which he prints communiqués signed "the communication company." It is another tenet of the official District mythology that the communication company will print anything anybody has to say, but in fact Chester Anderson prints only what he writes himself, agrees with, or considers harmless or dead matter. His statements, which are left in piles and pasted on windows around Haight Street, are regarded with some apprehension in the District and with considerable interest by outsiders, who study them, like China watchers, for subtle shifts in obscure ideologies. An Anderson communiqué might be as specific as fingering someone who is said to have set up a marijuana bust, or it might be in a more general vein:

Pretty little 16-year-old middle-class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about & gets picked up by a 17-year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again & again, then feeds her 3,000 mikes & raffles off her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street . . . . since the night before last. The politics & ethics of ecstasy. Rape is as common as . . . . on Haight Street. Kids are starving on the Street. Minds & bodies are being maimed as we watch, a scale model of Vietnam.

Somebody other than Jane Lisch gave me an address for Chester Anderson, 443 Arguello, but 443 Arguello does not exist. I telephone the wife of the man who gave me 443 Arguello and she says it's 742 Arguello.

"But don't go up there," she says.

I say I'll telephone.

"There's no number," she says. "I can't give it to you."

"742 Arguello," I say.

"No," she says. "I don't know. And don't go there. And don't use either my name or my husband's name if you do."

She is the wife of a full professor of English at San Francisco State College. I decide to lie low on the question of Chester Anderson for a while.

Paranoia strikes deep—
Into your life it will creep—

is a song the Buffalo Springfield sings.

The appeal of Malakoff Diggins has kind of faded out, but Max says why don't I come to his place, just be there, the next time he takes acid. Tom will take it too, probably Sharon, maybe Barbara. We can't do it for six or seven days because Max and Tom are in STP space now. They are not crazy about STP, but it has advantages. "You've still got your forebrain," Tom says. "I could write behind STP, but not behind acid." This is the first time I have heard that Tom writes.

Otto is feeling better because he discovered it wasn't the cocaine that made him sick. It was the chicken pox, which he caught while baby-sitting for Big Brother and the Holding Company one night when they were playing. I go over to see him and meet Vicki, who sings now and then with a group called the Jook Savages and lives at Otto's place. Vicki dropped out of Laguna High "because I had mono," followed the Grateful Dead up to San Francisco one time, and has been here "for a while." Her mother and father are divorced, and she does not see her father, who works for a network in New York. A few months ago he came out to do a documentary on the District and tried to find her, but couldn't. Later he wrote her a letter in care of her mother urging her to go back to school. Vicki guesses maybe she will go back sometime, but she doesn't see much point in it right now.

We are eating a little tempura in Japantown, Chet Helms and I, and he is sharing some of his insights with me. Until a couple of years ago Chet Helms never did much besides hitchhiking, but now he runs the Avalon Ballroom and flies over the Pole to check out the London scene and says things like, "Just

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for the sake of clarity I'd like to categorize the aspects of primitive religion as I see it." Right now he is talking about Marshall McLuhan and how the printed word is finished, out, over. But then he considers the *East Village Other*, an "underground" biweekly published in New York. "The *EVO* is one of the few papers in America whose books are in the black," he says. "I know that from reading *Barron's*."

A new group is supposed to play today in the Panhandle, a section of Golden Gate Park, but they are having trouble with the amplifier and I sit in the sun listening to a couple of little girls, maybe 17 years old. One of them has a lot of makeup and the other wears Levi's and cowboy boots. The boots do not look like an affectation, they look like she came up off a ranch about two weeks ago. I wonder what she is doing here in the Panhandle, trying to make friends with a city girl who is snubbing her, but I do not wonder long, because she is homely and awkward, and I think of her going all the way through the consolidated union high school out there where she comes from, and nobody ever asking her to go into Reno on Saturday night for a drive-in movie and a beer on the riverbank, so she runs. "I know a thing about dollar bills," she is saying now. "You get one that says '1111' in one corner and '1111' in another, you take it down to Dallas, Texas, and they'll give you fifteen dollars for it."

"Who will?" the city girl asks.

"I don't know."

"There are only three significant pieces of data in the world today," is another thing Chet Helms told me one night. We were at the Avalon and the big strobe was going and so were the colored lights and the Day-Glo painting, and the place was full of high-school kids trying to look turned on. The Avalon sound system projects 126 decibels at 100 feet but to Chet Helms the sound is just there, like the air, and he talks through it. "The first is," he said, "God died last year and was obited by the press. The second is, fifty percent of the population is or will be under twenty-five." A boy shook a tambourine toward us and Chet smiled benevolently at him. "The third," he said, "is that they got twenty billion irresponsible dollars to spend."

Thursday comes, some Thursday, and Max and Tom and Sharon and maybe Barbara are going to take some acid. They want to drop it about three o'clock. Barbara has baked fresh bread, Max has gone to the Park for fresh flowers, and Sharon is busy making a sign for the door which reads, DO NOT DISTURB, RING, KNOCK, OR IN ANY OTHER WAY DISTURB. LOVE. This is not how I would put it to either the health inspector, who is due this week, or any of the several score of narcotics agents in the neighborhood, but I figure the sign is Sharon's trip.

Once the sign is finished Sharon gets restless. "Can I at least play the new record?" she asks Max.

"Tom and Barbara want to save it for when we're high."

"I'm getting bored, just sitting around here."

Max watches her jump up and walk out. "That's what you call pre-acid uptight jitters," he says.

Barbara is not in evidence. Tom keeps walking in and out. "All these innumerable last-minute things you have to do," he mutters.

"It's a tricky thing, acid," Max says after a while. He is turning the stereo on and off. "When a chick takes acid, it's all right if she's alone, but when she's living with somebody this edginess comes out. And if the hour-and-a-half process before you take the acid doesn't go smooth. . . ." He picks up a marijuana butt and studies it, then adds, "They're having a little thing back there with Barbara."

Sharon and Tom walk in.

"You bugged too?" Max asks Sharon.

Sharon does not answer.

Max turns to Tom. "Is she all right?"

"Yeh."

"Can we take acid?" Max is on edge.

"I just don't know what she's going to do."

"What do you want to do?"

"What I want to do depends on what she wants to do." Tom is rolling some joints, first rubbing the papers with a marijuana resin he makes himself. He takes the joints back to the bedroom, and Sharon goes with him.

"Something like this happens every time people take acid," Max says. After a while he brightens and develops a theory around it. "Some people don't like to go out of themselves, that's the trouble. You probably wouldn't. You'd probably like only a quarter of a tab. There's still an ego on a quarter tab, and it wants things. Now if that thing is sex—and your old lady or your old man is off somewhere flashing and doesn't want to be touched—well, you get put down on acid, you can be on a bummer for months."

Sharon drifts in, smiling. "Barbara might take some acid, we're all feeling better, we smoked a joint."

At 3:30 that afternoon Max, Tom and Sharon placed tabs under their tongues and sat down together in the living room to wait for the flash. Barbara stayed in the bedroom, smoking hash. During the next four hours a window banged once in Barbara's room, and about 5:30 some children had a fight on the street. A curtain billowed in the afternoon wind. A cat scratched a beagle in Sharon's lap. Except for the sitar music on the stereo there was no other sound or movement until 7:30, when Max said, "Wow."

I spot Deadeye on Haight Street, and he gets in the car. Until we get off the Street he sits very low and inconspicuous. Deadeye wants me to meet his old lady, but first he wants to talk to me about how he got hip to helping people.

"Here I was, just a tough kid on a motorcycle," he says, "and suddenly I see that young people don't have to walk alone." Deadeye has a clear evangelistic gaze and the reasonable rhetoric of a car salesman. He is society's model product. I try to meet his gaze directly because he once told me he could read character in people's eyes, particularly if he has just dropped acid, which he did about nine o'clock that morning. "They just have to remember one thing," he says. "The Lord's Prayer. And that can help them in more ways than one."

He takes a much-folded letter from his wallet. The letter is from a little girl he helped. "My loving brother," it begins. "I thought I'd write you a letter since I'm a part of you. Remember that: When you feel happiness, I do, when you feel . . ."

"What I want to do now," Deadeye says, "is set up a house where a person of any age can come, spend a few days, talk over his problems. *Any age*. People your age, they've got problems too."

I say a house will take money.

"I've found a way to make money," Deadeye says. He hesitates only a few seconds. "I could've made eighty-five dollars on the Street just then. See, in my pocket I had a hundred tabs of acid. I had to come up with twenty dollars by tonight or we're out of the house we're in, so I knew somebody who had acid, and I knew somebody who wanted it, so I made the connection."

"Since the Mafia moved into the LSD racket, the quantity is up and the quality is down. . . .

"Historian Arnold Toynbee celebrated his 78th birthday Friday night by snapping his fingers and tapping his toes to the Quicksilver Messenger Service . . ."

are a couple of items from Herb Caen's column one morning as the West declined in the year 1967.

When I was in San Francisco a tab, or a cap, of LSD-25 sold for three to five dollars, depending upon the seller and the district. LSD was slightly cheaper in the Haight-Ashbury than in the Fillmore, where it was used rarely, mainly as a sexual ploy, and sold by pushers of hard drugs, *e.g.*, heroin, or "smack." A great deal of acid was being cut with Methedrine, which is the trade name for an amphetamine, because Methedrine can simulate the flash that low-quality acid lacks. Nobody knows how much LSD is actually in a tab, but the standard trip is supposed to be 250 micrograms. Grass was running $10 a lid, $5 a matchbox. Hash was considered "a luxury item." All the amphetamines, or "speed"—Benzedrine, Dexedrine, and particularly Methedrine ("crystal")—were in common use. There was not only more tolerance of speed but there was a general agreement that heroin was now on the scene. Some attributed this to the presence of the Syndicate; others to a general deterioration of the scene, to the incursions of gangs and younger part-time, or "plastic," hippies, who like the amphetamines and the illusions of action and power they give. Where Methedrine is in wide use, heroin tends to be available, because, I was told, "You can get awful damn high shooting crystal, and smack can be used to bring you down."

Deadeye's old lady, Gerry, meets us at the door of their place. She is a big, hearty girl who has always counseled at Girl Scout camps during summer vacations and was "in social welfare" at the University of Washington when she decided that she "just hadn't done enough living" and came to San Francisco. "Actually, the heat was bad in Seattle," she adds.

"The first night I got down here," she says, "I stayed with a gal I met over at the Blue Unicorn. I looked like I'd just arrived, had a knapsack and stuff." After that Gerry stayed at a house the Diggers were running, where she met Deadeye. "Then it took time to get my bearings, so I haven't done much work yet."

I ask Gerry what work she does. "Basically I'm a poet, but I had my

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guitar stolen right after I arrived, and that kind of hung up my thing."

"Get your books," Deadeye orders. "Show her your books."

Gerry demurs, then goes into the bedroom and comes back with several theme books full of verse. I leaf through them but Deadeye is still talking about helping people. "Any kid that's on speed," he says, "I'll try to get him off it. The only advantage to it from the kids' point of view is that you don't have to worry about sleeping or eating."

"Or sex," Gerry adds.

"That's right. When you're strung out on crystal you don't need *nothing*."

"It can lead to the hard stuff," Gerry says. "Take your average Meth freak, once he's started putting the needle in his arm, it's not too hard to say, well, let's shoot a little smack."

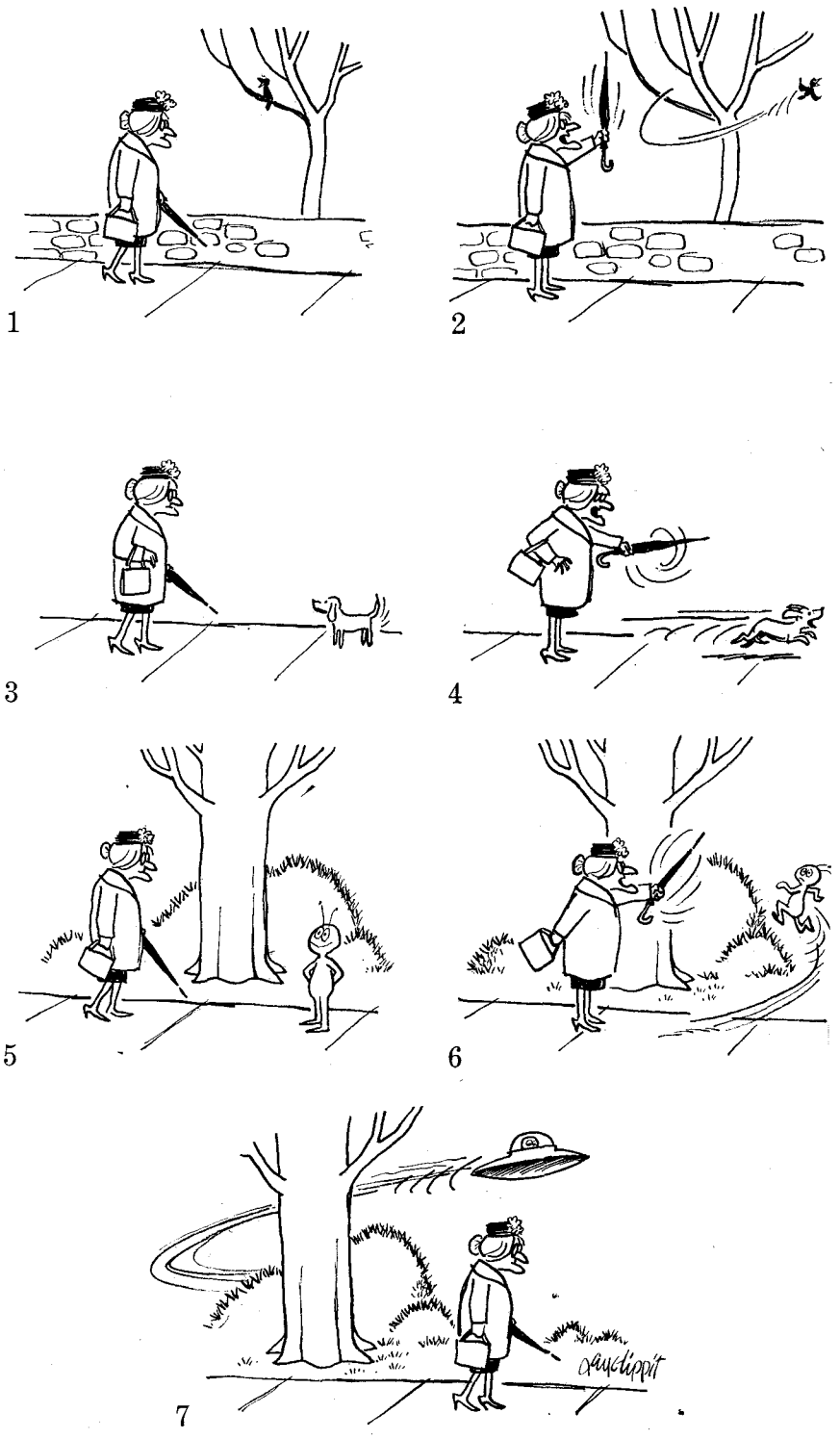
All the while I am looking at Gerry's poems. They are a very young girl's poems, each written out in a neat hand and finished off with a curlicue. Dawns are roseate, skies silver-tinted. When she writes "crystal" in her books, she does not mean Meth.

"You gotta get back to your writing," Deadeye says fondly, but Gerry ignores this. She is telling about somebody who propositioned her yesterday. "He just walked up to me on the Street, offered me six hundred dollars to go to Reno and do the thing."

"You're not the only one he approached," Deadeye says.

"If some chick wants to go with him, fine," Gerry says. "Just don't bum my trip." She empties the tuna-fish can we are using for an ashtray and goes over to look at a girl who is asleep on the floor. It is the same girl who was asleep on the floor the first day I came to Deadeye's place. She has been sick a week now, 10 days. "Usually when somebody comes up to me on the Street like that," Gerry adds, "I hit him for some change."

When I saw Gerry in the Park the next day I asked her about the sick girl, and Gerry said cheerfully that she was in the hospital with pneumonia.



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Max tells me about how he and Sharon got together. "When I saw her the first time on Haight Street, I flashed. I mean flashed. So I started some conversation with her about her beads, see, but I didn't care about her beads." Sharon lived in a house where a friend of Max's lived, and the next time he saw her was when he took the friend some bananas. "Sharon and I were like kids—we smoked bananas and looked at each other and smoked more bananas and looked at each other."

But Max hesitated. For one thing, he thought Sharon was his friend's girl. "For another I didn't know if I wanted to get hung up with an old lady." But the next time he visited the house, Sharon was on acid.

"So everybody yelled, 'Here comes the banana man,'" Sharon interrupts, "and I got all excited."

"She was living in this crazy house," Max continues. "There was this one kid, all he did was scream. His whole trip was to practice screams. It was too much." Max still hung back from Sharon. "But then Sharon offered me a tab, and I knew."

Max walked to the kitchen and back with the tab, wondering whether to take it. "And then I decided to flow with it, and that was that. Because once you drop acid with somebody, you flash on, you see the whole world melt in her eyes."

"It's stronger than anything in the world," Sharon says.

"Nothing can break it up," Max says. "As long as it lasts."

No milk today—
My love has gone away . . .
The end of my hopes—
*The end of all my dreams—**

is a song I heard on many mornings in 1967 on KFRC, the Flower Power Station, San Francisco.

Deadeye and Gerry tell me that they plan to be married. An Episcopal priest in the District has promised to perform the wedding in Golden Gate Park, and they will have a few rock groups there, "a real community thing." Gerry's brother is also getting married, in Seattle. "Kind of interesting," Gerry muses, "because, you know, his is the traditional straight wedding, and then you have the contrast with ours."

"I'll have to wear a tie to his," Deadeye says.

"Right," Gerry says.

"Her parents came down to meet me, but they weren't ready for me," Deadeye notes philosophically.

"They finally gave it their blessing," Gerry says. "In a way."

"They came to me and her father said, 'Take care of her,'" Deadeye reminisces. "And her mother said, 'Don't let her go to jail.'"

Barbara has baked a macrobiotic apple pie—one made without sweets and with whole-wheat flour—and she and Tom and Max and Sharon and I are eating it. Barbara tells me how she learned to find happiness in "the woman's thing." She and Tom had gone somewhere to live with the Indians, and although she first found it hard to be shunted off with the women and never to enter into any of the men's talk, she soon got the point. "That was where the *trip* was," she says.

Barbara is on what is called the woman's trip to the exclusion of almost everything else. When she and Tom and Max and Sharon need money, Barbara will take a part-time job, modeling or teaching kindergarten, but she dislikes earning more than $10 or $20 a week. Most of the time she keeps house and bakes. "Doing something that shows your love that way," she says, "is just about the most beautiful thing I know." Whenever I hear about the woman's trip, which is often, I think a lot about nothin'-says-lovin'-like-something-from-the-oven and the Feminine Mystique and how it is possible for people to be the unconscious instruments of values they would strenuously reject on a conscious level, but I do not mention this to Barbara.

It is a pretty nice day and I am just driving down the Street and I see Barbara at a light.

What am I doing, she wants to know.

I am just driving around.

"Groovy," she says.

This is quite a beautiful day, I say.

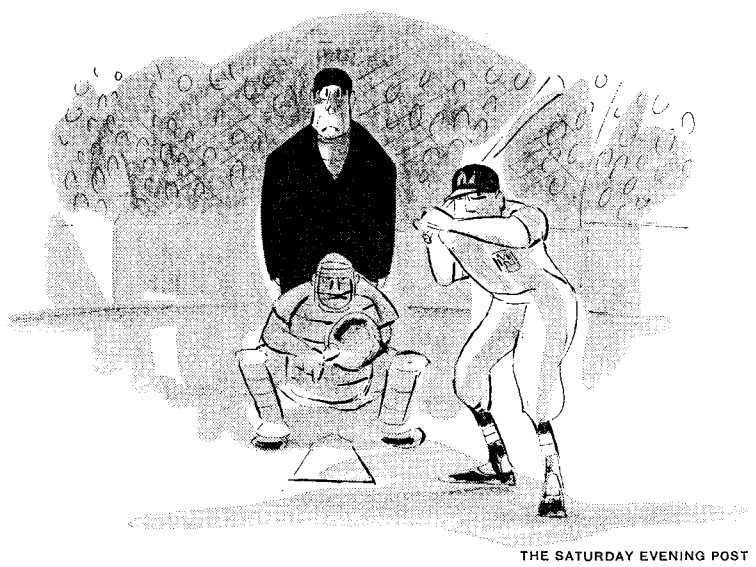
"Groovy," she agrees.

She wants to know if I will come over. Sometime soon, I say.

"Groovy," she says.

I ask if she wants to drive in the Park but she is too busy. She is out to buy wool for her loom.

Arthur Lisch gets pretty nervous whenever he sees me now because the Digger line this week is that they aren't talking to "media poisoners,"



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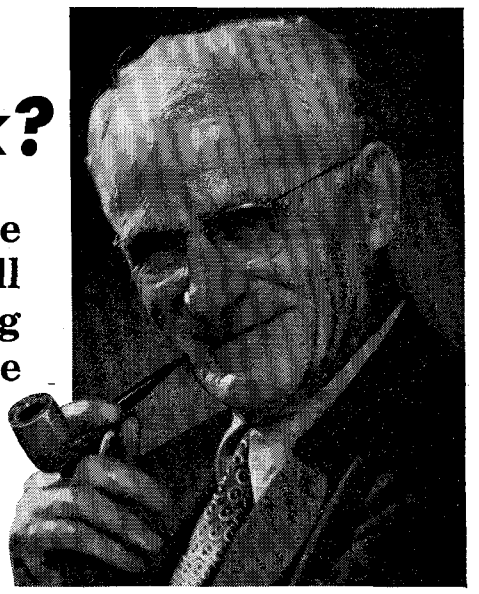

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which is me. So I still don't have a tap on Chester Anderson, but one day in the Panhandle I run into a kid who says he is Chester's "associate." He has on a black cape, black slouch hat, mauve Job's Daughters' sweatshirt and dark glasses, and he says his name is Claude Hayward, but never mind that because I think of him just as The Connection. The Connection offers to "check me out."

I take off my dark glasses so he can see my eyes. He leaves his on.

"How much you get paid for doing this kind of media poisoning?" he says for openers.

I put my dark glasses back on.

"There's only one way to find out where it's at," The Connection says, and jerks his thumb at the photographer I'm with. "Dump him and get out on the Street. Don't take money. You won't need money." He reaches into his cape and pulls out a mimeographed sheet announcing a series of classes at the Digger Free Store on How to Avoid Getting Busted, VD, Rape, Pregnancy, Beatings and Starvation. "You oughta come," The Connection says. "You'll need it."

I say maybe, but meanwhile I would like to talk to Chester Anderson.

"If we decide to get in touch with you at all," The Connection says, "we'll get in touch with you real quick." He kept an eye on me in the Park after that, but he never did call the number I gave him.

It is twilight and cold and too early to find Deadeye at the Blue Unicorn so I ring Max's bell. Barbara comes to the door.

"Max and Tom are seeing somebody on a kind of business thing," she says. "Can you come back a little later?" I am hard put to think what Max and Tom might be seeing somebody about in the way of business, but a few days later in the Park I find out.

"Hey," Tom calls. "Sorry you couldn't come up the other day, but *business* was being done." This time I get the point. "We got some great stuff," he adds, and begins to elaborate. Every third person in the Park this afternoon looks like a narcotics agent and I try to change the subject. Later I suggest to Max that he be more wary in public. "Listen, I'm very cautious," he says. "You can't be too careful."

By now I have an unofficial taboo contact with the San Francisco Police Department. What happens is that this cop and I meet in various late-movie ways, like I happen to be sitting in the bleachers at a baseball game and he happens to sit down next to me, and we exchange guarded generalities. No information actually passes between us, but after a while we get to kind of like each other.

"The kids aren't too bright," he is telling me on this particular day. "They'll tell you they can always spot an undercover, they'll tell you about 'the kind of car he drives.' They aren't talking about undercovers, they're talking about plainclothesmen who just happen to drive unmarked cars, like I do. They can't tell an undercover. An undercover doesn't drive some black Ford with a two-way radio."

He tells me about an undercover who was taken out of the District because he was believed to be overexposed, too familiar. He was transferred to the narcotics squad, and by error was immediately sent back into the District as a narcotics undercover.

The cop plays with his keys. "You want to know how smart these kids are?" he says finally. "The first week, this guy makes forty-three cases."

Some kid with braces on his teeth is playing his guitar and boasting that he got the last of the STP from Mr. X himself, and someone else is talking about some acid that will be available within the next month, and you can see that nothing much is happening around the San Francisco *Oracle* office this afternoon. A boy sits at a drawing board drawing the infinitesimal figures that people do on speed, and the kid with the braces watches him. "*I'm gonna shoot my wo--man,*" he sings softly. "*She been with a--noth--er man.*" Someone works out the numerology of my name and the name of the photographer I'm with. The photographer's is all white and the sea ("If I were to make you some beads, see, I'd do it mainly in white," he is told), but mine has a double death symbol. The afternoon does not seem to be getting anywhere, so it's suggested we get in touch with a man named Sandy. We are told he will take us to the Zen temple.

Four boys and one middle-aged man are sitting on a grass mat at Sandy's place, sipping anise tea and listening to Sandy read Laura Huxley's *You Are Not the Target.*

We sit down and have some anise tea. "Meditation turns us on," Sandy says. He has a shaved head and the kind of cherubic face usually seen in newspaper photographs of mass murderers. The middle-aged man, whose name is George, is making me uneasy because he is in a trance next to me and he stares at me without seeing me.

I feel that my mind is going—George is *dead,* or we *all* are—when the telephone suddenly rings.

"It's for George," Sandy says.

"George, *tel*ephone."

"*George.*"

Somebody waves his hand in front of George and George finally gets up, bows, and moves toward the door on the balls of his feet.

"I think I'll take George's tea," somebody says. "George—are you coming back?"

George stops at the door and stares at each of us in turn. "In a *mo*ment," he snaps.

Do you know who is the first eternal
spaceman of this universe?
The first to send his wild wild vibrations
To all those cosmic superstations?
For the song he always shouts
Sends the planets flipping out . . .
But I'll tell you before you think me loony
That I'm talking about Narada Muni . . .
Singing
HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA
KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE
*HARE RAMA HARE RAMA RAMA RAMA HARE HARE**

is a Krishna song. Words by Howard Wheeler and music by Michael Grant.

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Maybe the trip is not in Zen but in Krishna, so I visit Michael Grant, the Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta's leading disciple in San Francisco. Grant is at home with his brother-in-law and his wife, a pretty girl wearing a cashmere pullover, a jumper and a red caste mark on her forehead.

"I've been associated with the Swami since about last July," Michael says. 'See, the Swami came here from India and he was at this ashram (hermitage) in upstate New York and he just kept to himself and chanted a lot. For a couple of months. Pretty soon I helped him get his storefront in New York. Now it's an international movement, which we spread by teaching this chant." Michael is fingering his red wooden beads and I notice that I am the only person in the room who is wearing shoes. "It's catching on like wildfire."

"If everybody chanted," the brother-in-law says, "there wouldn't be any problem with the police or anybody."

"Ginsberg calls the chant ecstasy, but the Swami says that's not exactly it." Michael walks across the room and straightens a picture of Krishna as a baby. "Too bad you can't meet the Swami," he adds. "The Swami's in New York now."

"Ecstasy's not the right word at all," says the brother-in-law, who has been thinking about it. "It makes you think of some mun*dane* ecstasy."

The next day I drop by Max and Sharon's, and find them in bed smoking a little morning hash. Sharon once advised me that even half a joint of grass would make getting up in the morning a beautiful thing. I ask Max how Krishna strikes him.

"You can get a high on a mantra," he says. "But I'm holy on acid."

Max passes the joint to Sharon and leans back. "Too bad you couldn't meet the Swami," he says. "The Swami was the turn-on."

"Anybody who thinks this is all about drugs has his head in a bag. It's a social movement, quintessentially romantic, the kind that recurs in times of real social crisis. The themes are always the same. A return to innocence. The invocation of an earlier authority and control. The mysteries of the blood. An itch for the transcendental, for purification. Right there you've got the ways that romanticism historically ends up in trouble, lends itself to authoritarianism. When the direction appears. How long do you think it'll take for that to happen?"

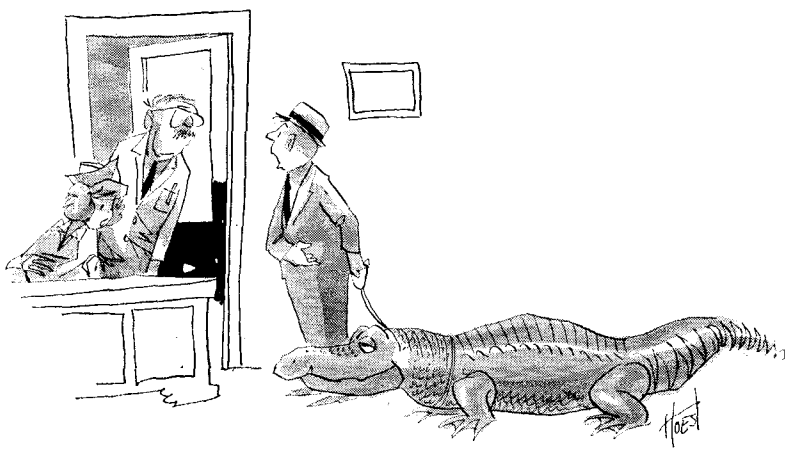
is a question a San Francisco psychiatrist asked me.

At the time I was in San Francisco the political potential of the movement was just becoming clear. It had always been clear to the revolutionary core of the Diggers, whose guerrilla talent was now bent on open confrontations and the creation of a summer emergency, and it was clear to many of the doctors and priests and sociologists who had occasion to work in the District, and it could rapidly become clear to any outsider who bothered to decode Chester Anderson's call-to-action communiqués or to watch who was there first at the street skirmishes which now set the tone for life in the District. One did not have to be a political analyst to see it: The boys in the rock groups saw it, because they were often where it was happening. "In the Park there are always twenty or thirty people below the stand," one of the Grateful Dead complained to me, "ready to take the crowd on some militant trip."

But the peculiar beauty of this political potential, as far as the activists were concerned, was that it remained not clear at all to most of the inhabitants of the District. Nor was it clear to the press, which at varying levels of competence continued to report "the hippie phenomenon" as an extended panty raid; an artistic avant-garde led by such comfortable YMHA regulars as Allen Ginsberg; or a thoughtful protest, not unlike joining the Peace Corps.

This last, or they're-trying-to-tell-us-something approach, reached its apogee in July in a *Time* cover story which revealed that hippies "scorn money—they call it 'bread,'" and remains the most remarkable, if unwitting, extant evidence that the signals between the generations are irrevocably jammed.

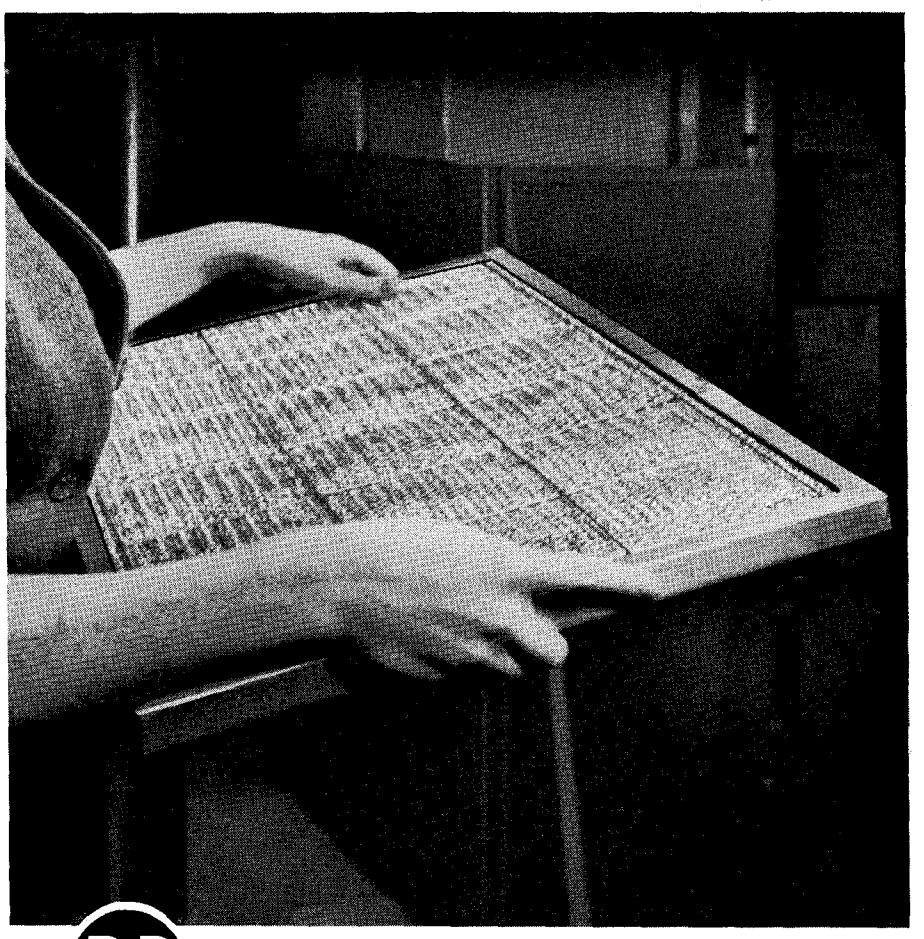
Because the signals the press was getting were immaculate of political possibilities, the tensions of the District went unremarked upon, even during the period when there were so many observers on Haight Street from *Life* and *Look* and CBS that they were largely observing one another. The observers believed roughly what the children told them: That they were a generation dropped out of political action, beyond power games, that the New Left was on an ego trip.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But I don't want a veterinarian . . . it's for Harriet . . . she's inside."

For cleaner air everywhere!



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Ergo, there really were no activists in the Haight-Ashbury, and those things which happened every Sunday were spontaneous demonstrations because, just as the Diggers say, the police are brutal and juveniles have no rights and runaways are deprived of their right to self-determination, and people are starving to death on Haight Street.

Of course the activists—not those whose thinking had become rigid, but those whose approach to revolution was imaginatively anarchic—had long ago grasped the reality which still eluded the press: We were seeing something important. We were seeing the desperate attempt of a handful of pathetically unequipped children to create a community in a social vacuum. Once we had seen these children, we could no longer overlook the vacuum, no longer pretend that the society's atomization could be reversed. At some point between 1945 and 1967 we had somehow neglected to tell these children the rules of the game we happened to be playing. Maybe we had stopped believing in the rules ourselves, maybe we were having a failure of nerve about the game. Or maybe there were just too few people around to do the telling. These were children who grew up cut loose from the web of cousins and great-aunts and family doctors and lifelong neighbors who had traditionally suggested and enforced the society's values. They are children who have moved around a lot, *San Jose, Chula Vista, here.* They are less in rebellion against the society than ignorant of it, able only to feed back certain of its most publicized self-doubts, *Vietnam, diet pills, the Bomb.*

They feed back exactly what is given them. Because they do not believe in words—words are for "typeheads," Chester Anderson tells them, and a thought which needs words is just another ego trip—their only proficient vocabulary is in the society's platitudes. As it happens, I am still committed to the idea that the ability to think for oneself depends upon one's mastery of the language, and I am not optimistic about children who will settle for saying, to indicate that their mother and father do not live together, that they come from "a broken home." They are 14, 15, 16 years old, younger all the time, an army of children waiting to be given the words.

Peter Berg knows a lot of words.

"Is Peter Berg around?" I ask.

"Maybe."

"Are you Peter Berg?"

"Yeh."

The reason Peter Berg does not bother to share too many words with me is because two of the words he knows are "media poisoning." Peter Berg wears a gold earring and is perhaps the only person in the District upon whom a gold earring looks obscurely ominous. He belongs to the San Francisco Mime Troupe, some of whose members started the Artist's Liberation Front for "those who seek to combine their creative urge with socio-political involvement." It was out of the Mime Troupe that the Diggers grew, during the 1966 Hunter's Point riots when it seemed a good idea to give away food and do puppet shows in the streets, making fun of the National Guard. Along with Arthur Lisch, Peter Berg is part of the shadow leadership of the Diggers, and it was he who more or less invented and first introduced to the press the notion that there would be an influx into San Francisco this summer of 200,000 indigent adolescents. The only conversation I ever have with Peter Berg is about how he holds me personally responsible for the way *Life* captioned Henri Cartier-Bresson's pictures out of Cuba, but I like to watch him at work in the Park.

Big Brother is playing in the Panhandle and almost everybody is high and it is a pretty nice Sunday afternoon between three and six o'clock, which the activists say are the three hours of the week when something is most likely to happen in the Haight-Ashbury, and who turns up but Peter Berg. He is with his wife and six or seven other people, along with Chester Anderson's associate The Connection, and the first peculiar thing is, they're in blackface. I mention to Max and Sharon that some members of the Mime Troupe seem to be in blackface.

"It's street theater," Sharon assures me. "It's supposed to be really groovy."

The Mime Troupers get a little closer, and there are some other peculiar things about them. For one thing they are tapping people on the head with dimestore plastic nightsticks, and for another they are wearing signs on their backs: HOW MANY TIMES YOU BEEN RAPED, YOU LOVE FREAKS? and things like that. Then they are distributing communication-company fliers which say:

& this summer thousands of unwhite un-suburban boppers are going to want to know why you've given up what they can't get & how you get away with it & how come you not a faggot with hair so long & they want haight street one way or the other. IF YOU DON'T KNOW, BY AUGUST HAIGHT STREET WILL BE A CEMETERY.

Max reads the flier and stands up. "I'm getting bad vibes," he says, and he and Sharon leave.

I have to stay around because I'm looking for Otto so I walk over to where the Mime Troupers have formed a circle around a Negro. Peter Berg is saying, if anybody asks, that this is street theater, and I figure the curtain is up because what they are doing right now is jabbing the Negro with the nightsticks. They jab, and they bare their teeth. and they rock on the balls of their feet, and they wait.

"I'm beginning to get annoyed here," the Negro says. "I'm gonna get mad."

By now there are several Negroes around, reading the signs and watching.

"Knobby . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just beginning to get annoyed, are you?" one of the Mime Troupers says. "Don't you think it's about time?"

"Listen, here," another Negro says. "There's room for everybody in the Park."

"Yeah?" a girl in blackface says. "Everybody *who?*"

"Why," he says, confused. "Everybody. In America."

"In *America*," the blackface girl shrieks. "Listen to him talk about *America*."

"Listen," he says. "Listen here."

"What'd *America* ever do for you?" the girl in blackface jeers. "White kids here, they can sit in the Park all summer long, listening to music, because their big-shot parents keep sending them money. Who ever sends you money?"

"Listen," the Negro says helplessly. You're gonna start something here, this isn't right ——"

"You tell us what's right, black boy," the girl says.

The youngest member of the blackface group, an earnest tall kid about 19, 20, is hanging back at the edge of the scene. I offer him an apple and ask what is going on. "Well," he says, "I'm new at this, I'm just beginning to study it, but you see the capitalists are taking over the District, and that's what Peter—well, ask Peter."

I did not ask Peter. It went on for a while. But on that particular Sunday between three and six o'clock everyone was too high, and the weather was too good, and the Hunter's Point gangs who usually come in between three and six on Sunday afternoon had come in on Saturday instead, and nothing started. While I waited for Otto I asked a little girl I had met a couple of times before what she had thought of it. "It's something groovy they call street theater," she said. I said I had wondered if it might not have political overtones. She is 17 years old and she worked it around in her mind for a while and finally she remembered a couple of words from somewhere. "Maybe it's some John Birch thing," she said.

When I finally find Otto he says, "I got something at my place that'll blow your mind," and when we get there I see a child on the living-room floor, wearing a reefer coat, reading a comic book. She keeps licking her lips in concentration and the only off thing about her is that she's wearing white lipstick.

"Five years old," he says. "On acid."

The five-year-old's name is Susan, and she tells me she is in High Kindergarten. She lives with her mother and some other people, just got over the measles, wants a bicycle for Christmas, and particularly likes soda, ice cream, Marty in the Jefferson Airplane, Bob in the Grateful Dead, and the beach. She remembers going to the beach once a long time ago and wishes she had taken a bucket. For a year her mother has given her acid and peyote. Susan describes it as getting stoned.

I start to ask if any of the other children in High Kindergarten get stoned, but I falter at the key words.

"She means do the other kids in your class turn on, *get stoned*," says the friend of her mother's who brought her to Otto's.

"Only Sally and Anne," Susan says.

"What about Lia?" her mother's friend prompts.

"Lia," Susan says, "is not in High Kindergarten."

Sue Ann's three-year-old Michael started a fire this morning before anyone was up, but Don got it out before much damage was done. Michael burned his arm, though, which is probably why his mother was so jumpy when she happened to see him chewing on an electric cord. "You'll fry like rice," she screamed. The only people around were Don and one of Sue Ann's macrobiotic friends and somebody who was on his way to a commune in the Santa Lucias, and they didn't notice Sue Ann screaming at Michael because they were in the kitchen trying to retrieve some very good Moroccan hash which had dropped down through a floorboard that had been damaged in the fire. □

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Try the lyrics below on your husband.
They're from the Broadway Musical "Take Me Along."

Take me a-long, if you love-a-me. Take me a-long, if you love-a-me. Take me a-long with you.

My heart will ride, sweet and glo-ri-ous, high a-bove the throng, if you will take me a-long with you.

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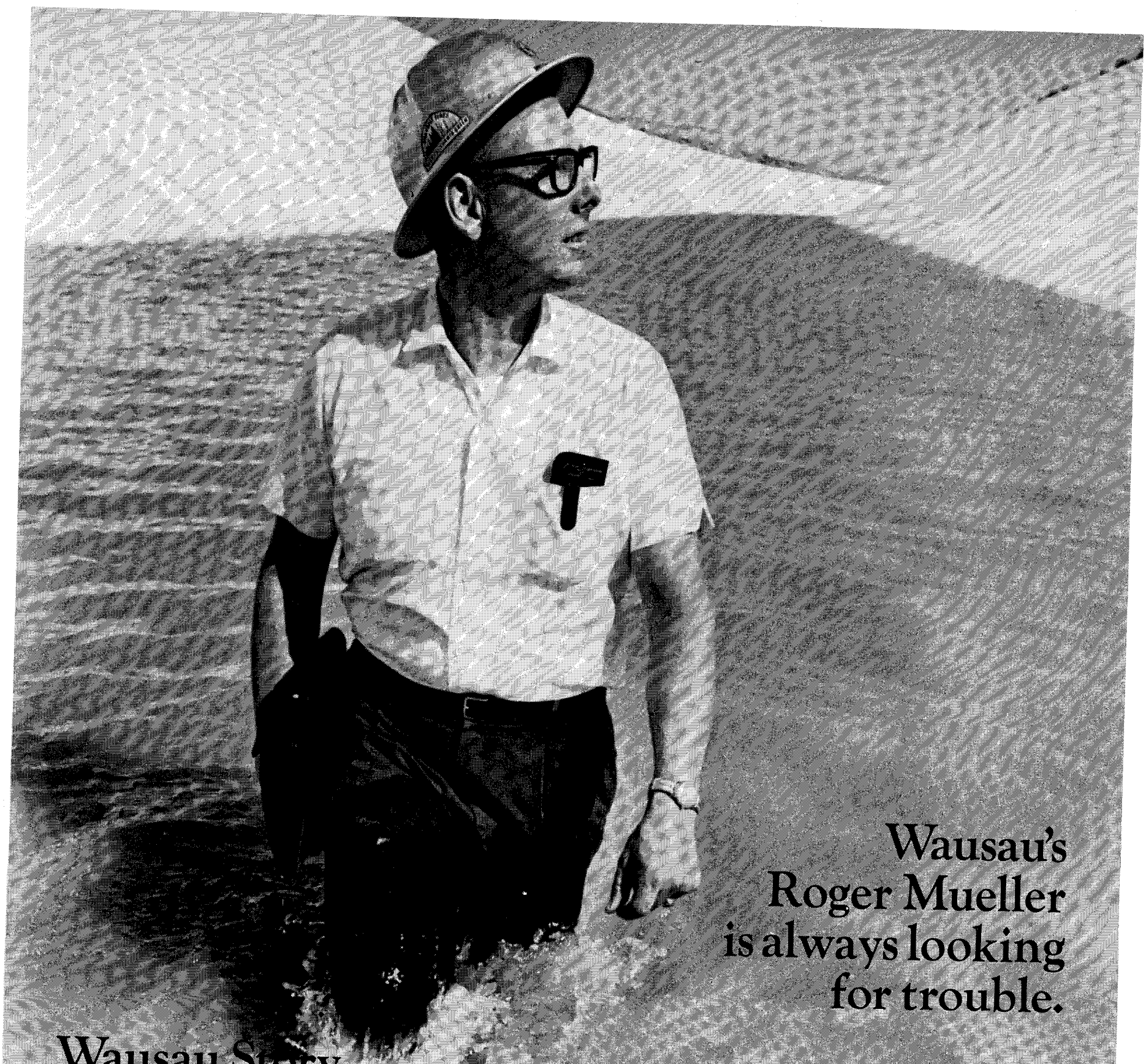

Wausau's Roger Mueller is always looking for trouble.

Wausau Story

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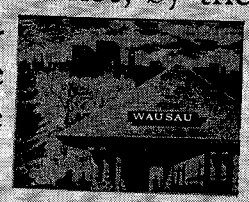

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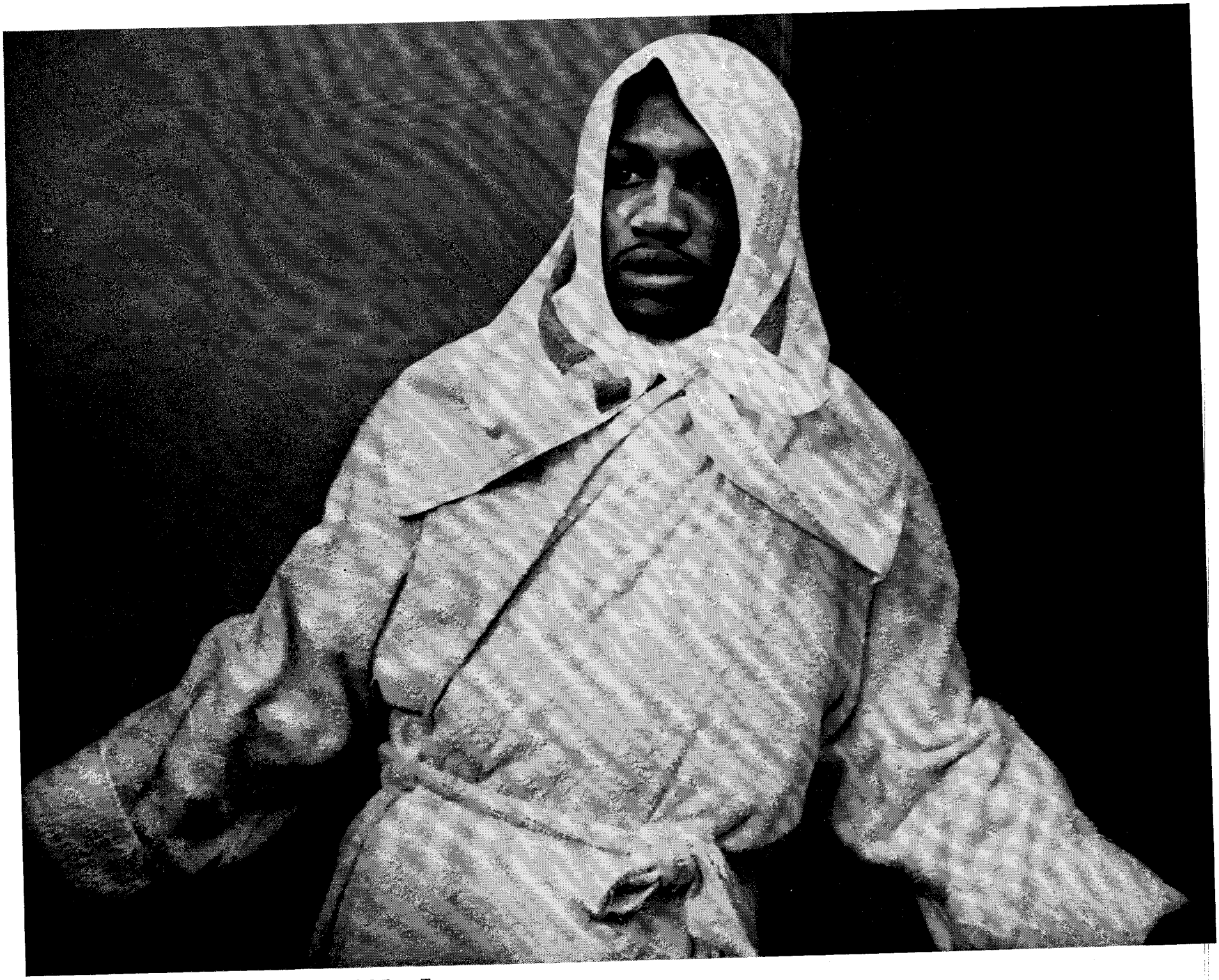

WILL JOE FRAZIER BE THE NEXT CHAMP?

The main heavyweight contender lives up to his corporate image. No hang-ups, no dark nights of the soul, just a mean left hook and 17 straight wins.

BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

Unlike the current wave of boxers," said a press release on Joe Frazier, "he is not complicated." His chief delight in the ring was to "smoke my way over to the other fellow, start punching, and see which one of us falls first." At 20, he was undefeated after 16 fights. His opponent, George Chuvalo of Canada, had gone 15 rounds with Cassius Clay and had never been stopped in a 62-fight career. The upcoming contest at Madison Square Garden was sure to have all the dazzle and urgency of a championship bout.

Frazier is a smallish man for a heavyweight (5 feet 11 inches) with a somewhat odd fighter's build, much of his power being concentrated in great, swelling thighs. It took a certain stretch of the imagination to visualize him as championship material. Compared to a great natural athlete like Cassius Clay, whose victories seem almost genetically determined, Frazier had to "earn" each of his triumphs; yet it had to be granted that in some curious, grudging, inevitable way, he got the job done. What impressed me more than his boxing ability was that nowhere in the interview statements attributed to him had there been the slightest trace of the inner agony, the tormented psyche. "Life's beautiful, baby," was a typical Frazier line. There is a tendency to see boxing as a

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■ *'Clay is the best fighter around—aside from me, of course.'*

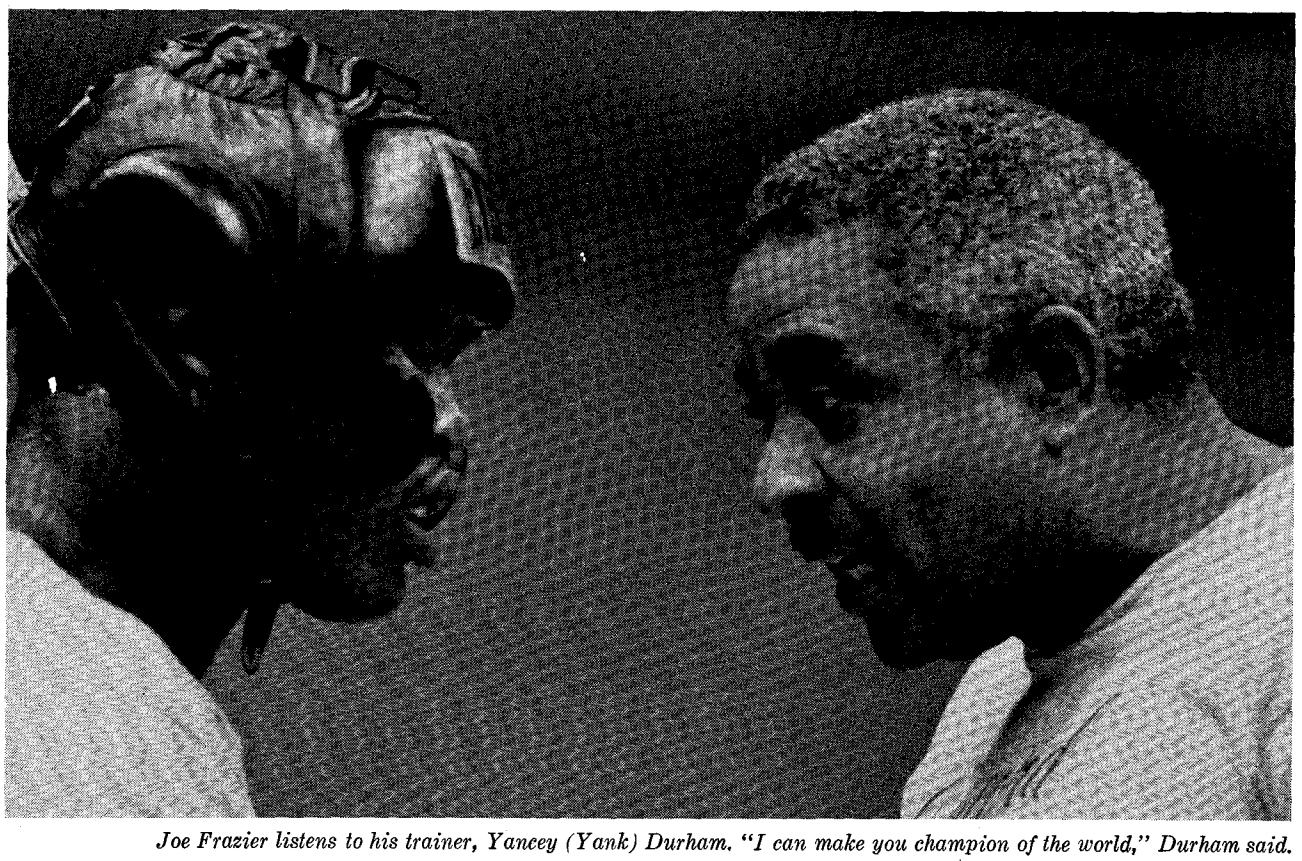
clash between Good and Evil, a carnival of existentialism, a symbol of rotting morality, and only rarely for what it is—two tough guys beating each other up publicly so they can make some money and allow those of us in the audience to indulge in a little vicarious violence. In a boxing era marked by Floyd Patterson's writhing interior torment, Sonny Liston's glowering service to the forces of the netherworld and Cassius Clay's labyrinthian social and political switches, how refreshing it would be to have an important fighter around who wouldn't know a psyche from a sardine can.

I first met Frazier some three weeks before the Chuvalo fight at his training camp in the Concord Hotel, a massive all-year-round resort in New York's Catskill Mountains. Training for major fights in Catskill hotels has become something of a tradition; although at first the picture of a fighter adrift in a maze of baked herring, mambo lessons and Joey Adams jokes might seem jarring, in a curious way the boxing and borscht worlds are quite similar in tone. The Catskill hotels have paid little attention to the pop and mod revolutions. To the Catskill guests, a hippie is someone who has been eating too much sour cream, and life goes on as though the calendar had become frozen in the late '40's. As anyone who attends fights regularly can testify, the boxing world, too, has resisted the psychedelic '60's; apart from a few stray intellectuals, boxing fans tend to be fat-slacks people whose spiritual home is Vegas rather than Haight-Ashbury, Toots Shor's as opposed to the Electric Circus. The worlds of boxing and borscht seem to have been star-crossed, fated to meet one another.

The Catskill fighter does his roadwork on trails marked by dairy farms in the clean, exhilarating mountain air, his sparring in an elegantly appointed indoor ring. If his eating program is as relaxed and unrestrictive as Joe Frazier's, he gets to select noodles Charlotte, fried herring, barbecued spareribs and cheese blintzes from one of the most elaborate and all-inclusive menus in the world. In return for these favors, guests get to watch him train while an announcer tells them: "You are now looking at the twenty-three-year-old wonder, Joe Frazier. I myself think he looks like a winner." The fighter must mingle with the hotel guests, pose for pictures with husband-hunting secretaries from Queens and generally give the hotel the feeling of being "in" on the upcoming brawl.

Yancey (Yank) Durham, Joe Frazier's trainer, is a tall, stout, handsomely graying man with the astonishingly resonant voice of an operatic basso profundo; his style struck me as being a blend of foxlike shrewdness and surprising naïveté. I had somehow been led to believe that Frazier was only one of a long string of fighters he had guided to the top, but the names he mumbled to me in the Concord lobby (Benny Brisco, Gene Durand) somehow did not ring an immediate bell as greats in boxing's hall of fame. Durham asked me to excuse him if he seemed a little out of sorts; he had just come from the hospital for the removal of a bone spur on his leg, and Joe was worried sick about the possibility of his being absent from the corner during the fight. (Later I asked Frazier about this, and he said, in front of Durham, that he wasn't worried in the least about Yank's leg. The way the two men put each other on, it was impossible to ferret out the truth.) Durham said that Joe had "slopped up pretty well" since his fight with Doug Jones, but that his weight was now 212, and he would eventually come in at around 205 for the fight. The main emphasis, in training for Chuvalo, would be on getting Joe to box more, think more, develop his jab and work on a right hand to go with his celebrated left hook. Not only that, but to get the hook perfected so that each time he threw it, it really meant something.

Durham had first spotted his fighter in the North Philly P.A.L. gym. "He was a big, gawky kid who could hardly fit his legs into his pants and came in to lose a little weight. I liked him because when I said, 'Tell me what you can't do,' he said he couldn't do nothing, couldn't jump rope, couldn't hit the bag, couldn't do nothing except bang. He sure could bang. Straight out, I taught him to move his head by my taking sudden punches at it. His friends had told him he was too short to be a heavyweight fighter, too this, too that. I said, 'You let me worry about all that; you're taller than Marciano, and I can make you champion of the world.'"



Joe Frazier listens to his trainer, Yancey (Yank) Durham. "I can make you champion of the world," Durham said.

Once Durham discovered Frazier, he saw him through 38 victories (and two defeats) in the amateurs, three Golden Gloves championships, an Olympic gold medal championship in 1964 and 16 straight victories as a professional (14 by knockouts). Up to now, the key fight, Durham felt, had been the one against Eddie Machen. "He was a very wily veteran with a huge bag full of tricks, a great test for Joe." Durham's tack for that one had been to say to Joe, between rounds, "That man has nasty, filthy hands. You don't want his nasty, filthy hands on you. That ugly, filthy so-and-so got no right hitting on you, Joe." After 10 grueling rounds, Frazier knocked Machen out.

In general, Durham said that his approach to training was to build on a fighter's natural ability, rather than to make him something he isn't. Joe was never going to be a runner, never a Sugar Ray, and it would be foolhardy to try to make him one. As for Chuvalo, Yancey said with a wink that he had a little surprise ready for him, something no one had ever seen. "I used it out West a few times, but it's never been seen here in the East." I asked Durham about Chuvalo's rocklike strength and Gibraltar-like chin, and at that point, a small, cheerful man, who had been sitting by quietly, leaped up and said, "Wrong, forget it."

The man introduced himself as Al Braverman, a combination fight manager and Madison Avenue art-gallery owner. He said that he had supplied several sparring partners for Frazier and that one of them, Toro Smith, was one of the biggest, strongest, meanest heavyweights around, and at 230 pounds was about twice as strong as Chuvalo. In his eighth professional fight, Joe had knocked him out, but not before the crowd had seen three of the wildest rounds in Pittsburgh history. I wondered about using a man you had once defeated as a sparring partner, but Braverman assured me it was everyday stuff in the fight game. "We're all in it together," he explained.

Joe Frazier is managed by a Philadelphia syndicate called Cloverlay, Inc., now made up of over 200 investors, many of whom bought early shares for $250, with a limit of six shares to an investor. (Prior to the Chuvalo fight and after splits and dividends, the value of each original share had risen to $3,600.) Cassius Clay had initially been backed by a group of 12 Louisville businessmen, but the Cloverlay group took the syndicate idea a little further by selling shares to the public—enough shares to guarantee Frazier $100 a week for three years, even if he were to be injured and have to quit. A part of each winning purse is designed to increase Frazier's weekly take, which just before the Chuvalo fight was up to $173. Listen to the individual Cloverlay investors and you hear much talk about giving boxing an "aura of respectability," "injecting a little dignity" into the fight game; but you sense that behind all of that high purpose is every man's age-old wish to get himself a chunk of a fighter.

In any case, the Frazier fight camp seemed to take seriously its corporate image. When I joined the group for dinner that night, Frazier (said to have been chosen by Cloverlay for his character as well as his ring skill) wore a neat, banker-style suit and tie; also dressed in the corporate style were Yank Durham, an assistant trainer named "Slim" and two sparring partners, Thurman Johnson and the massive Toro Smith. The net effect was that of a group of mangled executives in some violent over-the-counter company. Although the table itself was round, Frazier gave the impression of being at the head of it—perhaps because of his bearing, a certain cool that accrues to a man who has stood up against the best of them. He is a handsome man whose looks flash back and forth from glum malevolence to wide-open good cheer, almost

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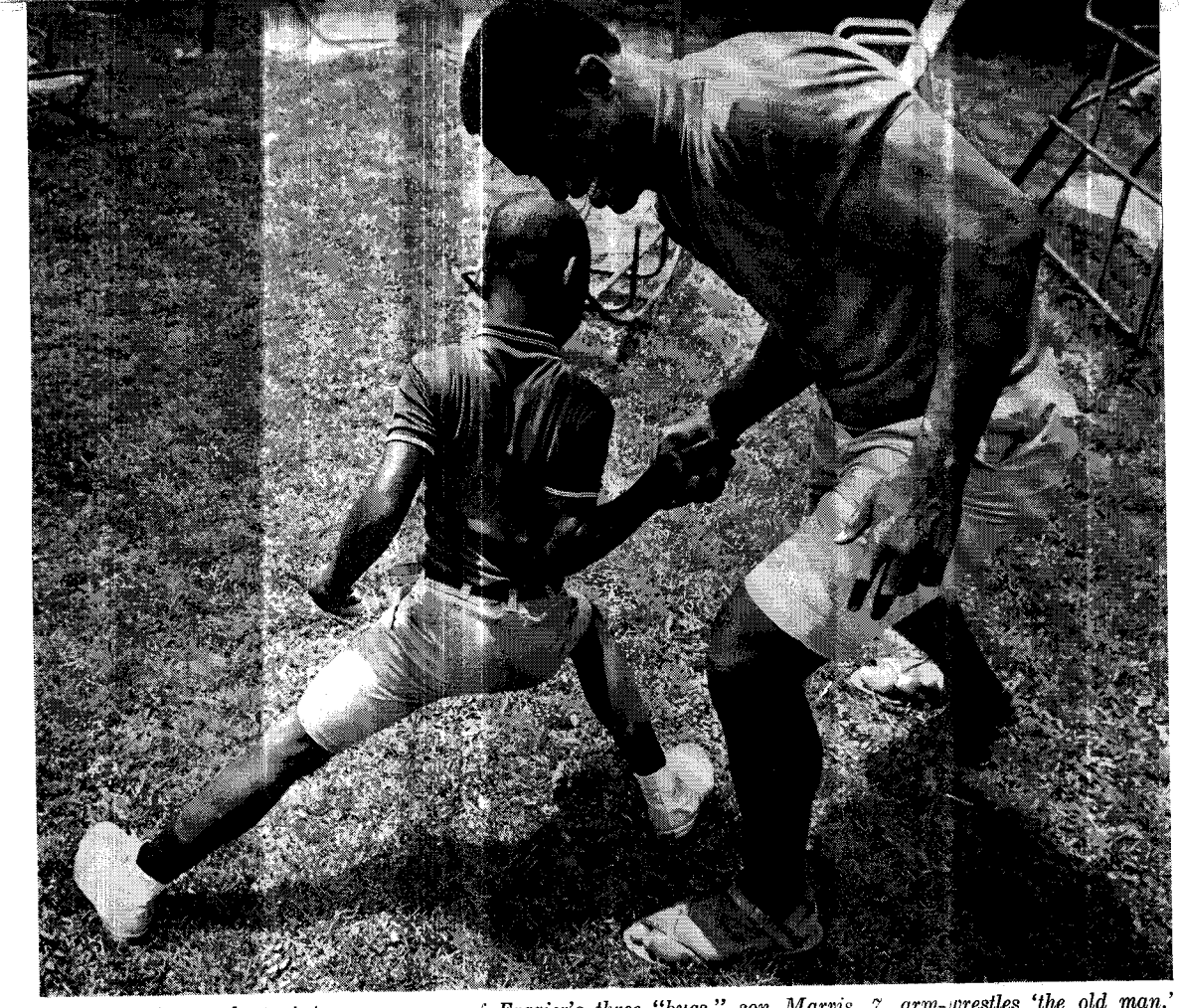


During a visit to the training camp, one of Frazier's three "bugs," son Marvis, 7, arm-wrestles 'the old man.'

as though he is switching masks before your very eyes. Somehow he had gotten the impression that I was there to grill him until the wee hours of the morning. When I assured him he would make his 9:30 P.M. curfew with ease, he relaxed a little and said, "One of the most important things is that I go up there and catch my zzzz's." As far as the upcoming fight was concerned, he said he was ready to get up from the table and go, right then and there. I asked him whether he slept easily, right up to and through the night of the fight, and he said yes. As far as dreams go, "Yancey there, he does all the bad dreaming for me." Fear was something that never occurred to him, and he seemed almost insulted that I should bring it up. "I respect every man I meet. If he's wearing gloves, I respect him. I don't care if he's knee-high to a duck. I am not, for example, playing George cheap. But I'm not afraid of anything in the world. Come after me with a gun, I'm afraid of that. But you better have a gun."

Earlier, at the signing for the fight, some reporters had suggested that Frazier and Chuvalo stage a mock arm-wrestling contest; it began as a gag, but before long both men began to apply pressure and to go at it in earnest. Chuvalo had defeated Joe soundly, twice with the right hand and then twice with the left. I asked Frazier whether this meant anything in terms of the fight. "Hell, we're going in there to fight, not rassel," he said. If strength was all there was to it, how come he had taken Oscar Bonavena? "That man's strong enough to pick up the entire heavyweight division."

Along with many others, I believed that no heavyweight would ever be able to call himself the world champion until he had defeated Clay in the ring. Still, I was impressed by the way Frazier dealt with the specter of Muhammed Ali. "As far as I'm concerned it's like Jimmy Hoffa or something. If he goes to jail, he's out of the picture. He made his decision, to be a preacher, and I made mine, to make some money boxing. I just don't feel I have to break into the jail and fight him in there, just to prove something." As for the rest of the division, Frazier figured that if he were to get past Chuvalo, then the German southpaw Karl Mildenberger would be a good choice for his next fight, and no, he didn't see the southpaw style as posing any particular problem. Ellis, Terrell, Quarry, Patterson, they might have been small towns in Arizona, for all the impression they made on him. Only the mention of Buster Mathis, who had defeated Frazier in the 1964 Olympic trials, got something of a rise out of him. "Who's Mathis?" Frazier asked the table at large. "I never heard of him.

"Oh yeah," he said, getting up from the table. "He's the one who fights those guys that get carried in on crutches.

"And now," he announced, "I got to scare up some of those zzzz's."

Toro Smith, every bit as powerful and savage-looking as advertised, had sat through the meal without saying a word, his head bowed slightly as though he were saying an endless grace. The busboy, a Woody Allen lookalike who was studying to be a doctor, had told me he was impressed when Frazier first came to the table. "But when I saw Mr. Toro Smith I almost fainted." That morning Smith had taken his roadwork by himself, an hour earlier than Frazier and Johnson. "What do you do out there by yourself?" Johnson asked him now.

"You'll never know till you come out there and see for yourself," he said, speaking for the first time.

Smith seemed to have a terrible scream in his eyes, one that might have started that night in Pittsburgh when it all would have been different if he had gotten up just a little more juice against Joe Frazier. Then he would be the one at the head of the table, giving his views to the press about Buster and George, Oscar and Karl. It had been explained to me that it was everyday stuff to use a man you had defeated as a sparring partner, but I never believed for a second that it was as casual as all that. It struck me as being little different from the old neighborhood fights that created an infinite link of guilt and hurt between the boy who had dealt out the beating and the one who had absorbed it. During the dinner Frazier, for all of his ease with the others, never once met Toro's eyes.

At breakfast the next day Frazier seemed relaxed and comfortable, delighted that he had gotten Yank Durham out of bed for 5:30 A.M. roadwork by blasting transistorized rock-'n'-roll music in his ear. Durham said he felt that roadwork was an important part of a fighter's regimen, and that he insisted Frazier do five to six miles a day, with no cutting down since you never knew when the weather would turn lousy and keep you indoors.

"I'll bet you didn't know something," said Frazier. "Yank's the one fighting Chuvalo. All I'm doing is throwing the punches. Isn't that right, Yank? How you going to fight George? Tell us."

A middle-aged gentleman at the next table leaned across to say he was the Reverend William Gray of Philadelphia's Bright Hope Baptist Church, an original Cloverlay investor and Joe Frazier's spiritual adviser. "The folks in Philly want to know how all this high living's agreeing with you, Joe," he said.

"Beautiful, Rev.," said Frazier. "Have some of this fried herring."

"Maybe I will, son. Maybe it'll help me preach better."

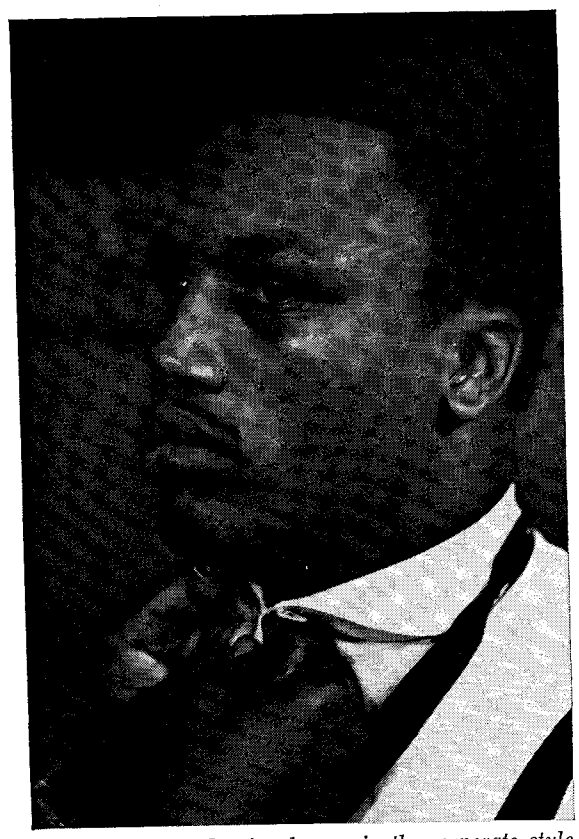
After breakfast Frazier took me out to the parking lot to see his pride and joy, "The Jet," a 1967, souped-up, air-conditioned, plum-colored Impala sedan. Inside the car he showed me a picture of "the bugs," as he calls his three children, and then sang along to some tape cartridges of Stevie Wonder, Otis Redding and Joe Tex, sliding, feinting, ducking his head about in very much the same manner I was later to see him use in the ring.

Thurman Johnson stuck his head in the window and said, "Uh oh, Joe's going to get his soul blood up now and whip us good."

Frazier sings in a sweet, plaintive, rocking soul style, his voice a hair away from being professional in quality. You get the feeling he would lose more than he would gain by taking lessons. Between recordings I told him that Ernie Terrell did some singing too. "Yeah," he said, the smile disappearing quickly from his face, "but I'm better."

He had used much the same approach when I'd asked him to rank the current crop of heavyweights. "Clay is the best fighter around," he had said, "aside from me, of course." Once again, no torment, no conscience struggles, no tortured psyche, just a simple, straightforward statement of "fact" that comes about as close as you can get to describing the Joe Frazier style.

Clay does not dominate Frazier's every waking moment, but he does flash into his thoughts every now and then. In his hotel room, a bit later, he stripped down to his shorts, slipped into bed and said, "I know a little bit about the Muslims, but I just don't remember hate being at the



Out of the ring, Frazier dresses in the corporate style.

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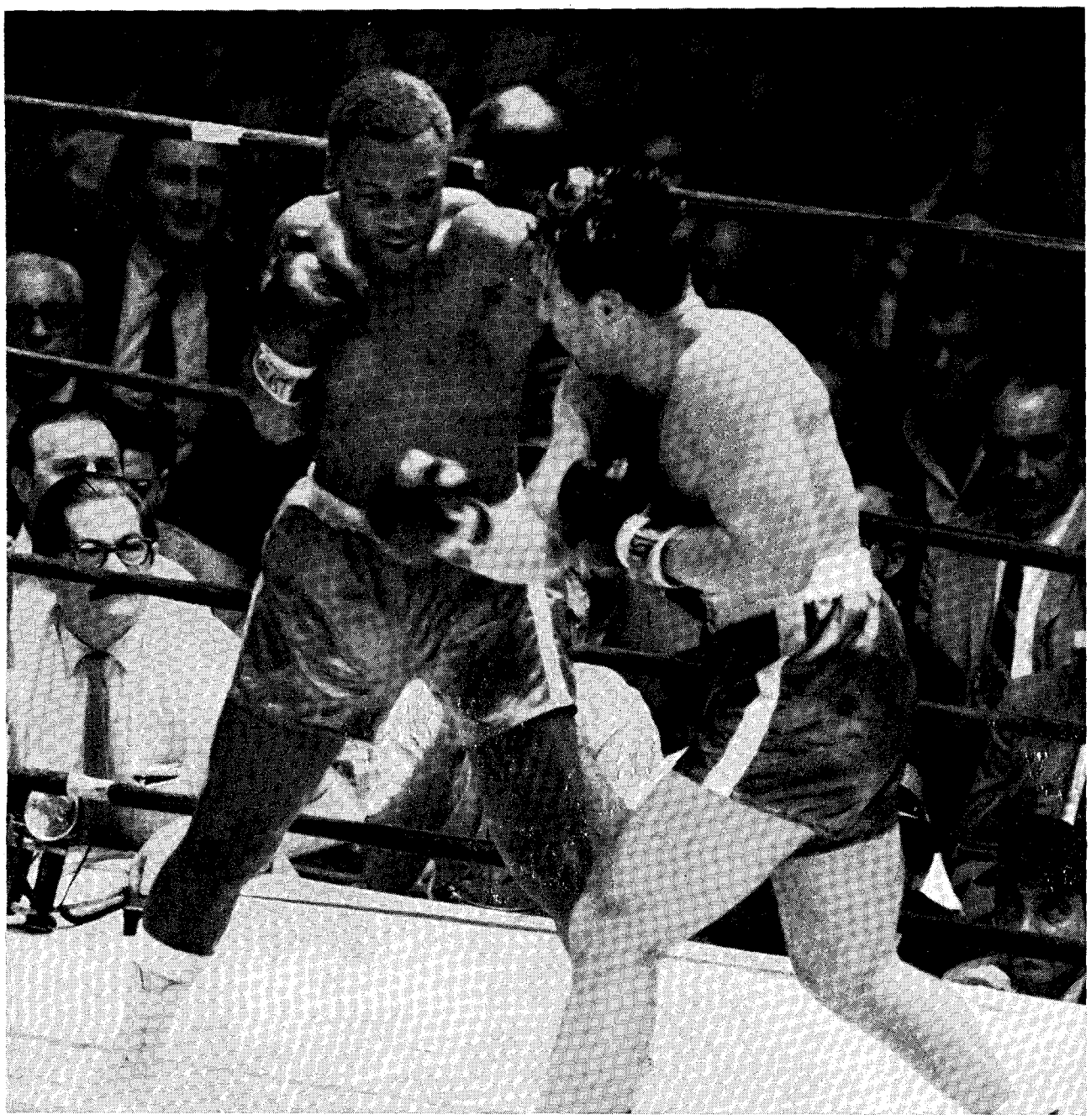

Chuvalo lumbered forward looking for openings, but from the beginning Frazier seemed sharper and faster than ever.

center of the thing. Anyway, I'm not worried about him. I've watched him. I've seen a few things that not one of the other guys tried on him."

Frazier was born on a farm in Beaufort, S.C., the youngest of seven brothers in a family of 13 children. I asked him what growing up in the South was like, but aside from telling me he had lost his father there ("It's a shame he can't be around to enjoy some of this stuff"), he seemed to prefer talking about Philadelphia, as though his life began when he got to that town in 1961. Some of his happiest days were spent as a utility butcher at Cross Bros. Meat Packers Inc., where he carved up heads and feet with a cane knife which he still keeps around the house in Philadelphia, ready to go. In those days his best friend was a man named Mitch who would wait for someone to make a mistake, then jump up on a table and yell, "Belly on the floor. Louis dropped a belly on the floor." Mitch would continue that way, all day long, hounding a man through the plant, hollering, "That man dropped a belly on the floor" until the offender was ready to die of shame.

Frazier said that at one point during his slaughterhouse days, he had begun to work out in a North Philly gym. One day one of the regulars said, "C'mon, babe, let's go a few."

"You're too good for me, daddy," Frazier said, but the man promised he would take it nice and easy. "Soon as I got in there," said Frazier, "he tightened up on me, so I just took it and made a promise to myself that next time I got in there I'd bang him good. And that's how I got started."

But nothing in his boxing career seemed to delight him more than the memory of Mitch back in the slaughterhouse; when I left so that he could take a nap, he was still letting out cries of "Belly on the floor, that man dropped a belly on the floor," and folding up with laughter.

Later that afternoon I watched Frazier box his regular daily 10 rounds, four in the ring with sparring partners, to simulate actual boxing conditions, four on the speed bag for timing and precision, and two on the heavy bag for punching power. Seeing him spar with Thurman Johnson, I thought the idea of Frazier in the same ring with Clay still seemed a little farfetched, but there was something striking about his willingness to do the "ugly" off-balance thing in the ring, the way he put his head on a man's chest and "attached himself," like some violent, incurable disease.

Having been filled in on Toro Smith's celebrated pier-six brawl with Frazier in Pittsburgh, I was anxious to see Smith spar, but despite his massive frame, he seemed sluggish, hunching over for two rounds, giving Frazier very little target and applying no pressure to speak of. After the session I asked him if he had really gone all out. "Let's just say I was boxing," he said, slamming the heavy bag with more power than he'd applied in the ring.

A few days before the fight I drove up to Grossinger's Hotel, in the Catskills, to take a look at Chuvalo, who was training there. By contrast with Frazier's camp, which seemed young, unprofessional, somewhat collegiate in spirit, the Chuvalo setup appeared glum and workmanlike.

Aware of Chuvalo's reputation for "fighting with his face," and having seen him being chopped away at by both Patterson and Clay, I was surprised to see that he was quite a handsome man and remarkably unscarred by the meat-grinding turbulence of his 62-fight career. The big question, in Chuvalo's case, was whether the grueling marathons which he fought against Patterson and Clay, among others, had taken some serious physical toll. But against a huge sparring partner named Richie Norden, who gave his weight as 250 and seemed closer to 300, Chuvalo seemed to be punching more sharply than ever.

Before Chuvalo took his shower, I asked him about the arm-wrestling bout with Frazier. He has a curiously little-boy style and stands erectly as he speaks, as though he were reciting a lesson in grade school. "I took him twice with my right hand and then twice with my left," he said. "He knows that, physically, I am the stronger man, and there is no question in my mind but that it will give him something to think about."

Trainer Ted McWhorter, a thin, worried flake of a man, sent Chuvalo off to take his shower, and in a low voice said he had seen many prospects better than Frazier. "The man can't fight inside, and he can't fight outside. Those thighs don't mean nothing, either." He then leaned forward and whispered almost the identical thing Yank had told me about his own fighter. "We got a little surprise in store for the folks, something the folks have never seen George do before, something special for Joe Frazier."

When I saw Frazier again at the Concord, he was down to a trim 204 pounds (he'd been 212 during my last visit), though he showed no signs of taking it easy on the bread and noodle pudding piled high before him. Durham saw nothing untoward in this deviation from the strict steak and eggs regimen adhered to by most fighters in training. "Long as Joe feels good, that's the key," said Durham. "And I like him to use a lot of salt on his food." Toro Smith and Thurman Johnson were nowhere in evidence, their places taken by two heavily beefed-up sluggers named Mike Bruce and Don Warner. A third man, who wore a Van Dyke and seemed half their size, turned out, remarkably, to be a heavyweight, too, although just barely. His name was Ray Anderson, and he had been brought in for his speed of foot and quick hands. "We wanted to keep Thurman and Toro," said Durham, "but it's no use. Joe just uses up his sparring partners. You can't find me two heavyweights in the country who'll stay with him a whole month."

All through dinner Frazier circled round us, taking snapshots of everyone at the table, a hobby developed at the training camp. His wife and the three "bugs" had been up the previous week. Johnny Mathis was performing at the hotel through that period, but although Frazier was a big Mathis fan, it never crossed his mind once to stay up past 9:30 and watch the show. Yank had warned me that as the day of the fight approached, Joe would turn "slouchish," but I saw no evidence of this; on the contrary, he seemed to be having the time of his life. When he saw me for the first time that night, he leaped up and almost broke his leg trying to signal the captain to bring me a drink. I realized for the first time that I was going to feel awful if he lost the fight.

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■ *'He was always a brute, that boy Joe was, always a brute. . . .'*

The "class" thing to do if you are a fight-night regular at the Garden is to skip the preliminaries and show up only for the main event, but there had been a lot of talk about Ray Anderson, the "young Cassius Clay," who had sparred with Frazier and was now going to fight a preliminary on the Frazier card, and the fans filled the house quite early to get a look at him. Anderson got off some effective long-range combinations in the early rounds, but his opponent, a no-nonsense mauler from Toledo named Willie McMillen, apparently had not read his notices. As the fight went on, Anderson seemed confused, disorganized, like a pop singer who had somehow wandered into a boxing ring by mistake. The referee stopped the fight in the sixth round, and Anderson wept in the arms of his seconds, who resembled, for the moment, a trio of comforting mothers. The defeat of his sparring partner seemed at the moment like a bad omen for Frazier.

Before long Joe Frazier was in the ring, looking smaller than ever in a floor-length bathrobe, and it was suddenly all on the line: 16 straight victories, Beaufort, South Carolina, Yank Durham's bone spur, the Pennsylvania investors out to give boxing a "mantle of respectability," the wife and three "bugs" in Philly.

Great names from the boxing world lined up in the ring, waiting to be introduced—Bob Montgomery, Ike Williams, Sandy Saddler, Tony Galento, Willie Pep, each one with his own show-biz style of dancing forward to take a bow, each one calling to mind marvelously violent scenes of the past, bringing back memories in much the same way that aging film stars do. The comparison really doesn't hold up, though. There will be character roles for Debbie Reynolds to play when she's 50, but Beau Jack and Hurricane Jackson have to get shoeshine boxes on a busy street. Frazier watched the proceedings through hooded eyes, and from what I knew of him he must have been saying, "Let's go, boys, get this show on the road. You've had your day. My turn tonight." Buster Mathis, who had defeated Frazier in the amateurs, gave him a playful tap in the belly, and then the super-greats—Ray Robinson, Jack Dempsey, Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis—who would have considered it an indignity to line up in the ring, came out of their seats and into the ring to receive thunderous ovations.

In the center of the ring, the referee, Johnny Colon, cautioned the fighters against kidney and rabbit punches and hitting after the bell, while Frazier stared into Chuvalo's eyes. "I always make it a point to do that," Frazier had said before the fight, but his whammy seemed much less menacing than the celebrated Liston glare, which in that fighter's heyday had seemed to decide the outcome of fights then and there. Then suddenly they were fighting, Chuvalo instantly discarding whatever new techniques he had developed for Frazier and standing unveiled as the same old George Chuvalo of the lumbering forward movement, the jaw of steel and the slow, 10-ton hammers. Frazier, however, seemed sharper and faster than he had ever been before, slipping punches with surprising ease, getting hit fewer times, moving forward with rugged confidence, using the jab effectively, hooking when it counted, never remaining stationary. I gave Frazier the first two rounds by a clear margin and strained my eyes in vain for a sign of that "something new" both camps had promised to uncork. In the second round Chuvalo began to bleed from a cut beneath his right eye, and that was something a bit new for the Canadian. Chuvalo, sensing grave trouble, put the heat on in the third round, turning Frazier's knees watery at one point with a powerful left hook to the jaw, but Frazier's own swift, short-distance hooks had deepened the eye wound, and by the end of the round, one side of Chuvalo's face was torn and swollen. Midway through the fourth round Chuvalo literally stunned the crowd by suddenly turning on one heel, in what seemed to be a fit of schoolboy pique, and signaling to Frazier that he had had enough. The referee declared it a TKO; Frazier, in exultation, leaped what seemed to be 30 feet into the air, and the crowd indeed had had its "something new," the sight of George Chuvalo being stopped for the first time in 63 fights. It had been a short, bitter skirmish, nonstop and clinch-free, with no need for the services of a referee.

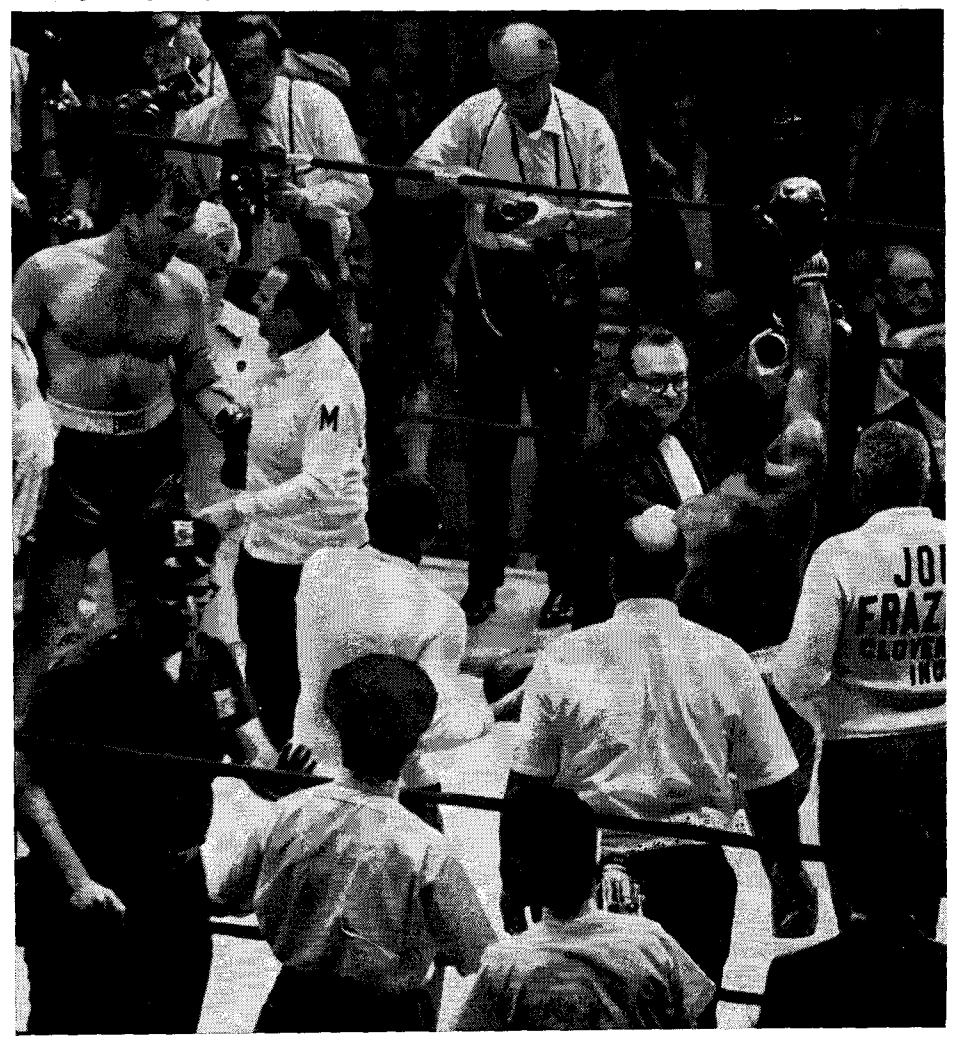
In what seemed to be a matter of minutes, Frazier sat in the Garden basement and answered reporters' questions about the fight. His strategy had been to flail away at George's navel, since there was no point in going after his sides where he was hopelessly bunched up with muscles. No, he had not concentrated on George's bleeding eye particularly, although admittedly he had immediately filed it away as one of Chuvalo's weak spots. Yes, he had been sharp in this fight, but he had been sharp in all of his fights. And he wanted to make one thing particularly clear: George had not been stopped by a cut. "He was going down from a hook, man, and he knew it." Before leaving for his dressing room, he called off the names of all the reporters who had predicted a Chuvalo victory and half-jokingly insisted they come up and publicly apologize.

In the dressing room I asked Durham what his between-rounds instructions to Joe had been and he said, "Very simple. I told him to keep on doing what you're doing." A thicket of Cloverlay people and assorted well-wishers gathered in the dressing room while Frazier took his shower and Willie Reddish, who had worked the corner, said, "We all knew that George was going in the second round." Eddie Futch, the cut-man, was grateful to Chuvalo for helping things along. "He opened up so that Joe could get at him. If he'd come prepared to just shuffle along and stay the ten rounds, like old Scrap Iron Johnson, Joe and him would still be out there." One of the Cloverlay backers kept grabbing people and saying, "You can't deny him, can't deny him. Anyone denies him and I get riled up." One of Frazier's cousins turned up with the information that the family in South Carolina had always called Frazier "Billy Boy." He went on to say that back home, "No matter how much you pounded on Joe, he was right back up at you, like nothing had ever happened. I once saw a car he was driving turn over seven times. Joe just hopped right out and walked off, like he'd stopped to pick up a penny. He was always a brute, that boy, always a brute." Joe Frazier leaned out of the shower and said, "I could have gone fifteen rounds like that, same way, no let up." Tom Frazier, one of Joe's older brothers, said he liked what he saw but felt it was important that Joe not blow his own horn. "I'd like it better if the kid let other people say how good he is."

Later that night the Cloverlay group held their regular "victory" party for Frazier at the City Squire Motel; I wondered for a moment if the party would have been held even if Frazier had lost. The defeated Ray Anderson was one of the first to arrive, an act that struck me as taking a good deal of courage. The celebrants, for the most part, were assorted members of Frazier's large family and Cloverlay investors. A gentleman named Robert J. Kerns, who might be described as a typical Cloverlay man, said that the main idea of the group was to get boxing syndicated, like other sports, even though there is only one man on a boxing "team," so to speak. "When more fighters are syndicated, each one—if he's good—will be just like the Giants or Yanks. As for myself, I'd have been disappointed if Joe had lost tonight, but it would be just like General Motors going down four points. It'll come back. You don't lose faith in G.M., and that's how I feel about our Joe."

My father came by to shake hands with Frazier, who very graciously said, "Say, man, your grip's stronger than mine." I thought back to Chuvalo's arm-wrestling victory and all the good it had done him in the ring. Someone said, "You don't even look like you were in a fight tonight, Joe," and for the first time during the party, Frazier stopped smiling and pointed to a welt over his cheekbone. "What's that look like to you, man, a beauty mark?" The invitations came in thick and fast, a drink at Shor's, the show at the Copa, but it was close to midnight by then, and it had been a long time since Frazier had been up that late. "No thanks, man," was his standard answer. "I think I'll catch up on my zzzz's." He walked out to the street to say good-bye to some friends. □

Midway through the fourth round Chuvalo had enough, giving Joe Frazier the TKO.



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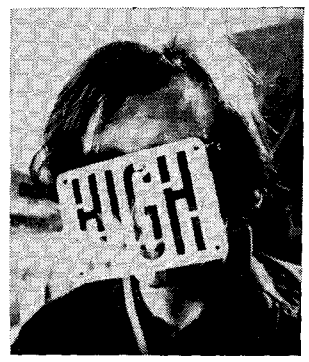
Editorial



Our mysterious children

For most Americans, engaged in the prosaic tasks of earning a living and raising a family, there is a chronic fascination in the odd doings of the young. The hippies of San Francisco, artfully described by Joan Didion on page 25 of this issue, are worthy successors to the beatniks, the goldfish swallowers, and the marathon dancers of yesteryear. How seriously they should be taken is another matter. On the one hand, it is a traditional sport for the middle-aged to moralize about the wild wickedness of the young. On the other, it is equally traditional for sociological soothsayers to inspect the entrails of each new fad for auguries of the future.

It is reasonable to argue that there is something lacking in a society when so many of its young people choose to drop out of it. But it is just as reasonable to wonder how many do drop out. For every bearded hippie drifting in a marijuana haze through the streets of San Francisco, there are countless non-hippies engaged in the competitive grind of getting started in the world, getting through school, getting jobs, and all the rest. They are much more ordinary than the hippies, and the ordinary is not so interesting as the bizarre, but it is much more important.

The fascination with hippies is only part of a larger phenomenon, and that is the obsessive fascination with young people. Teen-agers themselves are chronically self-obsessed because they are at an age when they don't know what they are. And because our society makes such a fuss about age, every middle-aged fear of the future is translated into a graceless clutching at the past. Even as our children regard us as antiques, we struggle to convince ourselves that we can still talk their language, dig their music, play their games.

There are two basic myths about the young—first, that they are a vast and growing horde; second, that they are a powerful economic and cultural force. Neither myth stands much scrutiny.

It is often proclaimed, for example, that more than half the people of this country are under some fantastic age like 25, and that the median age will keep dropping—the implication being that we are inexorably proceeding toward an era in which the nation will become one giant high school. One important basis for this median age, however, is that it is weighted in favor of babies—the two largest age groups in the country consist of children under five and children of five to nine. Thus in a reasonably "average" household, where a couple in their 30's have three children of eight, five and two, the median age is eight. Far from our becoming a younger country, in fact, we may well become an older country, for the simple reason that the birth rate is dropping—from 23.9 per thousand in 1950 to 18.6 in 1966. At this rate, the median age, which has hovered in the high 20's for decades, is expected to be 27.8 in 1980 and 28.7 in 1990.

The affluence of today's youth is another myth, based on memories of the days when 25 cents a week was a substantial allowance and 25 cents an hour was a handsome wage. Teen-agers nowadays pour out $3.6 billion for clothes, for example, and account for 35 percent of the movie audiences, but this is the specialized self-indulgence of the young, and the total teen-age spending of $18 billion is a tiny amount in an economy of almost $800 billion. Averaged out, each teen-ager's spending comes to about $750 a year. All the real money, like all the real power, comes later. Among people under 25 only .3 percent earn more than $10,000 a year; among those aged 35–44 the figure is 17 percent.

The final myth of today's young is the myth of their cultural influence, the idea that they set the styles of the future. There is little real evidence of it. It seems hard to imagine the day when middle-aged businessmen will be wearing shoulder-length hair, and there is not much rock 'n' roll blaring over the barbecue pits of suburban patios. Girls in their 20's look nice in mini-skirts, but drag racing has not yet replaced golf as a way of spending Sunday afternoon.

In actual fact, the life-style of the young, of people in their teens and early 20's, cannot become widespread because it depends on the unreality of systematic idleness. In contrast to the days when teen-agers went to work and raised families, our insistence on advanced schooling keeps millions of young people in a kind of fantasy world in which the only problems consist of tests, dating and pop-music fads. If they have any political views, we do not listen, nor do we let them vote. We leave them endless time for endless chatter and self-contemplation. In trying to protect our children so long, we let them remain overgrown children, restless and basically helpless. It is this life that the hippies, far from dropping out, pathetically cling to.

In due time, of course, even the wildest teen-agers usually abandon the false independence of Bohemia and begin to work for the real independence that consists of making one's own way. It is not easy going. Starting wages are low, and the gap between one's earnings and one's desires looms large. There are children then, and children need shoes, and shoes cost money, and in almost no time at all a new generation is starting a new rebellion.

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